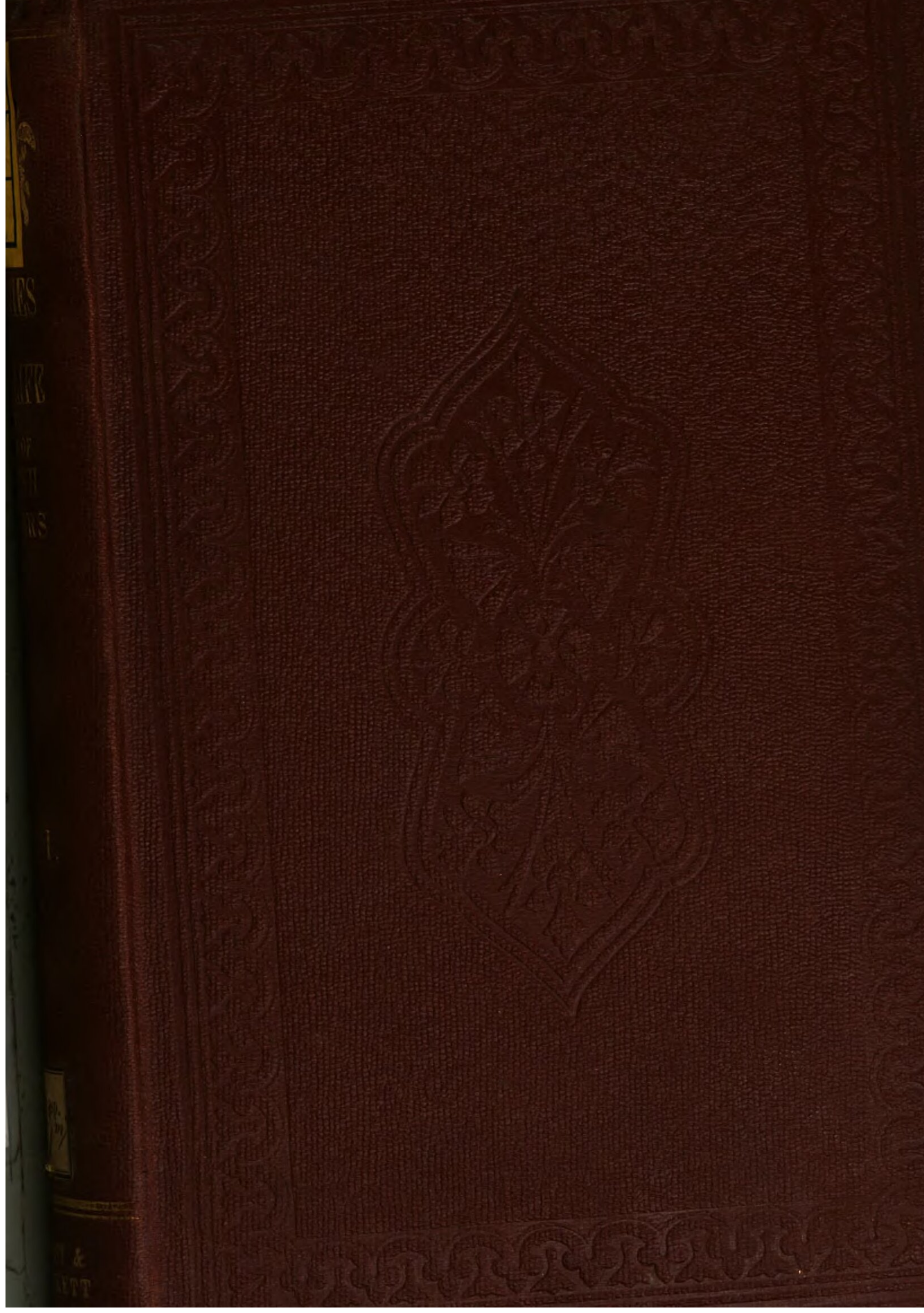




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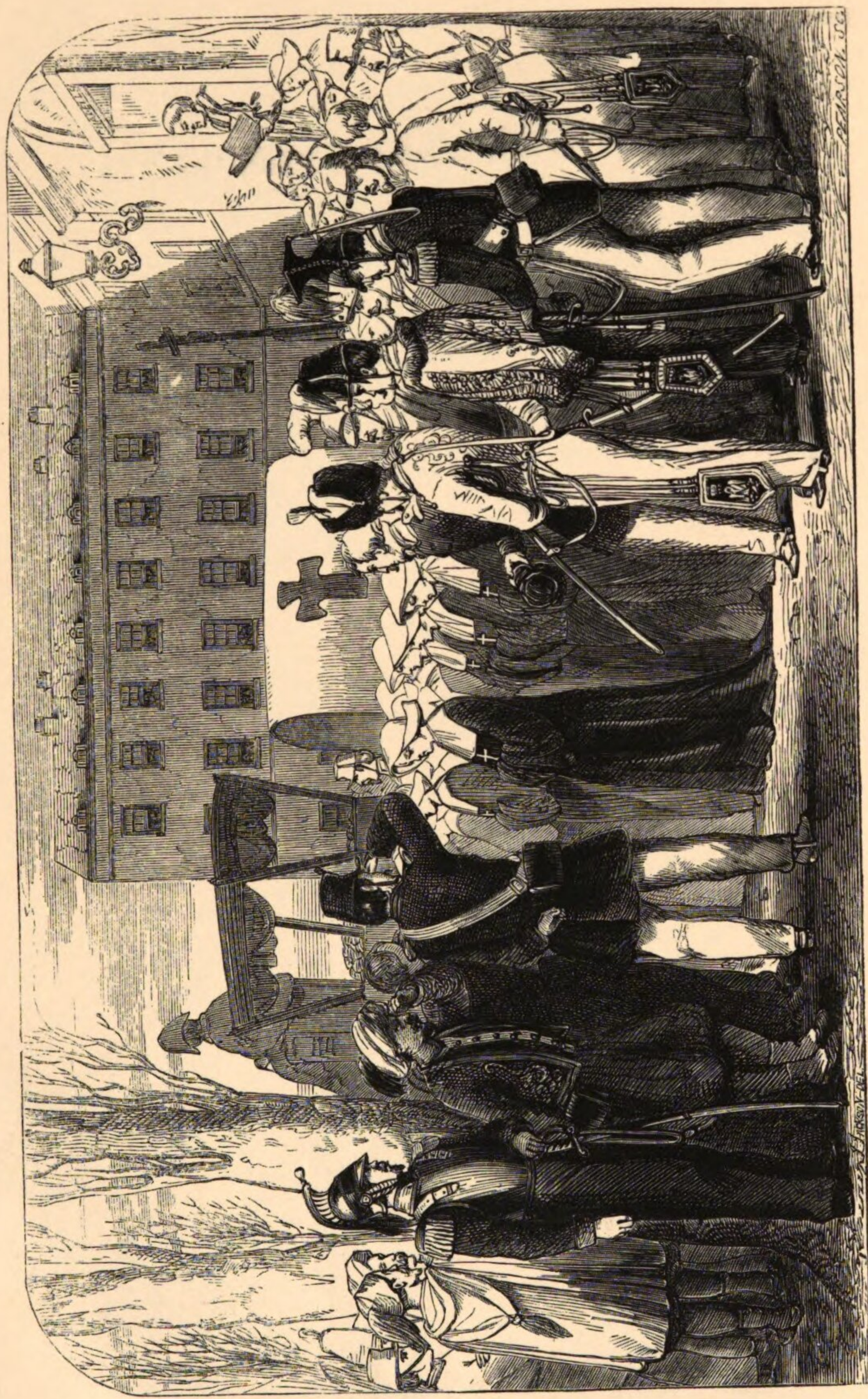
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SCEUR ROSALIE'S OBSEQUIES.

REALITIES OF PARIS LIFE.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF

"FLEMISH INTERIORS,"

&c., &c.



THE TRIAGE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

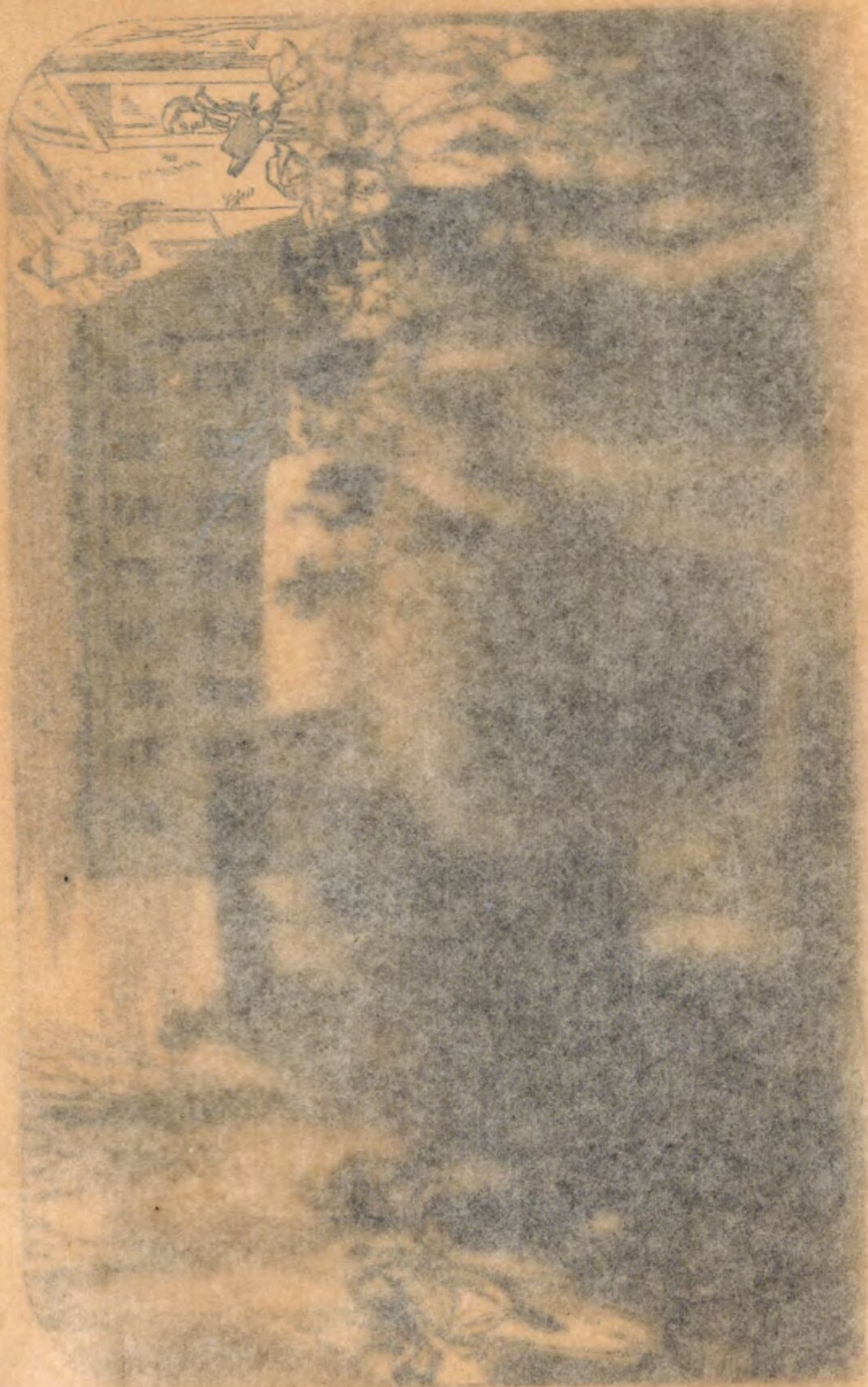
VOL. I.

LONDON:

HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,
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13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

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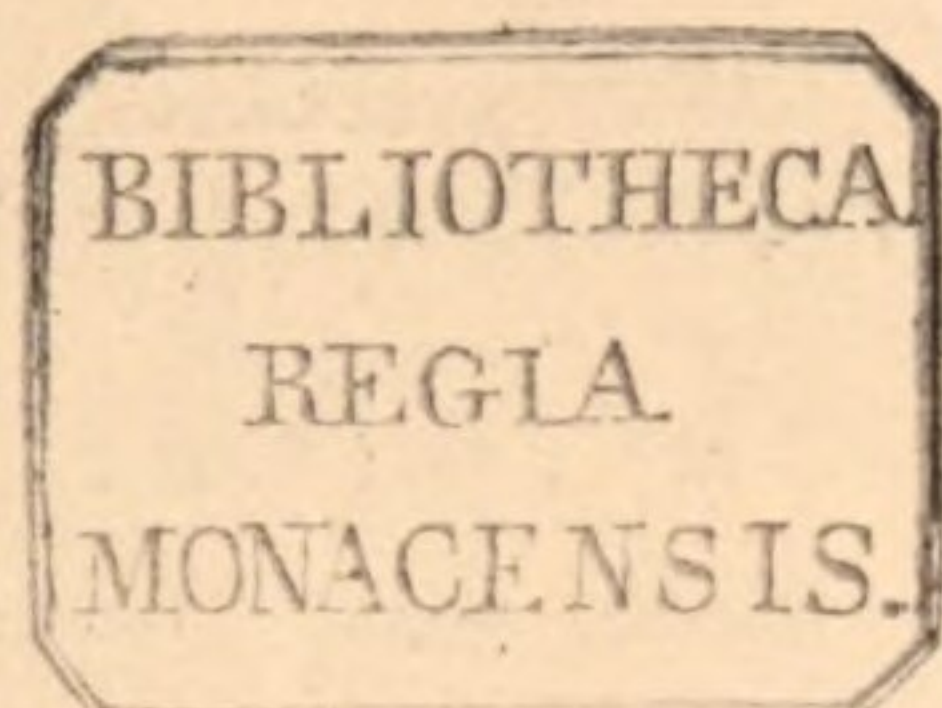
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MONACENSIS.

PREFACE.

“WHAT!—*another* book about Paris! Why, what a conscience the man must have, to expect us to read that,” we think we hear our good-natured, easy, indulgent, but sometimes overtaxed public exclaim. “Haven’t we had ‘Summers in Paris,’ and ‘Winters in Paris,’ and ‘Walks in Paris,’ and ‘Society in Paris,’ and ‘A year in Paris,’ and ‘A month in Paris,’ ay, and even ‘A week in Paris,’—as if anybody could see *anything* of Paris in a week!—but this, by-the-bye.

“And then we are sure we have seen somewhere ‘Jottings in Paris,’ and ‘Sketchings—and—Scratchings—and—Scrawlings’—and ‘Notes, on Paris,’—and ‘Conversations on Paris,’ and . . . but it takes away one’s breath even to think of the list we should have to go through, if we were to enumerate half the literature, good, bad, and indifferent, that has been accumulated upon this most fertile subject; for it is true, Paris *has* been contemplated, examined, investigated, visited, trodden, ‘jotted,’ and ‘dotted,’—in short, turned inside out, and scrutinized with microscopic inquisitiveness, by Englishmen upon Englishmen, who, after all this handling and examination, have undertaken to scribble down their ‘*ampressions de voyage*’ for the benefit of the very few who—happily for themselves and others—have not yet been, and done likewise.

“Well, then,” says the amiable, but unconvinced public

again, "why do *you* bother us with another book on a subject so hackneyed?"

The question is a very rational one, as far as it goes; but the public must be kind enough to look a little further. This book is *not* on a subject that has been 'often,'—or, indeed, *ever* treated before. It offers the "*Realities of Paris Life*;" and if we had not—we hardly know why, but we *have*—an insurmountable objection to a long title, we should have included something more, entitling our work thus:—"Realities—*generally passed over in an Englishman's survey*—of Paris Life."

The object will be, then, to give to you, gentle reader—for we are more ambitious of pleasing you, than that capricious and incomprehensible monster, known as the Public, and who though the admirer and partizan of Brutus at one moment, may be captivated by the touching eloquence of Anthony, to become his foe the next—to give you, we say, as detailed, as engaging, and as fairly-coloured a picture as we can, of all those subjects which do *not* come into the table of contents of books already written—and perhaps, already read—upon the curious and interesting city in question.

We invite you, then, to visit it with us under a new aspect; to set aside all your preconceived notions respecting it; to *avoid* if possible all the *quartiers* so familiar to 'the Britishers,' or, if you still hanker after that favoured neighbourhood, where, at every step we meet one of our respected countrymen, duly accompanied by "*son femme et sa parapluie*," let us ask you for once, to look down some of those dark and narrow turnings, which you have as yet passed by, unnoticed; to thread those uninviting alleys, from which you have hitherto turned in disgust; to penetrate into those noisy and noisome courts, from which your

dainty senses prompt you to recoil ; you will find that, even as in the concealed physical workings of those volcanic regions, which surround *Ætna* or *Vesuvius*, the fire of human passion and human woe has been raging under your very feet, and you knew it not.

. . . incedis per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso.

The surface was radiant with all that wealth and luxury could display to gild its brightness, but beneath the giddy exterior, which dazzled you with glitter and brilliancy, homes were desolate and hearts were breaking ;—the father of the family was breathing his last sigh, or the widowed mother was leaning over a little corpse, whose cradle was its tomb—the sole witnesses of these scenes were God, and his ministering angels.

“But,” you will say, “these pictures are not to my taste ; I cannot relieve all this misery, and I had rather not know of its existence.”

Oh ! be at ease—it is not for that, it is not to draw the gold from your purse, that we bring you here : this is but *one* chapter, and there are other “realities,” which accompany and mitigate it.—If Paris possess—and we may say if she *conceal* ‘Realities’ of woe, she also contains, and also *reveals* ‘Realities’ of mercy, and these we would set before you likewise.

Bear with us while we show you the multiform phases, and lay before you the ingenious resources and successes of Catholic charity.

But even that is not *all* ; you shall, if you please, investigate many “Realities” equally new, and equally valuable to the contemplative ; and you will, we hope, admit—should you have the patience to accompany us to the conclusion of our task—

that your idea of the whole city is not precisely what it was before.

“But,” you insist again, “why should we journey all the way to Paris to seek for the realities of life? Surely we have realities enough, and if we want them stern—of the severest cast—at home.”

“Most true,” we answer, “most true;”—and yet such realities stand out in sharper relief in Paris. We are accustomed to visit Paris as a *délassement*, and its associations are those of holiday-making and sight-seeing; in fact, we only go there *to be* amused, and we know it only under its amusing aspects. Again, we are wont to look upon the French as a superficial people, and upon Paris as a place where everything is external and unreal; but in this age of “progress” and “national enlightenment,” and “diffusion of universal knowledge” we should seek to correct erroneous notions, even though “we *have* always held them,” and do our best to see things as they are, and not as others have been pleased to see them for us.

Let us try, then, to arrive at a correct conclusion as to many matters in France, which we have hitherto misunderstood; and let us, after taking our notes of the sin and misery in Paris, also try to learn how the one is grappled with, and the other relieved.

We are very apt to talk about the worldliness, the discontent, the profligacy, the infidelity, with a great many other attributes, expressive of disgrace and ignominy, at which we darkly hint—and we have repeated till we almost believe it—“every one knows these to be distinctive characteristics of the French nation;” but, somehow, we never talk—*perhaps*, because we never heard of it—of all that is to be advanced in *favour* of that spot we are pleased to style “the wickedest old city in the world.”

Now, if we had thoroughly investigated the matter, we should perhaps have discovered that—even in proportion to its population—the “wickedness” of Paris is very far from exceeding the wickedness of London; and we can assure our readers that—whether from fear of God, or simply from fear of the police, we do not pretend to say—the amusements of the lowest classes—such as penny theatres, penny dancing saloons, music halls, &c., are tame, prudish places of resort, and not comparable for “fun” (and impropriety) with those gaffs and casinos nightly *ignored* in Whitechapel, Finsbury, Holborn, ay, and much nearer the West-end than that.

Of such houses—as conducted in London—Mayhew says, “No Irish costermonger would allow his daughter to frequent them”—and we by no means doubt his word. We know from personal investigation that the “Salons de dance—à 10c. pour le cavalier *et sa dame*,”—even *hors barrière* are perfectly harmless, and whether as regards propriety of dress or conduct, far less open to censure than many a fashionable ball-room in the Squares of London.

We are likewise perfectly sure there are in Paris no large districts, such as those extending round Spitalfields, Tower-hill, Ratcliffe Highway, and other equally notorious purlieus, so stoutly defended by the gangs of bad characters with which they swarm, as to defy the approach of the officers of public justice, and to continue a source not only of scandal but of alarm to the neighbouring localities—*opprobriumque pagi*.

We can further assure our readers that whatever may be the infidel tendencies of the people of Paris—and that these are potent we readily believe, since wherever there is belief there will always be unbelief—atheistical propagandism would not be tolerated, and the feelings of the people are nowhere in Paris outraged by placards in the public streets,

such as we saw one day lately in Portman Square, announcing a lecture to prove that "Atheism is the religion of sensible men, and Theism the religion of fools." No;—in France the religion of the majority is respected; and it is at all events so far considered a Christian country that no man would be allowed—as here—to stand up on a platform, and with unchecked blasphemy, impudently discuss the question, "*Who, and what was Jesus Christ?*" We do not believe that a well-dressed audience, to the number of two or three hundred men and women, lads and girls, would attend on one, much less at each, of such places, week after week—still less do we believe they would approve and applaud the impious scoffings hazarded in their presence.

We might adduce many similar facts to prove that it is a very great error to suppose that Paris is, morally speaking, *worse* than London—indeed, we do not think the thing *possible*; although, when we consider the trying and baneful reverses through which Paris has passed, we admit it *ought* to be.

We have but to recall the period when society being shaken to its very foundations, order and decency overthrown, the people were trampled upon by brutal, blood-thirsty and licentious tyrants, the priesthood was proscribed, and religion was crushed—we may guess to what an extent, when it became necessary, after a while, to label on the church-doors that strange and suggestive inscription—"Les Français croient en Dieu!"—we have only to remember such times as these, we say, to judge of the moral and spiritual degradation from which France has had to recover.

But to look on the fairer side of both these monster cities;—whilst according all praise to that expansive English liberality and philanthropy which finds expression in the

vast sums raised for special purposes of relief and assistance in the noble public institutions of the metropolis, we are bound to admit that we find *charity* better represented by the countless and efficient, though unobtrusive *œuvres* and associations at work on all sides, and the unseen but vigorous labours of religious orders, and charitable confraternities, ever pushing out new fibres, and silently, but actively spreading their ramifications into the remotest nooks and corners of the vast and mysterious capital of France.

On the other hand, it is interesting to investigate the interior life of the industrious classes of Paris, and the nature of their intercourse with those who interest themselves in them. Allowing the "general wickedness" imputed, to be a fact, is there not something striking in that indefatigable charity which pursues human woe and human guilt in every shape it can assume? Beside the luxury, the vanity, and the frivolity of a certain portion of the population—for which England reads the *whole*—are we not puzzled to find men and women of birth, of refinement, of position, withdrawing themselves from the midst of the dazzling pleasures which surround them, yielding up the joys of family life, and forsaking the seductive prospect of a brilliant destiny, to devote alike fortune and exertion to the service of our Lord, in the person of His poor.

Few are conscious of the profound depth and increasing strength of the current of charity, silently but steadily pursuing its course beneath the shallow super-stratum of Paris society. Its bright and healthful waters are stealing along under our very feet, and we know it not. The noise of the world, the whirl of pleasure, the glitter of gaiety, dazzle and bewilder our senses, so that externally we perceive nought beside, but the holy work goes on still ever the same, and

its result will endure long after all that is now so attractive shall have mouldered into dust. There are guide books innumerable to enlighten the superficial traveller as to the public amusements, the gay sights and the magnificent monuments of the Queen of cities: to their pages we refer him.

That to which we propose to introduce our readers, is the result of personal investigation, among those classes, and in those quarters of Paris which are not only wholly unfrequented, but studiously *shunned* by strangers. We might write volumes on the "Realities" of Paris life, upon its realities—undoubtedly—of worldliness, of pleasure, of luxury, on the one hand;—of poverty, abandonment and despair, on the other, and as the inevitable result of both extremes, the sad *Realities* of vice, of infidelity, and of crime.

Nevertheless we find at the same time we can fill pages with a no less startling amount of *Realities* of generosity, of self-sacrifice, and of good works—but we must take the trouble to search them out, for Charity has never borrowed the trumpet of Fame, and veils herself with all the precautions which modesty and humility can suggest.

Let us take life in one of the simplest of its aspects, and ask ourselves which of us, sheltered within substantial walls from the blast of the winter's night—snugly nestling in the mellow depths of our downy couch—covered with superfluous folds of quilted silk—a cheerful fire blazing on our hearth and flickering through the openings of our ample curtains—which of us, thus pillowed, ever pictured to himself the fact, that at that very moment, hundreds—nay thousands (for it is the *majority* of our fellow beings), in the same town—may be, some in the same street, are denuded of the

barest necessities, and penetrated with cold to the very bones?—that if housed at all, they are shivering and quaking under the influence of fatigue, want, and hunger, in a bare and naked room, where draperies of the most needful kind, and furniture of the simplest nature, are altogether wanting. The chinks are open to the bleak and cheerless winds, “the cold grate grins, unconscious of a fire.”

This is *one* reality which seldom occurs to all—never, to some of us; but there is *another* reality connected with this phase of human endurance which is yet more striking. *These* people, you will say, are born to privation—they have been used to hardships all their lives, they do not feel it as we should, and as we cannot reduce ourselves to their standard, we are unable to appreciate what it is they suffer.

There may be truth in this, but it is no answer; and how will you get over the difficulty, when we tell you that there *are* men of birth and women of rank who undergo privations precisely similar—who have *voluntarily* chosen poverty and hardship, some of whose forms of self-abasement and mortification are, to shun all indulgence and luxury, and after a day of labour in good works, of fasting, and of anxious prayer for themselves and others, to lie for a few hours on a hard, cold, comfortless bed—we might say board—for “*bed* and *board*” are synonymous with them, and this in memory of Him who had not where to lay his head, and often passed His nights on the mountain top in prayer.

Yes, if there be *realities* of luxury, and *realities* of vice, there are also in Paris *realities* of self-sacrifice, of holiness, of charity. May we not hope that the latter may go far to redeem the former, and that for the sake of the “ten righteous” the city may be saved. “Together let us beat this ample field;” let us ascertain, first, what is the actual

condition of our fellow beings, in those near, and yet remote localities, at the present hour, and how in the various chances of life through which they must pass, they contrive to maintain themselves and their families by honest but precarious industry.

We will, secondly, pursue our inquiries in another direction, and penetrate the arcana of those classes who are less scrupulous in procuring means of *existence*, not content unless they can obtain likewise means of *enjoyment*; and we will—after glancing at the military type of that essentially military nation—proceed to make acquaintance with those institutions to the durance of which, criminals render themselves liable, and whose penal regulations it is necessary they should undergo, whether for their punishment and reformation, or for the security of society.

We shall, thirdly, treat of associations and *Œuvres* suggested by benevolence, and administered by charity, destined to form, to improve, and to reclaim, no less than to assist and console the neglected and suffering classes.

Therein we shall remark upon the public-spirited liberality and forethought which have—and that gratuitously—provided such countless opportunities for the religious training, the mental cultivation, and the commercial and professional education of individuals of all ages, sexes, and classes.

INTRODUCTION.

“The poor ye have always with you.”

OF all the amusements especially characteristic of the fertile imagination, the refined wit and the sparkling language of the French nation, and which, more than others, are calculated to attract and captivate those who visit its gay capital, the theatres are, perhaps, the most irresistible. The very first friend we met on our recent return from the other side of the Channel, after a few common-place remarks, proceeded to examine us on this chapter. We were compelled to answer that, despite our weakness for this species of entertainment as produced in Paris, we had not found *one* evening, during a six months' stay, to devote to it.

“Why, what on earth did you do with yourself?” inquired our fair acquaintance, for we forgot to mention the sex. “The theatre is *such* a resource; I really don't know what I *should* do without it,” added she with characteristic earnestness.

“Can you really find no other employment of in-

terest for your evenings?" said we, no less grieved than surprised.

"Indeed, I cannot," answered she, with the conviction of a person who feels perfectly sincere in the conclusion to which he has arrived. "The fact is, I am devotedly fond of *dear* Mr. Thackeray, and that *delightful* Mr. Dickens, and they *do* write such terribly affecting things, that I am quite out of spirits when I put the book down, and I assure you I am *obliged* to go to the play and see a funny afterpiece, to get right again by the middle of the next day."

This conversation, we assure you, reader, is *not* imagined; it occurred word for word as we repeat it.

As we walked away with the sad confession ringing in our ears, we felt vexed that even *young-ladyism* should betray persons into such an entire misapprehension of their position and their obligations; and we could not help saying to ourselves, "Is it possible that there are people consciously and deliberately parting with their money, sacrificing their time, and wasting that which is perhaps more precious than either, their intelligence and their sensibility, over *supposed* cases of suffering, or before the *representation* of sorrow, when the actuality of heart-rending distress to any amount, and in any form they can possibly prefer, is attainable,—and when the expenditure of the same sum of money, the same amount of time, and the same gush of sympathy, would not only awaken gratitude, relieve distress, and convey consolation, but would purchase to themselves enjoyments which charity *personally* offered, alone can procure.

How strangely do men mistake the object for which they were sent into the world! The industrious seem to think their great aim is to make money; the wealthy, to seek out and to indulge in pleasure; and those who have leisure, and are, therefore, without excuse, make it their business to "kill time." Yes, to *kill time*, and forgetting there is such a thing as *negative* sin, content themselves with the flattering belief that they are doing nothing *positively* wicked.

They do not remember that—as long as there remains one sorrow unrelieved which they have means of removing, one wound bleeding which they have the power to heal, one heart breaking which they are able to console — there is work for them to do in fact, that they have not fulfilled the mission for which they were destined: they have not apprehended the responsibilities which they nevertheless accepted, together with their easy position: they have not corresponded with the graces they have received.

Let those who have tears to spare for the heroes of fiction, reserve them for the too real victims of want, of ignorance, and of sin.

Let them—nay, let us all—before we condemn the vicious, ask ourselves, whether it is not rather we, than they who are answerable for their moral and physical misery and degradation, since these are consequent upon our neglect of them.

We will suppose ourselves set down, as if by magic,

in the very heart of one of the rookeries of a large city. Let us look about us and examine that by which we are surrounded. We have wan but uncomplaining hunger on our right, piteous but resigned disease on our left, age and infirmity, rags and destitution on all sides; whichever way we turn, touching evidences of the ceaseless conflict between hope and despair—nay, between life and death—that struggle which has become, from long habit, the second nature of this race of beings, whose laborious exertions barely suffice to earn a scanty subsistence for their little ones.

If we need scenes more moving yet, there are particular cases at command. Contemplate that mother, whose infant—the last survivor of four—has just breathed out its feeble life in her arms.

The complaint was curable enough; it was simply want of food, of clothing, of shelter! She knew what would relieve its sufferings—she knew what would restore it; but what could she do? She *could* not lay it down upon the stones while she went to offer herself for a day's work, the wages of which would have been her only means of saving its life, as precious to her, as that of your blooming heir to you. Put yourself in her place, and realise to yourself her state of mind. Or must you have something more harrowing yet, to excite your appetite, palled by the recitals and representations of fancied sorrows? You need not look far; we have it here. That miserable creature who just passed us, her grey dishevelled hair, and wild hollow eye, telling the sad tale of

bewildered grief, saw yesterday, for the last time, her only son, who *might* have been the prop of her feebleness, and the support of her declining years. To-day she is a childless widow; for, this morning, he suffered death by the just sentence of the law.

She seems unconscious of all around her. Can you wonder? How would you feel in a similar position? What *could* she have done to avert that bitter calamity, which now overwhelms her? Her whole life passed in hard labour, left *her* no leisure to impart to him the little knowledge of right and wrong she herself possessed, and which might perhaps have proved an antidote to the pernicious example with which he was familiarized, and the loose habits he gradually acquired in the streets to which she was compelled to consign him. It is but natural she should increase the bitterness of her sorrow by the maddening sting of self-reproach; though we, bystanders, who can judge calmly of the case, cannot but exonerate her from blame. She hears us not; she refuses to be comforted, and every flashing glance which darts from her eye, and every despairing groan which falls upon our ear, brings with it something of reproach, and makes us ask ourselves whether it is not rather we, who are to blame, than she.

Alas! if excitement be the pursuit of our lives—as it too often is with those who have no allotted employment—we may forego our novels and dispense with our theatres; there is no need to *play* at sorrow here. We have but to seek it out, and when found, it will afford us a mode of spending an idle hour, after which, we

shall not need to slumber till the middle of next day, to recover our morbid sensibilities and jaded spirits. It will furnish a salutary and profitable "pass-time" as pleasing in recollection as in action, and of which we shall certainly never repent. It will provide us occupation worthy the pursuit of rational creatures, who feel that their days, at longest, are but few, and that the business of life is a serious matter.

Has there not a nobler joy
 Been, alas ! vouchsafed to earth ;
Freer from her base alloy,
Fitter for her to enjoy,
 Than Ambition, Avarice, Mirth,
Or the sensual pleasures cloying
In the employing—self destroying ? *

* *Hebrew Lyrics.*

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CHAPTER I.

VARIETIES OF DEALERS IN THE PARIS STREETS—UNIVERSAL RANGE OF THEIR SUPPLIES—CRIES OF PARIS—DOMESTIC INDUSTRIALS — COSTERMONGERS — “MUSICAL” CRIES — THE KNIFE-GRINDER—HIS CUSTOMER—THE CRÊMERIES—LONDON AND PARIS MILK—“RESTAURANTS AUX PIEDS HUMIDES ”—STATUS OF PARIS CONSUMPTION—MARKET GARDENERS AND THE HALLES—THE MARKET OF THE RUE DE SÈVRES—CHARACTERISTIC SCENES THERE—MARKET GARDENS FORMERLY IN PARIS—HOW LONDON IS SUPPLIED WITH VEGETABLES—THE JEW—OLD CLO’—THEIR DESTINY—THE SYNAGOGUE—TRADING IN THE “TEMPLE”—ŒUVRE FOR THEIR CONVERSION—ITS SUCCESS—THE JEW AND HIS BOND—A JEW BARGAIN—THE FLOWER GIRL’S STORY—THE PATERER—THE CHIFFONNIER—THE MENDICANTS—THE BALAYEURS, OR OFFICIAL STREET-SWEEPERS—NARROWNESS OF SOME STREETS—INCONVENIENT PROXIMITY TO THE GUTTERS—THE GAMIN—THE SERGENT DE VILLE—THE COMMIS D’OCTROI—ANEC- DOTES OF FRAUDS—THE COMMISSIONNAIRE—THE HISTORY OF ONE—THE NEWSVENDOR—THE “CANARDIER”—“CAN- ARDS ” —THE CHARLATAN—PUBLIC CARRIAGES—THE DE- FECTS OF THE SYSTEM—TRICKS OF CONDUCTEURS AND DRIVERS—OF LONDON “CABBIES”—OMNIBUS HORSES—STA- TISTICS OF LONDON AND PARIS COMPARED—THE PAVEMENT OF PARIS—TROTTOIRS—MACADAMISING—THE WALLS AND THEIR LITERATURE—SHOP TICKETS AND COMMERCIAL ROGUERY— SIGNS—THE CAFÉS — COFFEE AND ITS ADULTERATIONS — “COFFEE AND CHICORÉE”—HOW THESE FRAUDS ARE MET IN PARIS—CAFÉS CONCERTS—RESTAURANTS DES OUVRIERS— LA “CALIFORNIE”—THE “TEMPLE”—ITS HISTORY—HOW APPROPRIATED—ITS SHOPS AND THE INVOCATIONS THEY HAVE CHOSEN—THE ARGOT DU TEMPLE—THE PAYS LATIN— NEW YEARS’ EVE ON THE BOULEVARDS.

CHAPTER I

THE first of the three parts of the book is devoted to a general survey of the history of the English language. The second part is devoted to a detailed study of the English language in its various dialects and in its various stages of development. The third part is devoted to a study of the English language in its various applications to the various sciences and arts.

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REALITIES OF PARIS LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

THE STREETS OF PARIS.

Πολλῶν ὁ λιμός γίνεται διδασκαλος.

It is impossible to walk through the streets of Paris without being struck by the continual flow of petty industrials, of all ages and both sexes, carrying on a multitude of small trades, most ingenious in their variety, and, to an Englishman, curious from their novelty.

As our attention is, from time to time, arrested by their cries, whose sound is altogether new to us, we almost unconsciously turn back to gratify an excusable inquisitiveness as to the meaning of the calls and the nature of their wares. Our eye falls upon the countenances of these street salesmen, and we are often impressed by the contrast we remark between their wan and hungry aspect, and the cheerfulness and vivacity of voice and manner which accompany it.

While in those who address us in the streets of London, we are accustomed to meet with depressed air and whining tone—of the French suppliant we may say, “misery and mirth are blended in his face.”

The street-industrial of Paris may be said to be ubiquitous. He haunts us on the bridges—he dots the public squares—he jostles us in the market-place—he throngs the thoroughfares—he stations himself along the quays; his fraternity has taken possession of the brilliant *allées* of the Champs Elysées, and has established a permanent summer fair under the shade of its trees; in short, it is difficult to say where we do not find these small dealers. We might almost fancy they possessed the magic power of divining our thoughts. Whatever we happen to want at the moment is sure to be at our elbow; every now and then we pass an ephemeral shop, whose counter—temptingly bedizened—exhibits numberless little articles à *prix fixe*—trivial in themselves, it is true, but which, nevertheless, have their value in building up that condition of being which the French have learned to appreciate, though they cannot express it in their own language, “*le confortable*.”*

Dr. Johnson says, “Life is made up of little things,” and we can assure our readers, from personal expe-

* A clever linguist of our acquaintance maintains that this word is essentially French; that our neighbours have derived it for themselves *direct* from the Latin *cum*, or *con*, and *fortis*, and that if there has been any borrowing in the case, it is *we* who are indebted to *them* for it!

rience, that we have more than once recognized the advantage of these comprehensive *repertoria*. Let them imagine the position of an unfortunate bachelor lacking tapes, and pins, and shoe-strings, and buttons, and, alas! — that we should have to confess it — needles and threads! for we have been reduced to that dire predicament! Now, we own we are weak enough to prefer purchasing such articles as these of a poor fellow who thanks us for our custom, and gratefully helps us to supply ourselves with these mysterious necessities, to venturing into a magnificent *magasin* where, ten to one, we shall be superciliously informed we have “come to the wrong shop.” No, no; it is enough for us to have to anathematize the process of *using* them when we *have* got them; for we will not deny, that while executing the mysterious passes of the steel which fix the truant button in its place, we are occasionally assailed by a provoking doubt as to whether perfect bliss *can* be obtained in the single state.

At another time, we have letters to write. Perhaps our “doubt” has increased to a certainty, and we decide on renewing an intimacy, which has been suspended, with a fair friend across the water. We have enough to do to think of what we are to say, and how to say it, without “bothering” our brains to find out the nearest stationer. We pocket our perplexity, and turn down the first street at a venture. An urchin beside us at once relieves our embarrassment. We need go no further. “Voyez, messieurs, mesdames,

six feuilles de beau papier à lettre pour un sou—cinq centimes les six feuilles.” “En voulez vous, doré sur tranche? demandez, demandez,” &c.!

At another time our “agenda” has slipped away, and we want to take a note of something that strikes us. We are feeling in vain in our waistcoat-pocket—at our elbow stands the owner of the hollow voice, which intones, from morning till night, in harsh monotony, on the dusty bridge: “Demandez le carnet et le crayon, dix centimes, deux sous—le calepin avec le crayon, deux sous, Messieurs—demandez—deux sous—deux sous”—as he wanders out of hearing. There has been a recent revolution in this particular branch of itinerant trade. The established price, from time immemorial, for these *carnets*, was *trois sous*. One day, about six months since, an individual vendor, thinking to make a good hit, lowered his price to *deux sous*. His expedient, however, so far from bringing him any good, damaged the whole *carnet*-trade, himself included. He sold comparatively few on the day of the fall, and the next day the whole fraternity lowered *their* prices, so that his chance was no better than that of any other. It is easy to lower the value of an article, not so easy to raise it; consequently “*dix centimes, deux sous*” is the price at which *carnets* have been sold ever since, and, doubtless, will continue to be sold. This simple incident is said to have half ruined the trade. No one complained of the price before, but now they have once been sold at the reduced rate, every one thinks it too high!

Here is another variety of *industries*, and as we proceed, another and another — “Pâtés tous chauds, pâtés,” on one side, — “Voyez, messieurs, la chaine et la montre, dix centimes deux sous,” on the other: behind us, “Cire à cacheter et de la meilleure; le bâton, cinq centimes, un sou.” Before us, “Crayons à vendre” — “Almanachs pour l’an de grâce dixhuit cent cinquante neuf;” and then he adds, in rhyme:—

“V’là le marchand d’almanachs
Qui est ce, qui eu veut? En voilà,”

continuing in prose, “Voilà des almanachs, pour un sou, qui vous disent tout ce que vous voulez savoir; et qui ne mentent pas.”

“Ah! s’ils ne mentent pas, je n’en voulions pas, moi,” said a countryman, returning to his pocket the *sou* he had already pulled out for the intended purchase.

“Pardon, mon brave,” quickly interposed the *marchand*, “J’en ai qui mentent, pour ceux qui les préfèrent.”

All this *tintamarre* mingles with your reflections in ceaseless din, as you pursue your way, enriched by an *obligato* accompaniment from the hurdy-gurdy of the blind man, the jingling bell of the *marchand de coco*, the fiddle of the cripple, and the Jews’ harp of the idle, mischievous *gamin*.

But the announcement of these *objets de luxe* is not the first that greet our ears in the course of the Parisian day. At early dawn, and before we have left our beds, we are awakened by the “*cris de Paris*,” totally different

from those we have been accustomed to hear in our own great metropolis, though, it must be confessed, equally mysterious and equally unmusical; among these, will be the purchasers of hare skins, who, being past all other work, may generally be recognized by their cracked and shaky tones, "turning to childish treble," as they "pipe" out "*piau,—piau,*"—and then with a sudden jerk, "*lapin,—lapin;*"—or, *Ramoneurs*, with their *Auvergnat* refrain, seeking employment from the housewives of the great city.

At a later hour, these are succeeded by others in their turn, announcing their presence with the aid of a horn, a penny-trumpet, or a whistle; among the noisier peripatetics is the *Raccommodeur de Fontaines*, who proclaims his presence in a way which—although it saves his lungs—is anything but musical to the ears of those who are compelled to listen to it. His trade is painted in gilt letters on a little miniature cistern he carries at his back. The "needy knife-grinder," who, we suspect, would not want much eloquence to awaken him to a sense of *his* wrongs, and rouse him to vengeance, "wends his weary way" through the streets, driving his machine before him, and reminding his customers that he is there, "*pour le repassage des couteaux,*" if they have any work for him; but the *remouleur* does not grow rich, there is no danger of *his* ever retiring even to a mud villa in the *Cité Dorée*; the Parisian does not heed him. He knows nothing of the luxury of a sharp carver, and can submit to the ordeal of tearing a joint "to tatters—to very rags," without

one impatient "*sacré nom d'un rasoir*," or even a harmless *sapristi*. Now we confess, if anything on the face of the earth would make *us* swear, it would infallibly be a Parisian knife, and for that reason, when we visit Paris, we always supply ourselves with an implement of British metal and British manufacture. It is *then* we feel justly proud of our country; we brandish our Sheffield blade, and in that attitude—our sirloin "frothed up" and steaming before us, and the white damask across our knees, we proclaim "Old England" unrivalled, and defy all France to gainsay our assertion. The French are brave; but who among them would venture to rush between a hungry Englishman and his roast beef, armed—as we may say to the teeth—with a weapon of such temper. The argument would be unanswerable, and if any one were absurd enough to pick up the gauntlet in such a cause, we need only point contemptuously to the dingy, contemptible article, which in his ignorance—poor fellow—he takes for a knife! and ask him which is the back; there *could* be no question about the *edge*.

But the knife-grinder has found a customer; his wheel is singing its song now, that its master may rest; r-r-r-r-r-r — r-r-r-r-r-r, and his foot, glad to change its movement, reposes as he keeps time to the music of which we may truly say—"No song, no supper." We look on with interest, for the knife-grinder has become our property for the time—we are sketching him with all our might; as we take him down bit by bit, we wonder who he is working for. Ah! the *murder* is

out; a frantic Englishman who has been digging into a "*bifstek*," with one of these same French tools called knives, can endure the trial no longer; his guardian angel it must be who has sent the knife-grinder into the street to save him; he hears his "cry" from the open window, he rushes into the doorway, and with signs and gestures and shouts, succeeds in arresting his progress, but is not equally fortunate in his endeavours to prove to the mob which has meanwhile collected that his intentions are harmless—that he is starving—and that all he wants is to call in the aid of the functionary who is passing. Happy indeed, in this case, is it that the murderous instrument is blunt; the *sergent de ville* glances at the blade, and is appeased; he shrugs his shoulders—as much as to say—"What harm *could* a man do with such a knife as that?" and merely observes as he walks away, "*Que ces Anglais sont drôles!*"

But the knife-grinder has had his turn, and behind him succeeds a long file, various in garb, in feature, in voice, in calling. Here comes the riveter of broken china, the *ferblantier*, or tinker; the retailer of vessels of *grès*, or coarse earth, more or less flawed, and exhibited in a little cart, which, between drawing and pushing, an old woman and her donkey contrive to move along between them. Then we have the *porteur d'eau*, who is almost always an *Auvergnat*, and who, in spite of the proverb, "*On ne saurait tirer d'un sac noir de l'eau blanche*," usually combines with this the trade of *charbonnier*. Again we have a variety of useful handi-

craftsmen constantly catering for employment in the streets, such as the "*Vitrier*," with his own peculiar accentuation of the word, which he ever and anon calls out as he wanders over his beat; the *fumiste*, and at certain seasons of the year, the *ramoneur*—for he is a migratory as well as a gregarious animal, and disappears during the summer months, to reappear when the cold weather again renders his services necessary. Poor fellow! it must be a blessed change to climb the green sward or crimson heather of his native mountains, in exchange for the black and yawning chasms which he is doomed to scale for the rest of the year. Next we meet an industrious fellow, trying to sell the produce of his labour in the shape of useful domestic articles. "V'là l'marchand de paillassons—Voulez vous des paillassons. V'là l'marchand de balais, voulez-vous des balais? en v'là."

But besides all these, there is a yet more considerable detachment of street-vendors who remain stationary, some at their stalls, others at their chosen corners, content to take their chance of the custom of passers-by, and with that quickness of observation which want has sharpened, and which is besides as inherent to their national character as peculiar to their uncertain profession—on the watch to profit by a lucky accident, which may throw a raw provincial or an unsuspecting old gentleman in their way.

Endless are the facilities offered by the street-trade of Paris to purchasers of whatever description, from *pater* (or *mater*) *familias*, serious, business-like, and

necessarily calculating in their outlays, down to the most indifferent and careless *flâneur*.

There are localities even where servants may be hired, or workpeople engaged; others where mattress-makers are to be found; and in fine weather the whole process of picking, beating, quilting, and finishing is carried on in the street. The French have the laudable habit of remaking their mattresses once a-year, and this doubtless accounts for the superior nature of their sleeping accommodation.

The markets are a great resource, and there is no question but that the produce to be obtained there is superior in quality, in freshness, and in choice, to the merchandise offered in the streets; but, on the other hand, the markets are only open on certain days, and, besides this, the thrifty housewife, who knows well that one great secret of domestic economy lies in making her own purchases, and not in trusting them to another hand, may not always have time to go so far, and she will tell you the value of the system which brings the market past her door.

If she be elbow-deep in the wash-tub, or engaged in dressing, teaching, or whipping a refractory child, she can still hear the cry of the weather-beaten old gardener as he drives his barrow up the street, singing out in the faint distance, and becoming more vigorous in sound as he repeats his call with a strong accent on the first word—" *Des pommes de terre; des pommes de terre; pommes de terre au boisseau.*" He knows pretty well, by long habit, which are the dwellings of those who

patronise him, and also on what day each customer is wont to lay in her stock for the week. He pauses, therefore, before the accustomed door, to give time for consideration, and perhaps to rest. He looks up at the window, making there a special repetition of his "prose," recommending his merchandise to general as well as to particular notice by extempore additions: "Ah oui, ma bonne petite dame, c'en sont des belles que j'avions là aujourd'hui; tout ce qu'il y a de mieux; tenez, essayez-en; si vous ne les trouvez pas bonnes je me débaptiserai."

We have heard this expression before, and though it has something in it which grates on the ear, and appears to be a profane form of asseveration, a little reflection brings us to an opposite conclusion. An Englishman, under similar circumstances, would probably offer to "heat 'is hown 'ead;"—not a strictly moral threat either;—both, however, are strong figures, and illustrate the national mode of expressing the impossible.

The next visitor in the street will in all probability be the "poissarde." Fish is now to be had as good in Paris as in London, and is not only plentiful in the markets, but may be seen borne about the streets by sturdy females of the Billingsgate genus; they carry it in a flat basket, slung before them by a leathern strap, passed round that portion of the frame which in any other woman would be a waist. It would be a waste of words to say what it is here; a bolster with a string round it may convey the idea; the rest of the figure is in keeping. Her broad features and coarse hide, flat

feet and brawny arms, prepare you for the gruff tones in which she announces her merchandise, halloaing in your ears, “ Il arrive l’maquereau, il arrive ;” and if just now she wear too good-humoured an expression to change her song for the *poissarde’s* cry of revolutionary memory —“ A la lanterne les aristocrates,” or its modern translation, “ A bàs les riches,” it is not that she lacks the power of lungs to make herself heard, or that there would be any want of muscle in her vigorous limbs to carry out the idea.

Similar in voice is the “femme aux legumes,” making known her approach—“ Artichauts, les gros artichauts,” bons à trois sous la pièce ; à trois sous la pièce, les gros artichauts.” “ Voyez voir, ma bonne dame, la tendresse, la verdure,” says she, interrupting her cry to address a particular passer-by. “ Artichauts—artichauts—auts—auts—o—o—”

The “marchande des quatres saisons,” or fruitseller, either trudges on foot, pushing a barrow before her, or stations under a *porte cochère* till about three in the afternoon, after which hour she is seldom seen. If pears are the order of the day, you may hear her inviting purchasers to buy them by the pound, “ De l’Angleterre à dix sous,”—little doubting the equivoque. The peaches are always “ de la pêche de Montreuil,” though they have Bordeaux plainly painted on their downy cheeks.

These “fruitières” display a peculiar art,—we might almost say coquetry,—in the grouping and arranging of their little stock. The baskets which contain the various fruits are picturesque in form, and exhibit the

apricot, the peach, the nectarine, with their rich tints glowing in the morning sun as they stand heaped up in pyramids, each well-rounded form artistically embedded in fresh green moss. Large luscious figs, tastefully enveloped in vine leaves, crimson plums covered with purple bloom, and mingled with greengages of a size and hue unknown in England, remind us of Rubens' own colouring and arrangement.

Golden grapes, large and transparent, in clusters of perfect symmetry, are contrasted with sister bunches of purple hue, and mingled so skilfully with the bright leaves and graceful tendrils, that the grouping seems to be the work of nature's hand, and exhibits practically that "ars est celare artem." As we look on the brilliant picture, our fingers long for a brush to transfer it to canvas.

With native intelligence the smart little fruitseller observes our admiration of her fragrant collection. "Voyez, mon petit monsieur," says she, with a smile which ought to ensure their sale, "c'est beau exprès." We do not need either the appeal or the inclination to make them our own; we should not object to carry away the whole stock, and are only embarrassed *how* to do it.

We feel almost as ridiculous as the cockney gentleman at Margate, who was insinuatingly coaxed by a bright-eyed and bare-footed damsel to purchase a dishful of *live* shrimps! We pass on, but before we are out of hearing, we become conscious of an altercation between the fair fruitseller and a *gamin* who is cheapening those same rosy-cheeked apples which arrested our

attention just now. The little urchin, whose mouth waters at the sight, but whose purse is limited, begins by disparaging the object of his covetousness.

“De quoi?” says the indignant owner, putting her arms a-kimbo, “alles sont gâtées! croyez vous pas qu’on va vous donner l’pommier du père Adam pour deux sous? Laissez moi donc votre adresse, on ira les porter chez vous en cabriolet! a t’on jamais vu? laissez donc, en voila-t’il des chalands!” concludes she, tossing her head and snapping her fingers. “Portez votre pratique-ailleurs, non p’tit.” The disconcerted youngster retires, thoroughly *enfoncé*.

If young, the fruitseller knows how to make the most of her inexpensive toilet, and it is often disposed with the same evidence of native taste and gracefulness, as we see employed in the *étalage* of her stock in trade. The simple *foulard*, twisted round her well-shaped, intelligent head, has often more fascination than the rich headgear of a London belle.

As may be supposed, these squatters are not looked upon with favour by the regular trade; they are naturally considered interlopers, and as they pay no shop rent and can afford to undersell those who do, they often excite the jealousy of the established greengrocer and fruitseller, who exhausts her ire against the intruders by indulging in invectives on the police, the Préfet, and even higher authorities, menacingly exclaiming as she shakes her fist, “Ah! si j’étais du gouvernement.”

It is the prerogative of the genus *fruitière* to monopo-

lize all the gossip of the neighbourhood. Whether her functions are exercised in a stall, or shop, her locale is sure to be the rendezvous of all the maids and *com-mères* in the street, eager—as they stand, key in hand, and regardless of the chiding that awaits them—to take in all the news, real or fictitious, that their oracle is wont to supply.

If some of the *Portes cochères* in the noblest, no less than in the humblest streets of Paris, afford shelter and standing-room to fruit-sellers, others are the daily station of *Laitières*, or, as they are pleased by poetical licence to style themselves—“*Crêmières*.” Cream, however, such as we understand it, and such as it is to be seen *en Province*, appears to be unknown in Paris; even that questionable compound, sold in London at 4s. a quart, into which the *Lancet* has assured us there enters a by no means inconsiderable quantity of snail-juice, is not fabricated in Paris. Cream there is, very little better than, and only about twice as dear as, milk, the latter being 5 sous ($2\frac{1}{2}$ d.), and the former 10 sous (5d.) per *litre*; a measure answering to our quart.

A new project, called “*La Fusion de la Laiterie en Gros*,” which has long been under consideration, is at this moment a “*fait accompli*,” and is forthwith to begin its operations in Paris. Its object is to suppress the greater portion of the expences hitherto incurred in bringing milk to the Paris market, by centralising them in one general administration, and then materially to diminish the price to the public.

Few are cognizant of the details of this trade, and our readers may be as much surprised as we were to

learn that the consumption of this article of food in Paris amounts to 300,000 *litres* a day. The whole of this is produced within a circuit of 30 leagues round the capital; beyond this distance it is not considered safe to attempt to bring it.

This commerce is at present in the hands of 70 wholesale dealers, who go round and collect the liquid from farm to farm, bringing it to the nearest stations, whence it travels to Paris by rail, and there, during the night, is distributed by means of several hundred carts to the numerous establishments which retail it to the consumers.

The street vendors of milk confine themselves exclusively to the one article, and bring with them neither cream, butter, nor cheese. In the markets, on the other hand, there are stalls where milk is *not* sold, but where cream-cheese of various kinds, curd-cheese, cream in any quantity desired, and small pots of a thicker kind of cream, somewhat resembling our Devonshire clotted cream, are to be had.

There is no regulation in Paris, as in London, legalizing the addition of a certain quantity of water, *eau à discretion*, to the sky-blue liquid, afterwards passed off for milk, but with which very often the cow has little to do. How a practice so liable to abuse can be sanctioned by any legislature is a matter for wonder; it is an introduction of the thin side of the wedge, which may afterwards be advanced at intervals by a sly blow to maintain the unchecked roguery of one party, and the legitimate dissatisfaction of the other.

The trick is attempted in Paris; but one complaint from any one customer is sure to produce investigation, and if the periodical reports of the *Gazette des Tribunaux* be referred to, they will tell the reader in what way the cheating is visited upon its authors.

We find other *portes cochères* affording their hospitality to another class of industrials, vendors of buttons, hooks-and-eyes, tapes and laces, with tailor's trimmings of all sorts. As you pass, your attention is invited by an invocation, "Tenez, mon petit monsieur, cinquante épingles pour deux sous," or if the desired customer be a lady, "voyez donc, mon p'tit chat; toute la longueur du lacet pour un sou." Others exhibit toys, watch-stands, match-boxes, *bénitiers*, rosaries, crucifixes, curiosities in blown-glass, cocoa-wood-ware, "à onze sous toute la boutique."

Then we have the vendors of street eatables, for besides the barrows of fruit, melons, and vegetables in every variety, we have the *marchandes de plaisirs*, who announce themselves with a species of castanet they carry in one hand, the other arm being occupied by the somewhat ponderous cylindrical box which contains their merchandize; *gauffres* and *galettes au beurre*, no less than chesnuts, in their season, are sold at little stationary shops; the fire that cooks them serving in cold weather to keep the vendor from freezing. We may also see nicely sliced potatoe-chips, sprats and other fish frittering in the boiling butter, offering up savoury incense and displaying their golden charms to the famished passers-by.

To those who want more substantial fare we can no longer recommend the "*Restaurants aux Pieds Humides*," which were once so invaluable a resource to the bachelor-mechanic or *employé*. These humble *traiteurs*, established by the "Petit Manteau Bleu," have not long survived their founder, having become a race extinct, and their *industrie* a thing of the past!

The "*Droit*" of November 10th publishes the following details upon the coalition among the market-gardeners:—

"In consequence of the suppression of the *Marché des Innocens*," says that journal, "and the opening of the new *halles*, the small fruit and vegetable sellers, known as *vendeurs au petit tas*, who used to hold their stalls in the *Rue St. Honoré*, have had their authorizations withdrawn; these salesmen pay no duty to the city, and as a commodious and spacious section has been reserved for them around the central *halles*, a daily contribution of a few *centimes* has been imposed upon them.

"Most of them are in easy circumstances; nevertheless, they have refused to come into this arrangement; not only have they given up bringing their goods to Paris, but they have done their utmost to prevent their more sensible neighbours from carrying their wares to the capital. The traces of several carts have been cut on the road, and various means of intimidation have been resorted to. The *Préfet de Police*, having been informed of these irregularities, took instant measures for the purpose of putting a stop to their further

progress; some few arrests took place; several *procès verbaux* were drawn up, and all seemed smooth again.

“Yesterday, however, the *Sieur G*——, gardener at Bondy, was attacked and threatened with vengeance if he attempted to take up a position at the *halles*. This fact having been made known to the gendarmerie, the brigadier Camboise placed a detachment upon the road at half-past 10 in the evening, and himself escorted the cart of *Sieur Etienne G*——. These arrangements resulted in the capture of four individuals, who were immediately secured and confined in the *caserne* of the gendarmerie.

“The mayor, before whom they were brought the next morning, allowed them to be set at liberty, seeing that they are well known in the commune as having been long established there, and enjoying a certain reputation for respectability; but this is by no means with a view to prevent their being ultimately brought to justice.”

A considerable part of the Rue de Sèvres is, on Tuesday and Friday mornings, from 5 till 1 o'clock, occupied by a busy population of buyers and sellers. The articles dealt in, are fruit, flowers, and vegetables of all kinds, butter, cheese, eggs and cream, pottery, and occasionally fish. The sellers come with their goods from tolerably distant villages, and men, as well as women, try their luck at this market, where each stall is established under its own particular awning, the front bearing a shield with the number and name of its owner. On a fine morning, doubtless, it is all very

pleasant, and the occupation may even have its attractions; but on a drenching wet day, or in the winter season, one can scarcely imagine anything more comfortable.

It is difficult to understand how these dealers can realize sufficient profit to make it worth their while to take to this trade, and yet it is evident it must answer in some way. Many of them boast of the number of years during which—winter and summer—they have never missed attending, and indeed the crowds of managing housewives who surround their stalls bespeak the ready sale that awaits them.

It may be offering a useful hint to some of our readers,—of course we allude to the inhabitants of the Rive Gauche,—to tell them that for those residents in Paris who undertake the details of their own *ménage*, there is considerable economy in purchasing articles of household consumption in this market.

One old fellow with whom we talked told us he came from “près de Chartres,” a distance of about 50 miles, and this in the winter seems scarcely worth while; he travels in his own cart, and changes his horse on the road; he starts about 7 the previous evening. Others are more fortunate, residing near a railway, of which, of course, they avail themselves. He stated that his butter, with the duty (or *octroi*) included, cost him 20 sous the pound: he sells it at 24 sous.—“Ah! allez, ma petite biche,” said he—interrupting his colloquy—to a neat little housewife with her basket on her arm, who was tempted by the clean and fresh appearance of his

wares, "vous pouvez prendre ça de toute confiance; tenez, tenez," continued he, unrolling the dewy leaves, and displaying the almost translucent rolls of fresh butter, "est-ce beau ça, j'espère—de la vraie noisette."

He also dealt in turkey-eggs, cream-cheese, and other dainties, and as his goods looked fresh, and he had a good-humoured word for everyone, he seemed to find plenty of customers.

"Bonjour, Père Bison," said an elderly man, approaching the stall, "comment ça va't il par le froid qu'il fait."

"Ah, mon Dieu! J'ai manqué de geler cette nuit, mais je suis là tout de même; et vous, compère, qu'est-ce que vous nous en dites?" answered he, rubbing his hands.

"Oh, pour moi, j'ai pas manqué de geler; c'est que je crois, ma foi, que j'ai gelé tout roide; vous autres jeunes gens, Père Bison, voyez vous, ça ne vous fait rien, ce froid là."

"Ah, ha! voila 't il pas du bon; et voyez un peu comment ma femme a voulu m'affubler: 'paraît qu'elle ne me croit pas si jeune,"—and the old fellow pointed to his cap, over which his careful moiety had placed a checked cotton handkerchief, closely tied under his chin. This dialogue might have gone on a long time, had not a sharp-voiced elderly female, who doubtless felt the cold as much as either of the old men, and did not relish standing on the stones, called him to order with—

"Allons donc, Père Bison; quand allez vous m'expédier; croyez vous, par hazard, que j'ai pas autre chose à faire qu'à rester là, plantée comme une asperge, à vous écouter toute la journée."

“ Ah, c’est juste—c’est juste—tenez mon p’tit lapin j’suis à vous—à vous pour toujours—si vous voulez ; bien entendu ; ” and what with his jokes and his smiles, he contrived to restore his fair customer to good humour.

“ Avez vous du beurre aujourd’hui ? ” said a bustling body, to the owner of the next stall ; this was a young man, who, with a young wife at his side, busying herself at the counter, seemed to form a fair picture of domestic happiness and economy.

“ Je n’en ai pas pour vous, Madame ; ” answered he, and the screw-faced enquirer passed on.

“ Pourquoi que tu lui a dit ça ? ” hazarded the little wife.

“ Tu ne la connois pas, mon chou ; elle marchande, et puis elle décrie la marchandise ; je n’en veux pas ; qu’elle aille voir ailleurs. ”

In fact there is something characteristic in the face, in the demeanour, and in the talk of every one ; and, independently of the individual interest of the agricultural population thus assembled, the general scene is lively and picturesque.

Another feature in French markets which strikes us, is the great variety of vegetables brought into use, of which we know nothing ; thus there are three, nay, four kinds of turnips ; there is the ordinary round vegetable we are accustomed to see on table in England ; then there are Swedes, which here seem to be used for household purposes ; thirdly, there are long turnips, shaped like carrots ; and, fourthly, small, round, and perfectly yellow turnips ; the flavour of all differs. There is

also abundance of salsifis, endives, scorcenera, *celeri-rave*, *radis-noir*, *Barbe de Capucin*, cardons, white beet, *gourdes*, beautifully marked with white and green stripes, and often of the most elegant form; some kinds are as large as melons, others about the size of a Burgundy pear.

Taking up some of these, we asked:—

“Comment les mange t’on?”

“Mais; comme on veut,” was the answer, accompanied by a shrug of the shoulders.

“Les fait on cuire?”

“Ma foi, cela dépend des goûts; je n’en ai pas encore entendu parler.”

A great number of dealers may be seen laying in their stores, at an early hour, along the market of the Rue de Sèvres; restaurateurs, traiteurs, and even soldiers, are there, taking large stocks of provisions.

“Eh, là bas — la petite mère,” ejaculated a Zouave, who was followed by a young lad carrying a large square basket, one Friday morning; “et vos œufs, combien ça vaut aujourd’hui?”

“Cinq liards tout au juste, mon amour,” answered the old lady who owned them.

“Ah, bah! ce n’est pas comme ça que je compte, moi; Je fais les choses en grand Voyons, combien que vous me prendrez pour trois cents?”

It was evident the whole division was about to *faire maigre*, and he was their purveyor.

“Ma foi, c’est une autre affaire; allez, prenez; on va vous arranger.”

We also saw a baker drive up in his cart and purchase 200 turkey's eggs, of an old man. The old fellow, who seemed playfully disposed, called out every now and then as if he was hurt:—

“Aie, aie; mais vous me prenez tous les gros—et vous avez tort; ce sont toujours les plus mauvais; voyez donc — cela ne lui fait rien — il les prend tout de même!”

“C'est égal; tenez vous le pour dit, et ne revenez pas après ça vous en plaindre.”

This sally produced a general demonstration of hilarity.

“Allons, ma bonne petite dame,” said he turning to a sharp-visaged matron, who seemed to be making a light breakfast off the various cheeses, to which she was helping herself, under pretence of tasting them; “si vous continuez comme ça, vous finirez par vous altérer.”

“Lâchez moi mon bras — voulez vous donc finir compère,” said another customer, half jestingly and half angrily, as the old fellow laid hold of her, for very good reasons.

“Ah, non, non, ma petite mère, je ne vous lâche pas que vous ne me donniez mes deux sous; tenez, si vous aimez mieux vous faire arracher le bras que de payer votre dette, laissez faire; quant à moi, voyez vous, je tiens ferme.”

“A la bonne heure; maintenant, je ne vous retiens plus—à revoir, ma petite dame,” and the money being paid, the prisoner was discharged.

There was formerly a considerable number of market

gardens around, and even in, Paris, but since the erection of so many new streets they are fast disappearing; as we have seen, Paris is far from being supplied from its immediate vicinity.

In the 12th century, the ground given up to this kind of cultivation extended itself to the north of Paris in the valley which commences at the Faubourg du Temple, and terminates at the Champs Elysées.

In the 14th century, these gardens reached as far as the Faubourg St. Antoine; and in 1720, we find them stretching westward towards Vaugirard and Grenelle. In the beginning of the 18th century, they occupied all the space comprised between the Boulevards and the Rue des Porcherons on the one side, and the Faubourg St. Denis on the other, and covered all the ground situated between the Boulevards and the Rue des Recollets, reaching the Temple and descending the Rue de la Roquette as far as the Pont aux Choux.

In 1739, the uncultivated land between the Cours la Reine and the Allée des Veuves was converted into market gardens; also that between the Rue des Amandiers and the Rue de la Roquette; in the Rue des Muettes, des Boulets, and du Trône, right and left of the Rue de Reuilly, and on either side of the Rues des Charbonniers and de Rambouillet as far as Bercy.

On the south, the borders of the Bièvre were cultivated in a like manner as far as Croullebarbe, and on the west, to the right and left of the Rue Notre Dame des Champs.

In 1751, the greater part of these gardens, from the

Invalides to the Seine, were displaced to make room for the Ecole Militaire, and so on, as other buildings sprung up. It was only in 1825 that were removed those which gave place to the Champs Elysées.

M. Courtois Gérard estimates at 593 *hectares* the space in Paris and the *banlieue* occupied by market gardens. The management and cultivation of these gardens—1,125 in number—provides a living for above 5,000 individuals of both sexes.

The new *Halles* standing on the quondam Marché des Innocens and circumjacent streets, of which the Rue de la Ferronnerie, *de triste mémoire*, will soon be one, form one of the sights of Paris. This magnificent building may be said to rival the Crystal Palace, and while it is certainly more useful, is externally, at least, less ornamental.

But we wander away from the market, and turning down one of the narrow streets which take us to the Rue de Vaugirard, we meet a Jew singing out his readiness to purchase "*Vieux habits—Vieux galons.*" The first clause of his proposal is rational enough, but the second is quite poetical, or rather traditional. It is a superannuated cry—for the *galons* have long ceased to exist.

But what of the old coats? You think you know what becomes of those old clothes of which your valet is disposing upon the landing, whither he has summoned the buyer, at 6 o'clock in the morning, while you are finishing off your night's rest.

"All that," you say, "goes to the 'Temple,' where it

is cleaned, brushed, dyed, resewn, refreshed, rebound, washed, dried, ironed, aired, and the Lord knows what besides, to become the joy, the ornament, and the delight of its new owners, my unknown heirs."

This, however, let us tell you, is only half the truth, only part of the destiny old clothes have to fulfil—and by old clothes we understand old gowns, old bonnets, old trousers, old petticoats—old everythings!

Alas! how are the mighty fallen! There is in Paris a class of individuals—adventurous, enterprising—unknown perhaps, but endowed with marvellous ingenuity, who collect throughout the Paris world those never-failing supplies destined to meet the demands of different nations, who, you certainly would never expect were destined to become the wearers of your *défroce*.

It is a fact that vessels—the principal item in whose cargoes is a mass of cast-off apparel—sail from Havre at stated periods, conveying these curiosities to the two Indies, the two Americas, Australia, and a hundred ports and islands of which we should never dream.

This merchandise goes by the name of "*Le Retour de l'Europe*," and is doubtless as much esteemed in its way as is the Madeira we prize so much, and which we recognise by the appellation of "*Retour de l'Inde*."

Let us follow our wardrobes, and see into whose hands will fall these old friends who have served us so faithfully. Some remain as elegant as they were the last time we doffed them, others have been cut, and altered, and patched, and transmogrified into anything that the best portion of them would make, and have

now a quaint grotesque appearance. To be candid—intimately as we were acquainted with them — *we* should never recognise them ourselves, but no one else knows this, and they pass current for the Marquis de ——'s dress coat, or the Comte d'O——'s "Raglan," or Lady ——'s ball dress, and are worn, under the conviction that they are nothing less, by some swarthy denizen of the tropics.

But the business is systematically transacted; we are not to despise the commercial importance of those who deal in the old clothes line. Ordinary plain clothes, —*i.e.*, not the disguise, as we have ended by considering it, of police-officers, but the every-day dress of non-officials,—are dispatched to N. America, where they are eagerly bought by Alsatian, Saxon, or Bavarian emigrants, only too happy to welcome some *souvenir* of Europe in these travelled habiliments. What if they do pay a little dearly for the whistle—do they not purchase, together with these acquisitions from beyond the seas, tender recollections of home, by which they can indulge their sensibilities and revive their patriotism.

Military and naval uniforms are sure of a market in S. America and the Gulf of Mexico. These warrior races who make and unmake empires in eight and forty hours, are eager for braided jackets and laced collars, and as they are richer in glory than in tailors, they are glad to purchase their uniforms ready-made.

There are African tribes who would give ten years of their lives for a scarlet coat and a cocked hat from Europe. It is not long since a traveller spoke of seeing

several of these anomalous beings attired in the various articles of dress which form one suit for an individual European.

The one among them who held his head highest was attired in a military hat, a sword-belt and sword, and a pair of Wellington boots. After all, the dress was not expensive—these three articles formed his whole toilet.

Old ecclesiastical vestments are always welcome in Brazil, where priests are numerous, and richer articles of this description are disposed of in Peru and Chili.

All their old head-gear, and heaven knows what must be the quantity, is forwarded to St. Domingo: the blacks are exceedingly proud of a European hat, especially a white one. They wear them with an independence of taste which renders them exceedingly indulgent as to the form they may have acquired. Of French practices they have only retained that of wearing hats, and it is to be regretted that it never occurs to them to make them, as do their former masters, a medium for demonstrations of politeness. Perhaps they may acquire the custom one day.

As for shoes and boots, they make the best of their way to California, they are transmitted by thousands of pairs to those auriferous regions where millionaires, it would seem, have not shoes to their feet, unlike this hemisphere where those who go barefoot are usually anything but millionaires.

Apropos de bottes, we were once told that the difference between the Emperor of Russia and a beggar, was, that

while the former *issues manifestos*, the latter *manifests toes* without *his shoes*. We recommend that this ingenious distinction be communicated to the Californians with the next cargo.

Old shirts, it would seem, remain attached to the soil, and whenever a solution of continuity takes place in their component parts, after an acquaintance with the *crochet* and the *hotte* they pass through the mill, to reappear—rejuvenated like the dry bones of *Æson* from *Medea's* caldron—in the form of those elegant albums which decorate the boudoir tables of our *belles*, or under the guise of a rose-colored and perfumed *poulet* presented to their dainty fingers on a silver salver.

Fortunately its various transmigrations are not revealed to them!

Ladies' cast-off garments have a brisk sale in Hindostan. The fashions, to be sure, are somewhat antiquated, but "*parmi les aveugles les borgnes sont rois*," and a cut which appeared four years ago in Paris, is as elegant with those who see it for the first time, as it was with the Parisians then. Consequently, the wives of a countless number of petty *employés* in Madras and Calcutta eagerly compete for the first choice of this quondam finery. After all, it is only an exchange: India sends to Paris its old cashmeres; Paris sends to India its old gowns. We are inclined to ask:—

"Why could not each rest content with its own?"

Jamaica and the Philippines are insatiable in their demands for old French gloves—cleaned and scented of course. Will it be believed that 6,000,000 pairs are annually shipped for these facile customers?

“Commerce, que tu es grand!” was Abbé Raynel’s ejaculation. What if he could know all this? We are afraid he could only alter it to—

“Commerce, que tu es propre!”

The Jew clothesman then is the medium by which these articles of commerce are procured and collected; he is as ’cute in Paris as elsewhere, for under whatever sun he may have been born, he seems never to lose this distinguishing characteristic. A bargain was struck the other day, under our balcony, between a Jew purchaser and a vendor of the same nation, which amused us not a little; it was a literal illustration of “diamond cut diamond;” neither of these Israelites was without guile.

The *materiel* of the transaction was a pair of unmentionables; the owner had “accidentally left for the purpose” a small coin in one of the pockets. The purchaser, evidently an old hand, in feeling the quality of the cloth, and deliberating as to its probable age and length of service, contrived also to test the condition of the pockets. He perceived the piece of money, and feeling convinced it was a bonâ-fide “forget,” hastened to offer a sum amounting certainly to double their value—say 6 francs. The vendor, however, had not got up his artful dodge for nothing, and stoutly demanded 10 francs. The purchaser hesitated. He calculated, however, that dear as the object was, he should not, in all probability, get such a chance again, and at last reluctantly consented. No sooner was the money paid, than he clutched at the bargain, and

plunging his hand into the pocket, he drew out—a centime! “Why, you infernal scoundrel,” exclaimed he, in a rage at finding himself so completely ‘sold,’* “this is an infamous robbery, and I’ll have it out of you. Give me my money back and take away your rags.” At this appeal the other looked back, but walked on, laughing and singing out *Pas si bête*, as he applied his thumb to his nose. Of course our luckless dupe got no redress, neither do we think he was entitled to any. Grasp—“Daca el gallo, toma el gallo, quedan las plumas en la mano,” as the Spaniards have it.

We may relate here another characteristic incident, which occurred on the occasion of a visit we paid to one of their synagogues in the Rue N. D. de Nazareth. It serves as another proof that the French Jew has as sharp an eye to business as his co-religionists elsewhere.

In the seat in which we had placed ourselves, we found next us a very polite and communicative gentleman, who, perceiving a stranger, volunteered to assist us in comprehending and following the service. He

* A distinguished contemporary philologist has shrewdly observed that it argues ill for the commercial honesty of a nation when the word “*sell*” comes to be synonymous with “*cheat* ;” and truly there are many momentous conclusions to be drawn from these apparently trifling but significant forms.

How pleasing in contrast is an extract we met with in an old chronicle lately. It tells us that “on the 24th February, 1353, a fire broke out in the Exchange, and so rapid was the progress of the flames that before one could say three *misereres*, the four corners had caught.”

reminded us we must not remove our hat—the Jews following the Oriental custom in this particular. He pointed out the gallery, and bade us observe it was entirely filled with ladies; women are only tolerated in the synagogue, and their presence is altogether ignored; they are never allowed to worship with men, and their attendance there is by no means obligatory. Seeing us puzzled at sight of the white scarf, with which each member of the congregation was supplied, and which he reverently kissed, throwing it over his shoulders at certain portions of the service—he explained that this garment was called *le témoin*, or witness; that it was given to each Jew on his admission into the Jewish church, that it was used by him at every religious act of his life, and finally was wrapped round him at his death, being thus the witness of his whole existence on earth.

He also found out all the places for us in the book he held, and, in fact, devoted himself entirely to our enlightenment during the whole service. We felt the less compunction in accepting his attentions as we saw he lost nothing by it, for no one paid the slightest heed to the proceedings. However, the secret of his amiable officiousness was to come; suddenly he turned to us, and inquired whether we had any means of recommending *fourniture de bureaux*, as he had a very excellent assortment of stationery of all descriptions, and should be delighted to serve ourselves or any of our friends.

This was enough to take any one aback, but what

was our astonishment when he turned round in his seat, and taking a key out of his pocket, proceeded to unlock a small drawer under the bench, containing specimens of his wares, which he begged us to examine, that we might satisfy ourselves of their excellent quality!

An important Œuvre for the conversion of Jews has been established now some years in Paris. The house it occupies is called S. Pierre de Sion, and is situated in the Rue Duguay Trouin. Père Ratisbonne, whose own wonderful conversion astonished all Europe a few years since, is one of the Fathers, and his elder brother is the Superior of the Œuvre. There is attached to this house a school for instructing Israelite children, and in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs, connected with it, is a house for the conversion and education of Jewesses, called N. D. de Sion. 600 Jews have already been converted by these Fathers.

But we have not yet nearly completed our list of street trades, and we shall not go far wrong in saying that there is scarcely a caprice which cannot be humoured, a taste which cannot be gratified, or a want which cannot be supplied by the various articles of luxury, of utility, or of fancy, found in the streets of Paris.

It has been said that women and flowers seem to have been created for each other, and one of the prettiest pictures we remember to have seen among the street-vendors of Paris, was an arch little maiden selling bouquets. She was as modest in her demands as in her demeanour, and only rated her luxuriant bunches at five

sous each; but they were assorted and arranged with the eye of an artist, whether from national and female taste, or from that knowledge of arrangement which long habit may in time impart to a quick and intelligent observer. There was something very irresistible too in the beseeching smile with which she offered the contents of her basket, addressing herself to the ladies who passed her—"Fleurissez vous, mesdames, embaumez vous; cinq sous le bouquet."

This young girl was generally stationed on the quay near St Germain L'Auxerrois. She told me an eventful history, considering her youth, for she was not more than eighteen. She had left her home in Normandy when a mere child, to come to Paris with a family who had taken a fancy to her, and with whom she lived as servant for some time, until, after a while, her master unhappily forgot his own position and hers, and with more freedom than she considered right, addressed to her expressions of admiration, and proceeded to adopt a tone of familiarity which she at once warmly resented, and finally resolved to withdraw from his pursuits.

She had brought with her from her native village very little beyond the fatal gift of beauty and firm religious principle. Trusting in God, she resolved to take her chance in the wide world; and having escaped from a position so embarrassing, she embarked her whole fortune—consisting of seven or eight francs—in a floral speculation. She bought a flat basket, a leathern strap, and a small stock of flowers, and from that day had contrived to earn a livelihood, small, it is true, but honest.

Her parents were dead, and she had now no resource but in her own exertions. She told us she had as much as possible avoided making acquaintances among those of her own calling. "Their life," she said, "was one of great temptation, and many fell victims." On Sundays she went regularly to Mass, and often on weekdays, but Sunday evening, she said, was the great holiday of the *bouquetières*. Most of them possess a white muslin dress, which they get ready on Saturday night, and, thus attired, they repair to the gay little dancing-salons at the Barrières, taking with them all the unsold nosegays they have, and when the colored lamps are lighted and the orchestra is about to strike up, they stand in the entrances, and as each cavalier enters with his fair lady they put in their claim, saying:—

"Fleurissez donc votre jolie danseuse, mon beau monsieur."

This manœuvre usually succeeds; the gentleman cannot well refuse the act of politeness suggested towards his lady; and when they have disposed of their stock, they can sometimes afford to join the lively throng within, and thus forget for a moment the hardships of the past and of the coming week.

Sometimes we find the street *bouquetières* stationed in great numbers near the markets, where they stand a chance of disposing of some of their frail stock to those who come to make other purchases.

"Achetez mes œillets, voyez un peu, ma belle giroflée; étrennez moi, ma bonne petite dame; vous êtes si gentille que cela va me porter bonheur."

Various are the precautions and the contrivances they must adopt to keep their flowers alive and fresh, and even then, there is often loss. Sometimes they find themselves at night with a considerable proportion unsold, and these they are almost obliged to give away, as they would be altogether worthless the next morning.

Sellers of matches, of tinder, and cigars, of strop-paste, bones, walking-sticks, sponges, blacking, of powders and nostrums for plants, quadrupeds, and even bipeds, and an infinite variety of other "*objets utiles et indispensables*," come under the English denomination of *patterers*. Their volubility is something surprising, and shows, besides a rapidity of tongue, a fertility of imagination peculiar to themselves.

"Voyez, regardez, examinez, je ne crains rien," says the pencil-seller, almost in a breath; "dites si vous connoissez des crayons comme ceux là; Ils ne redoutent ni le temps, ni la saison, ni le climat, ni la chaleur, ni le froid, ni l'humidité, ni même les mauvais procédés, tant ils sont bons. On peut, tout à son aise, les blesser, les presser, les heurter, les meurtrir, les frapper, les taper, les faire tomber, rouler, dégringoler, sauter, danser, sans jamais les casser; tout ça n'empêchant pas qu'on puisse écrire tout ce qui passe par la tête sans qu'il soit possible de dire qu'ils puissent noircir la main qui a le bonheur de s'en servir;" then he adds in delightful doggrel, setting all the rules of versification at defiance—

"Un de mes crayons à la main,
Vous obtenez le moyen,

Décrire le gros, le moyen, et le plein,
Enfin vous n'en voyez jamais la fin.
Crayons sans zinc, mais de plomb,
Qui sont forts et bons,
A prendre avec soi dans tous les cantons,
Car avec telle marchandise,
Je défie que l'on dise,
Que j'ai de la peine à en vendre des douzaines,
Des vingtaines, des centaines, des millions par semaine.
Car pour un sou vous possédez un métal, sans égal,
Marquant en général sur tous les metals principaux,
Tant sur le papier, que sur le carton,
Le bois, la pierre, et le moillon."

Thus it is that hundreds of people live in Paris partly by the fertility of their own brains, and partly thanks to the barrenness of those of others.

Our readers must not think that among the frequenters of the streets we have forgotten the *chiffonniers*—no, the *chiffonnier* is a type apart, he must have a chapter to himself. The blind have also their peculiarities, which must be reserved for separate consideration, together with other specimens of striving and suffering humanity.

Among the street-poor we may legitimately consider the mendicants—meaning those hundred, or hundred and fifty, who have an authorized permission—authenticated by a stamped plate, which they wear—to earn what they can, by appealing to the charity of passers.

To obtain this privilege they must be able to show certain qualifications—or, we might say, disqualifications—and they are then obliged to submit to certain laws and restrictions; but, in return, they enjoy the

protection and countenance of the "sergent de ville," to whom each is well known. Thus, there are what they term good and bad sides, and this more especially applies to the bridges, which are distinguished as "bons et mauvais ponts." They are accordingly compelled to take their turns, and change about. It must be understood that these permissions are only given to infirm, crippled, or otherwise diseased persons, who are unable to procure for themselves a livelihood in any other way. They are generally pitiable objects, and we would defy the most determined John Bull, with the strongest possible prejudice against "street beggars," not to unbutton his pockets at the sight.

It has been said, by those who endeavour to ignore the broad fact, and, *a fortiori*, the endless details of human misery, that all beggars are impostors—that their crippled limbs are tied up—that their missing arms are strapped down—that their sores are extemporized, and that their blindness is feigned—that their sickness is an invention, and their poverty a myth.

Now, doubtless there is some foundation for this theory, and there has been, and is, so much imposition in the world, that we can scarcely be surprised that persons should have become sceptical and suspicious. Nevertheless, we would suggest to them to ask their own hearts whether, at the bottom of this sweeping conclusion at which they have arrived, there is not a lurking desire to be rid of the irksomeness of investigating, and of the responsibility of relieving, the cases that come under their notice.

We must be perfectly well aware that there is poverty, and misery, and disease, and distress in the world; and, therefore, those who refuse to recognise it in the cases that present themselves before them, are bound to seek it out among those who are *enduring* it in patient unobtrusiveness.

A class of individuals which characterizes the streets of Paris is that of the “Balayeurs” and “Balayeuses”—for, though the term “sweeper” translates the word, it by no means conveys the idea. Scavenger would be more accurate. Street-sweepers—volunteers, as we have them at the crossings—are unknown in Paris.

The “Balayeur” may be a public benefit, but he is decidedly a private nuisance; and there is no passenger who does not inwardly mutter his own particular imprecation against the ruthless official who never interrupts the mechanical movement of his tool, let who will cross his path, and threatens either to cover your coat with dust, or to fill your shoes with mud of the blackest hue, according to the condition of the streets. He is, too, utterly imperturbable under any reproof with which you may honor him in return. Indeed, there is reason to suspect he would not very much regret the opportunity of giving practical expression to his opinion of his fellow-creatures, “*de la haute?*” However, we must do him the justice to say, that by some peculiar knack he possesses—though he always keeps one in hot water—he never does splash one with cold. We believe the “sergent de ville” would instantly pull him up if he did, and a heavy punishment would be the consequence of his conviction.

The rivers of water, which, at certain hours of the day, pour from the spouts, and rush madly along the gutters, certainly tend to improve the sanitary condition of the city; but they are a clumsy contrivance, and, owing to the narrowness of the streets, often prove a source of annoyance to foot-passengers.

Drivers of vehicles, of whatever description, dash recklessly into these running brooks, and, *si teipsum servâsses*, your only chance is to watch them narrowly, and rush beneath any doorway or opening which you may find at hand, standing up till the danger be past. This is not always practicable.

We lately saw an omnibus driving much too rapidly down the narrow part of the Rue du Temple. The coachman may have been a *little* "fresh;" at all events, his first feat was to run against a truck, which he might easily have avoided. A "sergent de ville," not visible before, started out of the ground immediately, and reprimanded him severely.

"Ah, ça, cocher," said he, "savez vous que vous avez grandement tort?"—finishing off his speech with "Sacré nom d'un coquin," and a look of ferocious indignation which the driver pocketed uncomplainingly, only too glad to be let off so easily.

A few yards further on, where the street was at its narrowest, the mischievous rascal plunged into one of these broad streams. Unhappily, a lady and two children, passing at the moment, and unable to get out of the way, received the whole charge over their dress. The lady wore a handsome dark blue silk gown, which

seemed to be totally spoiled by the accident. However, he drove on at the same pace, as there was now no "sergent de ville" within sight, and went tumbling up against a lime-cart, locking his wheel. A crowd soon collected—for, in Paris, anything in the least out of the way creates a mob in an instant—and, doubtless, in the end he received his deserts.

In such cases, the "sergent de ville" is tolerably prompt in the execution of his duty, instantly taking down the name and number of the offending party, the hour of the day, the name of the street, and the name of the person injured; after which, upon his information, a summons is issued, and the culprit must appear to account for his conduct.

It is true, that in England the modern constabulary are looked upon with a certain amount of awe; so much so, that upon a Sunday-school child being asked who he was to fear next to God, he answered with the greatest promptitude—"P'leeceman, please sir." Notwithstanding this, however, it is evident that the "sergent de ville," with his cocked hat, his military coat, and his long sword, is a more formidable official, and his appearance inspires greater terror among the vagabonds and *gamins* who swarm in the streets of Paris.

There is no doubt that the *gamins* cut out plenty of work for the "sergents de ville;" but this is far from being the only occupation of these functionaries; they are always on the *qui vive*, and their vigilance is generally of a high order. "Tenez, en voilà un qui confesse une femme," said a Parisian we were walking with, one day,

as we passed a group standing under a *porte cochère*, in the Rue des Fossés St. Jacques; and in truth he was doing his best to extort her knowledge of facts; but the good lady was restive, and positively refused to afford the information sought.

“Ah ça, vous ne voulez donc pas? mais c’est qu’en voilà t’ il pas d’une autre!”

“Non, Monsieur; je ne pourrai rien vous dire, du tout, du tout, du tout; car je ne sais rien de tout ce que vous me demandez; et je trouve même bien drôle que vous veniez me faire le catéchisme comme ça,” answered the woman, tossing her head and preparing to retire.

“Ah! vous trouvez ça drôle?” said he, stopping her, “et puis, vous ne savez rien, dites vous?”

“C’est comme j’ai l’honneur de vous le dire, Monsieur; absolument rien.”

“Ah!—eh bien, ma bonne mère, les choses ne vont pas se passer comme ça; puisque vous ne savez rien, je m’en vais, moi, vous en montrer.”—“Vous allez me suivre.”

“Moi vous suivre; ah! par exemple; mais je ne veux pas vous suivre, moi.”

“Eh bien, vous allez passer devant; ça m’est égal.”

“Mais ou voulez vous donc me conduire?”

“Il sera bien tems que vous le sachiez lors de votre arrivée.”

“Tenez, ne m’emmenez pas, Monsieur; je m’en vais vous dire tout ce que j’en sais;” continued the woman, changing her tone.

“Ah! Et tout à l’heure vous prétendiez ne rien savoir: eh bien, à l’heure qu’il est, il n’est plus tems; ce n’est plus à moi que vous le direz maintenant; ah! ah! nous allons voir—ce que nous allons voir.”

And with this off they set.

The “sergent de ville” is a useful man; he is always ready and willing to direct a stranger and put him in the right way, to keep order, and protect the public, and he is much more readily found than the London policeman, in cases of emergency.

One morning, a handsome silk umbrella had been left at a stall in the market of the Rue de Sèvres; it was claimed by a woman who, the other said, was only a passer by. The “sergent de ville” came up, took down particulars in writing, and maintained possession of the umbrella, telling her that when the time prescribed for claiming it arrived, if it was not fetched away by any one showing satisfactory evidence of ownership, she should have it.

Another functionary peculiar to French towns in general, and to Paris in particular, is the “Commis d’Octroi.” It must be a wearisome task to continue all day repeating the *refrain*, “Avez vous quelque chose à déclarer?” There are, however, episodes in their days’ work which are amusing. Everything which passes the “Barrière,” must be submitted to their scrutiny, and this has been found very necessary, as attempts to smuggle are not by any means uncommon, and considerable ingenuity is brought into practice.

It is not very long since, a clever attempt was

detected by the vigilance of the officers of the *octroi*.

A respectable-looking carriage, drawn by a pair of horses, used to go out at the Barrière de Fontainebleau every afternoon, containing one or two persons, and with a livery servant standing behind ; after a drive of a couple of hours, the vehicle would return, about dusk, apparently in *statu quo*. The door was opened as usual, the question was asked in due form, and the party pursued their way unmolested. This went on for some time ; at length, the perfect immobility of the footman, one day, struck the searcher ; he resolved to observe more closely, and the next day accordingly, after he had shut the carriage door, he called out to the coachman, whose wont it was to whip up his horses, and drive off at a rapid pace :—" Halte là, cocher ;" then, turning to the servant, he addressed him with :—" Et vous, mon brave, n'auriez vous, par hazard, rien à déclarer ?" No answer was returned, and not a whisker moved, when the officer thought it time to come to a closer personal acquaintance with this supercilious and dignified official. His astonishment may be conceived when the supposed valet was dismounted, and proved to be a tin case, painted and dressed, and containing several dozen bottles of choice wine !!

But, more curious stratagems than these have been attempted, and have succeeded too.

A man living at a frontier town possessed a very intelligent dog, whom he had brought up from a puppy. His moral qualities had been carefully cultivated, he

had been taught to love his master, and to fear the *Douâniers*. The youthful pupil had, in fact, been trained up in the way he should go, and the education was simple and ingenious; a ruffian, disguised in the uniform of a Custom-house officer, was employed to flog the dog every day for as long a time as he could bear the infliction without injury to his bodily health, for his master was judicious in his severity, and did not intend to sacrifice the *physique* to the *morale*. During the lesson, the quadruped was tied to a whipping-post, and towards the conclusion, he was released and allowed to run, his tormentor following; the result of this proceeding was, that whenever a *douânier* appeared in sight, the creature would take to his paws, and scamper off at a pace which soon secured his safety.

His education finished, Trim was taken one day to one of those gentry who “*tondent les chiens*,” and there he justly earned his name, for he *was* trimmed, and that so close, that he attracted general attention by his downy, pink, transparent exterior. As soon as he had arrived at home, his master, who had his reasons for all this, shut himself up *en tête à tête* with his faithful servant, and having wound round his body several thousand francs’ worth of the choicest lace, he covered him up with a handsome shaggy skin, made to fit, and which was closely buttoned down the front (with a needle and thread); this done, he went out for a walk, desiring his faithful and *precious* Trim to follow. As far as the gate, Trim walked quietly behind his master, as a respectable dog should; but no sooner had they reached that point,

than our four-footed friend, catching sight of the *douânier*—who allowed his innocent-looking master to pass without hesitation—started off at a full canter, and was soon safe out of sight. The master, following at a leisurely pace, recalled the truant with a shrill whistle, and continued to keep his properties in view.

This artifice was practiced without exciting suspicion until the man had made his fortune and retired from “*business*.”

One day last winter, towards dusk, a lady might have been seen, making her way at a rapid pace, on foot, through the Barrière des Bassins; had she walked slowly, possibly no notice might have been taken; as it was, the celerity of her movements attracted the attention of the officers.

“Ah ça, ma petite dame;” said one of them, approaching her courteously; “Vous avez donc bien froid par le tems qu’il fait?”

“Oh oui, Monsieur, j’ai bien de la peine à ne pas geler,” answered she as she slackened her step, but showed no inclination to stop.

“Mais vous avez, toujours, un petit mot à nous dire en passant n’est-ce pas?” pursued the *Commis*, his eyes remaining fixed upon her; “ou bien si vous ne faites pas la fraude vous devez porter quelque chose de bien précieux dans ce bon manteau ouaté.—Voyons, ne serait-ce pas un petit enfant? il doit être bien gentil s’il ressemble à sa mère.”

“Monsieur, laissez moi passer, j’ai bien froid, n’ouvrez pas mon manteau.”

“Oh que oui, on va vous laisser passer; mais, tenez, puisque vous avez si froid, nous allons vous prier d'entrer un instant vous chauffer, pendant que nous prendrons vos noms et prénoms, &c., &c., pour composer notre petit procès verbal.”

The lady, who saw it would not do to carry the joke any further, was compelled to submit, and on being searched, was found to have secreted about 2 litres of very capital brandy.

Even the carts of sand, of lime, of plaster of Paris, are searched, and we have seen cart-loads of broken stone and granite submitted to the same process, a pike or a crowbar being forcibly driven into the mass, in several places, by the *commis*, who climbs to the top. Wine is the principal object of suspicion, and this process would very soon cause the liquid to “declare” itself, if its owners refused to “declare” it.

The “*commissionnaire*”—whose offices include those of public *decrotteur* and messenger, and private servant—is a type now, for the first time, about to be introduced into England, and hitherto unknown here; while, from the organization of domestic economy in the Parisian *ménage*, he is there an indispensable functionary.

He fulfils, as we have hinted, or attempts to fulfil, a vast variety of duties, among which he unites those of *valet de chambre*, *valet de pied*, and *femme de ménage*; in short, he “makes himself generally useful.”

He interests himself in his employer, whom he serves with intelligence and fidelity. If it be a question of a weighty parcel to carry, he can transport goods to

almost any amount on his *crochet*, and will tell you within a quarter of a pound the weight of any package he is desired to lift. If it be a matter of distance, there is no one like him for knowing the shortest cuts and the straightest lines. He is paid by the *course*, and has, therefore, no interest to loiter on the way. He is always at his post, and would seem to have the gift of ubiquity, which, however, is explained by the fact that these industrials often haul in couples, one relieving guard in the absence of the other. To the public eye there is no discernible difference. To it—a commissionnaire is a commissionnaire, though one may be in easy and the other in needy circumstances, though one may have come from a merry-making and the other from a funeral.

If we could guess the histories of some of these street industrials, as they stand plying their precarious trade in the busy thoroughfares of Paris,—if we could follow them to their homes and read their lives, what tales of want and woe—what trials of disappointment and penury—what lessons of resignation and Christian philosophy should we not often discover. One such we are able to offer our readers.

During one of our visits to Paris, there stood day by day at the corner of Rue de Rivoli, a *décrotteur*; he was past middle age, and there was much in him that attracted our attention.

He had a certain air which, though we cannot exactly define it, distinguished him from the rest of the fraternity. On looking at him attentively, one might

observe, despite the threadbare poverty of his well-worn coat, a neatness and scrupulous cleanliness in his attire, not usual among persons of his calling.

Sometimes a little flower in his button-hole betrayed the tastes and feelings of a class more elevated than that to which he now belonged. Often, too, he would fix a little bouquet to the extremity of the box destined to support the feet of those whose bespattered garments made demands upon the brush which procured him his scanty subsistence.

His address was pleasing and his manner silent and respectful, and there was a cheerful ease and a conscientious earnestness in the simple and business-like manner in which he discharged his duties.

All this interested us, and, we must confess, excited our curiosity, and as we never failed to notice his honest face and patient demeanour when we passed him, we were struck one day by his wan aspect and altered countenance. His eyes were vacant, his look haggard, and his gait excited; he was walking up and down before his little box in violent agitation, his arms in energetic action, and his lips muttering angry words, which, however, we did not catch.

We inquired of the "sergent de ville" whose beat it was, if he knew anything of the man. "Oh yes," said he, "he is well known in this district; he was formerly a tradesman in a very excellent way of business, but he has, besides the total loss of his fortune, known other sad reverses. Sometimes the recollection of his former position occurs to his mind, and that, contrasted with

his present hard and uncertain life, affects him as you see; but the paroxysms are transient, and as the poor fellow is perfectly inoffensive, and incapable, even when in this condition, of hurting any one, we do not notice it." These details from the police officer interested us; we approached the poor *décrotteur* almost insensibly; doubtless he thought he saw in us a customer, for his countenance immediately assumed an expression of contentment, and inwardly congratulating ourselves upon having been the means of withdrawing the poor fellow from the painful reflections which tormented him, we offered him a piece of money; when, however, he found that we did not require his services, and that consequently it was not a remuneration but a gift, his pallid cheek flushed with honest pride, and, drawing back, he said respectfully, "Sir, I thank you, but I only ask for work, I am grateful to those who will give me any; I do not beg."

We then pressed it upon him as a debt due for a former transaction. "That alters the case," said he, receiving it; "and thus I gladly accept it." We did not run the risk of an explanation, but hastened away, not a little surprised, and admiring the delicacy and dignity of sentiment which had survived the shipwreck of so many other things that the poor man had possessed and lost. We seldom ventured to pass that way afterwards, feeling we could do nothing for him, and being distressed at the thought. After we had left Paris, the recollection of his patient, enduring face often came across us, and we reproached ourselves that we had not

set our ingenuity to work to contrive some way of helping him. Accordingly, on our next visit to Paris, one of our first walks was directed to the well-known corner. We confess we felt something like a chill at seeing the spot deserted by its accustomed occupant. The "sergent de ville" was not the same; we could learn nothing about our poor friend. We never saw him again; and though we never after passed the corner without a sigh for his hard fate, we could not regret that so bitter a life had been exchanged for, we cannot but hope, a happier.

The newspaper vendor belongs to a numerous class, which has undergone a recent reorganisation. They have now small glass houses along the Boulevards, which are illuminated at night, the names of the various papers being painted on the panes. Provided they throw no stones, doubtless this plan will be found to answer. More curious is the "news monger," or, to call him by his Parisian sobriquet, the "canard," of whose physiology we will endeavour to give some notion. The word is not translatable, and is believed to owe its adaptation in French, to the duck-like noise produced by a superannuated clarionet, with which his proclamation was formerly accompanied. "Canard," however, not only signifies the crier, but the news he cries; while the reporter, or rather inventor of the *matériel* which composes it, is called "canardier." The foundation of the "canard," or "boliment," is generally to be found in the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, but receives so much embellishment in the hands of its publisher that it is often scarcely

recognisable. This is when the subject is a crime. Sometimes it is a "frightful accident," sometimes a "wonderful birth," or the arrival in Paris of an extraordinary personage, or of a *rara avis*, "le seul et unique qui existe." Sometimes it is the account of a *faux pas* in fashionable life; an intrigue between an *individu de la haute société* and a *jeune et jolie modiste du Boulevard des Italiens*; sometimes a "suicide," an "assassination," a case of "poisoning," or "suffocation by charcoal," a "theatre on fire," or a "house fallen in," a "volcanic eruption" or an "earthquake;" but whatever it may be, the great art of the crier, who is always followed by a double, is to have his words taken up by this his faithful shadow at a certain point, so that the curiosity of the public shall be excited, and can only be gratified by the purchase of the bill in question, and in this way hundreds are sold.

At a given hour, the criers assemble at the door of the canardier. The proof is read over; if it be spicy and promise a ready sale, each puts down his name for so many hundred copies, paying beforehand, and great is the anxiety until the "boliment" appears. When, at last the moment arrives, and the first hundred impressions are announced to have been "pulled," the most intense eagerness prevails on all sides to obtain them. "A qui le tour?" says the clerk who issues them. "A moi!" "Je te dis que non," says another, thrusting his elbow in the face of the interloper; "Je te dis que si," replies the other, returning the compliment with interest; "tais ton bec, la mère, y a des

témoins que c'est moi," the speaker's cap flies in the air, blow for blow follows, fists double; black eyes, torn jackets and bloody noses are the result; the *mélée* becomes general; shouts of "A la garde ! à la garde !" overtop the noise, and the whole winds up with a tableau. However, matters are soon made up, and as during this interlude the printers have been hard at work, a few of the more turbulent are pacified by the delivery of their orders, and move on.

If we follow that couple who, after all, shuffled off with the first hundred, we shall hear them beginning thus—Le canard — "Messieurs et dames — Voici ce qui vient de paraître à l'instant même : extrait du *Moniteur* d'aujourd'hui, c'est curieux, c'est intéressant, cela ne se vend qu'un sou ; Un sou, Messieurs et Dames, le récit du plus horrible"—but here "la canarde" intervenes ; so far, however, from "taking up the wondrous tale," she drowns the voice of her better half, repeating in a shriller tone, "Messieurs et dames—Voici ce qui vient de paraître à l'instant même," &c. Meantime the man goes on with his "affreux détails," taking care that every now and then an effective word shall supply an intentional pause in the woman's speech. Thus : "Condamnation ;" "peine de mort ;" "confesseur ;" "susdite blanchisseuse ;" "decouverte miraculeuse ;" "chien de l'assassiné," &c., create an immediate demand for the printed particulars.

If the "canard" be clever at his trade, he may dispose of a thousand copies in a day ; but occasionally a considerable amount of tact and address is needed. It once

happened that an old, boliment, had been dished up a second time. In vain did the "canard" and his mate bawl out the assurance that it had only just appeared in the *Moniteur*; somehow fortune was perverse, and not a single copy could be got rid of. At length out came the *mot de l'enigme*. An *ouvrier* passing whispers to him with a knowing wink,—“Faut être plus avisé que ça, mon vieux, votre affaire a, au moins, deux ans.” The “canard” is thunderstruck; but what is to become of his stock already bought and paid for? He hurries to another quartier, and changing his cry, converts the assassination into an earthquake, as the only chance of disposing of his precarious stock. If he be clever, the fraud is not discovered till he is out of reach.

These “canards” never contain any allusion to questions political, and are therefore necessarily restricted to the criminal or the scandalous, and as such they possess an irresistible charm for the genus gossip, of which there are doubtless as many in Paris as elsewhere. All papers of this description pass through the hands of the police, without whose *imprimatur* they cannot be issued. The exordium is usually in the sententious and mysterious style, and may be as follows:—

“Ecoutez; ça en vaut la peine, je vous en réponds. Ecoutez, people de France, du nord, et du midi, de l'orient, de l'occident, aussi du cap de Bonne Esperance; le lamentable accident d'un crime très conséquent, &c. &c.”

Then follow details of the most exciting character, in twenty or thirty couplets, including the confession, the

execution, the last dying speech, and all other accessories which can serve to heighten the picture and accelerate the sale.

The mischievous lies which get upon paper in London, as if by magic, in the form of "Awful Disclosures," "Mysterious Doings," "Frightful Fanaticism," and "Clerical Exposures," and for which every sectarian squabble is a fresh opportunity, would find themselves at a non-plus in Paris.

These vile productions, which are at once their own comment, and a significant and humiliating sign of the times, violating every law of propriety and wounding every feeling of decency, are, sad to say, peculiar to our own country. No doubt there are among the worst characters in Paris a vast number who would eagerly purchase, and heartily enjoy the disgusting matter contained in these widely-circulated publications, but, fortunately, they cannot get them. The Parisian "canard" no doubt is a humbug and a "take in;" trash and inventions, of course, we expect to find; but at least they are harmless. The prolific presses of Holywell Street, Soho, Whitechapel, and the other vicious districts of London, would not flourish in Lutetia; neither, we suspect, would the publications of a certain Mr. Holyoake, nor those papers known as "Reynolds's," the "Secularist," the "Reasoner," and others, which here find favour with a certain class, and exercise all the prerogatives of a "free press."

The "Charlatan" is a distinct species, and will find a place further on. The "Saltimbanques," fortune-tellers,

and nomad classes generally, form also too prolific a subject to be physiologised in a general chapter. We will, however, allude to that numerous swarm of street industrials who contribute to public amusement on the "Places," the Boulevards, and especially the Champs Elysées. Games of chance of infinite variety, "Tirs au pistolet," telescopes, weighing machines, "Venez, messieurs et dames, voyez votre poids," "Montagnes Russes," swings, roundabouts, penny theatres, "Polichinelles," marionnettes, "cafés chantants," &c. render this resort a moving panorama, which affords to the observant visitor ample and valuable opportunity for studying character.

Now, although from the peculiarities of all the varieties we have mentioned, a most interesting series of observations might be drawn, it is clear it would be an endless task to attempt to investigate the whole; we will, however, follow to their homes some of the more prominent denominations; practically examine into their mode of life and its moral influence, and then see what is being done for their improvement by that spirit of charity which is actively and practically at work among them.

The drivers of fiacres, citadines, and omnibuses, again, are a class differing in many respects from that composed of cabbies and "bus" drivers.

The public carriage system in Paris is the affair of a company, authorised by Government, and therefore protected from any competitive private speculation.

At the fiacre-stations there are small wooden erec-

tions serving as *bureaux*, and mostly occupied by an inspector; as each is furnished with a clock, he knows the hour at which a fiacre starts with a fare, and at which he returns. If any person wishes to order a fiacre for the evening, or for an early *course* next day, to the station or otherwise, he has only to mention his wish there, and it is certain to arrive punctually, provided notice be given before four o'clock in the day, and at one of the branch stations.

The omnibuses have other bureaux provided with a waiting-room, where tickets must be taken; and the places are distributed according to the order of the numbers, as soon as the omnibus arrives. On the windows of these stations are painted the mystic abbreviations, "Cie Gle des Omnibus," a hieroglyph which has perplexed many an honest John Bull.

In the organisation of the public conveyance system there is much to be desired. "Omnibuses" ought, in honesty, to be termed Paucibuses, for few are there who can avail themselves of their services. Their pace is stately, and they circulate only in given tracks, plying direct from one station to another, and often taking travellers a considerable round. It is frequently necessary for those who adopt this mode of locomotion to journey to a distant station, whence alone they can start. Arrived there, they find the office already filled with patients—we might more properly say *im-patients*—and as the order of the day is, "first come first served," they must accept tickets numbered according to the order in which they have presented themselves.

Here they must wait till the vehicle arrives; of course it often happens that the number is "complet" long before their figure is called out, in which case they must needs take their chance of the next—an interval of ten minutes, and often more, intervening. As to that detestable invention, the "correspondance," it must have been called into operation on purpose to exasperate the public. Never, surely, was there an enterprise so open to abuse, and so certain to entail disappointment and loss of time.

The money once paid, the traveller is liable to wait an unlimited time, either in the close air of the bureau, in a broiling sun, a heavy rain, or a sharp east wind, and, perhaps, after wasting an hour of valuable daylight and seeing a dozen omnibuses drive past him with the prohibitory "complet" on their door, to give up the journey, or accomplish it in a fiacre. Where there are three or four passengers concerned, the fiacre is not only the better, but the cheaper contrivance. It will carry its fare to any distance within the fortifications for the price of a single *course*.

"Vos voitures vont-elles, à la Croix Rouge?" said we, the other day, to a *conducteur* who was watering his horses before the bureau at the Barrière de L'Etoile.—

"Montez, montez, monsieur, on vous conduira,—dépêchez vous de prendre votre billet, on part tout de suite."

This did not appear to us a categorical answer, so we inquired further:—

"Mais il me semble que cette adresse n'est pas inscrite sur votre voiture."

“C’est égal, monsieur, vous y arriverez, tout de même—à la Croix Rouge.” At last came out the truth. “Je vous conduirai à la Barrière Blanche, et puis—vous prendrez la correspondance—”

“Ah, par exemple! La Barrière Blanche!—vous vous moquez de moi, je crois.”

This would have been a journey of some miles, entirely in a wrong direction.

The fellow shrugged his shoulders, observing, with the most supreme *nonchalance*, “Eh bien, si vous ne voulez pas, ma foi—nous en prendrons d’autres.”

However, once within the vehicle, the passengers are decidedly better off than in England. The conductor is usually civil, and the seats are not only more roomy, but are divided into *fauteuils*, so that, even if the other thirteen passengers be ladies, and in crinoline, he is in no way incommoded by their presence.

Now, although the fiacres afford, in some respects, a convenient and economical mode of transport, we think the system capable of important improvements. The first and most serious inconvenience under present arrangements is, that the stations are too widely scattered, and the vehicles too few in proportion to the existing population. We believe there would be employment for fully half as many more. Constant inconvenience to the public is the consequence of this scarcity.

One day, we had been attending the office at St. Elizabeth, Rue du Temple. While we were in church

the weather had changed, so that when we came out, the rain was falling in torrents, and the streets were literally flooded. To call for a fiacre was, of course, the first impulse; but our cries were not even understood. In England a wet Sunday is a harvest for the fraternity of hackney coachmen, and there would, certainly, have been some fifty at the door, eager to serve us. No such thing was the case here; and, although we passed several of these carriages, supposed to be instituted *pro bono publico*, and instinctively hailed all that we saw empty, the drivers lazily shook their heads and went their way, as if it were no concern of theirs, leaving us ruthlessly to our fate. The distance was considerable, and we had neither mackintosh, umbrella, nor other protection, and, consequently, arrived at home thoroughly drenched. Now, this might have happened to a lady, or to a delicate child, and there is no doubt there are many circumstances under which a serious illness, or even loss of life, might have been the result.

Another grievance may be illustrated by the following incident.

A short time since we had been spending the day out of Paris, and had returned by a late train on the Orleans line. Arrived at the terminus, we looked round inquiringly, but not anxiously, for a conveyance; for it never occurred to us that we should not have the choice of any species of vehicle we might require. Not at all; we approached one after another of those which stood waiting.

“Monsieur, je suis retenu?”

“Monsieur, je suis pris,” was the invariable answer.

At last we addressed ourselves to an official.

“Vous en trouverez, *peut-être*, à la station,” said he, doubtfully.

We made our way to the station, and, though only eleven o'clock, not a fly was there. We asked a passenger, who seemed surprised at *our* surprise, and simply said:—

“Ma foi, monsieur, je vous conseillerai toujours d'aller votre chemin, vous pourriez, *peut-être*, en rencontrer.”

This certainly seemed the wisest counsel; so we began our pilgrimage through a dark and unpaved street. After half a mile of this agreeable exercise, we met a fiacre with a very tired horse. It was just better than walking. We hailed the driver, and got in. He gave us his ticket, as by law compelled, but it was dark, and we took it unsuspectingly. It was only on alighting at our hotel, on the coachman's indignantly rejecting our 1f. 25c., and demanding 2f. and his *pourboire*, that we perceived, by a reference to his card, that he was *en son droit*, and that we were in for 75c. more than we had expected. The carriage was, in no respect, superior to those used by ordinary mortals, but it was a *voiture de remise*, and as such entitled to the increased charge. There is, however, a *distinction*, though there may be no *difference*, and having discovered it, we gladly gave our neighbours the benefit of our experience. First, then, the ordinary “citadine,” or “fiacre,” or “vigilant,” or whatever may be its ap-

pellation, has its number on the glass of the lamps ; and, secondly, the painted number on the back is yellow, while that on the *remise* is red.

Again, of the inconvenient scarceness and distance of the stations, we have had frequent experience. One day, about to cross the Pont des Arts, we found ourselves late for an engagement, and searching for a conveyance, were told we must first walk either back to the Palais-Royal, or on to the Quai des Beaux Arts. Either would have taken us equally out of our way, and we found it shorter to perform the whole distance on foot.

On another occasion we were overtaken by rain in the Rue de l'Epée de Bois, and discovered there was no nearer station than that at the extremity of the Rue d' Orleans.

The drivers are terribly afraid of the police. One day, as we were getting into a *fiacre*, we asked the coachman to set down one of our party, half-a-dozen doors down a street, the end of which he must pass.

"Je n'oserais pas, Monsieur," said he ; " nous sommes mouchardés de tous côtés."

We had no idea so slight a deviation would have been objected to ; but the fact is, under the system of public coach proprietorship pursued in Paris, it is necessary to be particular, otherwise the *cochers* would be disposed to take great liberties.

In some of the provincial towns are to be seen stands of curious little public carriages, constructed, like Sterne's "Désobligeant," to convey a single traveller ;

they are drawn by a man who stands between the shafts, and are yclept *vinaigrettes*.

The drivers of public carriages are assumed to be about the worst class of the community, and, like the erratic classes, it is difficult to get at them or to devise any mode of reforming or benefiting them. Even if they are good for anything when they take up this calling, they very soon partake in the general corruption of their fraternity. As far as the public are concerned, they appear much like the same class in England, and one now and then meets with a civil fellow among them. They are certainly more intelligent, and you often get more out of them when, sitting beside them on the box, you manage to engage them in conversation. Very few have a carriage of their own, the company monopolizing the whole of this service almost exclusively, so that they generally lodge in the neighbourhood of a *dépot*, and may be seen late at night returning from their day's work, whip in hand.

Their mode of life will, in a great measure, account for the habits into which they sink. The long hours of idleness during which they have the opportunity of corrupting one another, the exposure to the weather, and constant proximity to the various *buvettes* which surround the stations, offering continual temptations to drink—for, according to the proverb, "Un cocher a toujours le gosier sec"—together with the desultory tone of mind to which their wandering and uncertain life must lead, contribute to efface the remembrance of domestic obligations and, as it were, to destroy the influence of home-ties and family affections.

There is everything in the external circumstances by which they are surrounded to render them reckless, selfish, and brutal. They can scarcely be said to occupy a social position, and their interest in life must be altogether of the most vague and undefined character.

Saturday is always a hard day for them. There is more business among active people in the morning, and more pleasure among idle people in the evening. They often go driving about all night, and, instead of returning home, go back to the stand, where they begin the next day's labour without any more repose than a doze on the box, the unlucky horses sleeping as best they may in their harness. The result is, that on Sunday evenings it is difficult to meet with any available conveyance, and, if *compelled* to employ a vehicle, the patient may expect to advance at a foot's pace, and must be constantly on the look-out, since, if the horse remain sufficiently awake to pursue his leisurely promenade, the coachman seems almost to reckon upon the vigilance of his fare, and coolly replies each time he is pulled up: "Ah! pardon, Monsieur, c'est vrai-je dormais." Knowing the circumstances, one has not the heart to scold him. It is curious, but, we believe, true, that the omnibus-drivers are less depraved, as a body, than the drivers of street-flies.

We have one remark to offer in favour of the public vehicles in Paris, viz., that, as regards the horses, it is very rare to see over-driving, ill-usage, or the evidences of the same. These "cattle" are of a peculiar breed,

exceedingly rough, and having the character of the cart-horse on a small scale; but they always look sturdy and well-fed, and we never see a living skeleton braced up, as in London, and merely supported by the harness, without which it is doubtful if he could maintain himself on his legs at all. It has, on two occasions, been our lot to travel in a street-cab, drawn by a horse which was obliged to give in, before his journey's end. It is not pleasant to experience the sudden halt, and to hear the creature drop heavily; but it is a relief to be certain his wretched life has terminated. On another, we were conveyed by a horse who could no longer claim to belong to the genus quadruped; one leg was so lame that he could only be, accurately speaking, considered a tripod. We had soon had enough of it, and, desiring "cabby" to pull up, we told him roundly *he* was a brute for misusing a lame fellow-creature.

"*Lame, sir!*" answered the man, with most good-humoured *sangfroid*. "Lor! why vot a hidear, to be sure. Lor, sir, he aint *lame*, that's his *way*."

"Very well," said we, "*our way* in these cases is to get out, and not to pay the fare."

The law in Paris obliges every *proprietaire* who wants a *trottoir*, to pave at his own expense, to the extent of his frontage, so that it is not at all unusual to find a street paved in patches. We confess our predilection for the level flags, and never arrive at one of these oases, without thinking of the Irish coachman, who, after struggling through several miles of bog, was so delighted with a length of smooth road to which he at

last came, that he declared his determination to drive up and down it for the remainder of the day.

On the other hand, we were once walking through the streets of London with a French acquaintance, who, every now and then, expressed his astonishment at our preference for the smooth *trottoir*. He affirmed that he could not get used to it at all, and seemed greatly to miss the incident and variety and piquancy which lent a charm to the "rough stones of Paris."—"De gustibus non est disputandum." Happily, this strange fancy is by no means universal, and Paris is improving as rapidly in this respect as in all others. The progressive state is, it must be confessed, not agreeable to *piétons*, who, if they frequent the streets just now, must make up their minds to incidents of brick and mortar in every form.

A few days since, we were passing down a street which exhibited this hopeful transition-state, when a neat little *modiste*, band-box in hand, passed by, and getting her *crinolines* entangled in some of the loose blocks of stone, began to express the annoyance which, perhaps, the occasion justified, concluding somewhat impatiently with "au diable les paveurs." The mason, who was fixing the next stone, seemed to take the remark personally, for he replied at once: "Et, moi, je dis, que le diable emporte les femmes."

"Pas toutes," said a woman passing by, "il faudrait ménager les bonnes."

"Ah! si l'on n'oubliait que celles là," rejoined the man, "il en resterait diablement peu."

The paving in Paris forms no inconsiderable item in public expenditure. The "Administration de l'Hôtel de Ville" was, on Dec. 27th last, charged with the sums of 485,000f., 200,000f., 340,000f., 160,000f., and 180,000f. for materials furnished, and work done, and to be done, by contract, in macadamized roads during the years 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860, and 1861.

These sums are independent of supplies of porphyry and quartz for repairing roads macadamized with those materials.

The asphalte pavement is much used in Paris, but is open to the objection of drying very slowly after rain.

The *Pays* announces a new feature arising from the revival of an old custom which is now to be remarked in the streets of Paris.

One of the first consequences of the new law, which interdicts, under heavy penalties, the bearing of false titles of nobility, is that the old aristocratic families of the Faubourg St. Germain begin again to inscribe their names over the doors of their mansions. This custom was universal before the revolution of 1830; but since then, it gradually disappeared, only a few houses—those of Larochefoucauld-Doudeauville, de Castries, and two or three others—having kept up the old fashion to the present day. Now, however, that there seems once more a chance of distinguishing patricians from plebeians, the Faubourg is bestirring itself, and from one end to the other, from the Palais de Justice to the Champ de Mars, and from the Luxembourg to the

quays of the Seine, masons and painters are busy reinscribing the long-effaced names of the old nobility.

From the pavement we naturally raise our eyes to the walls, and the result of our inspection of their surface leads us to believe, that, if it be true there are sermons in stones, it must be in those which compose the walls of our large cities. We have only to run and read, for here we find texts to suit every taste, and arguments to persuade every one, that he is in want of something. Paris, at the present moment, is particularly favourable to this mode of advertising. Every hoarding of planks, every party-wall where a twin tenement has been pulled down, displays, beneath the broad, black stripes which mark the quondam flues and the patches of flowered paper which once formed the interior of a family room—green, pink, yellow, and white posting-bills, printed in large letters, and telling us where we may satisfy every frivolous or rational desire which the mind of man can form, and there are various striking and grotesque illustrations to fix these puffs on our mind.

Commercial ingenuity and commercial roguery can only flourish in large towns, and, whether intuitively or traditionally, we find the same tricks we left in London repeated in Paris. One of its great auxiliaries is this same street literature.

A quantity of showy articles filling a window, there as here, display a ticket bearing a figure which expresses about half their real price; the small “from” in pencil in the corner, is replaced here by *à partir de* in

equally invisible characters, and the delicately written English addition of $11\frac{1}{2}$, which we detect only from knowing to a certainty it must be there, is represented by the diminutive 95c. of the French shopkeeper. One of the cleverest tricks of this nature that we remember in London, was the exhibition at a shop-door of a lot of silks or stuffs of rich quality. A large card proclaimed "ALL THESE GOODS AT 1s. 6d. PER YARD"—"*below their real value,*"—appeared in very minute characters at the foot of the label. Another offered his haberdashery thus:—"LADIES' RICHLY WORKED COLLARS 5s. EACH (SOILED AND TO BE SOLD HALF PRICE)."

A lady assured us she entered the shop to purchase one, and having selected it, laid down half-a-sovereign, expecting 7s. 6d. change. The man coolly returned 5s., and on her venturing to remonstrate, assured her most politely that she had misread the ticket, that 5s. *was* the "half price," and that, "as she must of course be aware herself, such goods as those were *worth* 10s." In short, *he* was so plausible, and *she* was so afraid of being laughed at, that *she* pocketed the affront, while *he* pocketed the half-crown. This feeling is what they rely on. These fellows are tolerable judges of human nature, and they know that an English subject has an instinctive dread of being supposed to have been made a fool of, and that he or she would only sink deeper into the mire, especially where a coin has been already given to change, and he has the *droit de possession* to back him. In nine cases out of ten, at

least, therefore, it is probable the plan answers. Mercers' printed prospectuses are handed about in the streets in Paris, but they have not yet arrived at that degree of confidence which drives the English silk merchant to envelope, and *stamp*, and *post* his circulars. The matter is tolerably similar; it always announces some "tremendous sacrifice," some "heroic self-immolation," some unprecedented boon."—In short, to believe this class of persons, in both countries, we must suppose the haberdasher-class to be chivalrous princes, or knights-errant in disguise, continually offering themselves as holocausts at the shrine of the fair sex.

We must put in a word about signs, many of which puzzle the English visitors in Paris. Our readers are doubtless aware that signs took their origin in a sentiment of piety, at a time when roads and even streets were infested with brigands, the police being somewhat differently organized to what it is at the present day—and many pretended inns being set up, into which travellers were decoyed in order to be plundered and despatched. Those who offered *bonâ fide* hospitality bethought themselves of the idea of distinguishing their houses by placing them under the patronage of some saint, whose name was intended as a guarantee of their good faith. "Au bon Samaritan," was looked upon as of good augury, and "L'Enfant Jésus" was a very favourite invocation. As a testimony to the honesty of their intentions, the shops in their turn adopted the plan, and many of the names included a pun.

The number of "*Bons coings*" almost equals the number of corner houses which they usually designated and many others of the same nature may be still seen, as we walk along the streets of Paris. "A la Redingotte Grise," is a very popular sign since the "Empire," and is accompanied with a fac-simile of the said garment, as represented on the Colonne Vendôme. "St. Vincent de Paul" has been called into requisition very frequently, and indeed the name of this great man would be but deservedly venerated if it found an echo in the breast, not only of every Frenchman, but of every Christian.

Our readers doubtless all remember the sign-board representing two absurd Chinese figures, at the corner of the Rue de Seine, inscribed "*aux deux magots*." It is said that a wag went into this grand *magazin* the other day, and having accosted the master of the shop, proceeded to ask for his partner.

"I have not one," was the answer.

"Then why," asked he, "do you write up '*aux deux magots*?'"

We have heard people find fault with such of these signs as partake of a religious character; for our own part, we confess we like to see them. It carries us back into these ages of faith when religion was—as it is still in Catholic countries—an integral part of existence, not an hebdomadal form kept for Sunday use, and covered up like an old-fashioned piece of furniture during the week, lest people should wear it out, or become too familiar with it. We do not see why thoughts which

promote holiness should be banished from our everyday path. After all, is not this the very time when we need them most? Who ever heard of telling a child he must not kiss his mother every day lest he should cease to respect her? And yet this is the theory adopted by Protestants. We own, notwithstanding all more sensible opinions, that we *like* to see over a baby-linen warehouse, “à la Crèche de Bethlehem;” or “à Cana,” over a house where wedding-outfits are supplied; “A la Sœur de Charité” where coarser garments are to be purchased; and “A Sainte Cécile” over a music-shop.

We fancy they imply a question of national character preferable to that which invented such meaningless anomalies as the “Magpie and Stump,” the “Green Man and Still” (translated with so much *naïveté*, “L’homme vert et tranquille”) the “White Horse Cellar,” or worse perhaps than these, the “Goat and Compasses,” shortened and corrupted from the original “God encompasseth us.” We have heard of another, which stood thus: “Put your trust in God and be comforted, *for* this is the sign of the Black Sow!” Possibly the last two words were originally replaced by some substantive, which rendered the conjunction intelligible; but as the idea that sacred things must be kept at a distance prevailed, the primitive dedication was effaced—the “Black Sow” was substituted for the offending saint, and the remainder of the inscription was left standing.

Cantabs will not have forgotten the inn at Cam-

bridge known as the "Cock." In an hour which we may almost characterize as unlucky, the Bishop of — once alighted there, after which great event, the landlord held his head high, and in order to commemorate the honor, dignified his house by hanging up a portrait of his lordship by way of a sign, and changing the name from the "Cock" to the "Bishop." A rival inn in the neighbourhood, taking advantage of the vanity of his adversary, adopted without delay the title he had dropped, and consequently swallowed up all the custom. Our proud friend found he must have recourse to some expedient to stop this, and without that consideration which might have been thought necessary, hastily painted under the bishop's portrait—"This is the original old cock."

A new "dodge" has, not long since, been started in Paris by M. Hamilton, the successor of Robert Houdin, whose exhibition is situated on the Boulevard des Italiens. We must do him the justice to say it is *ben trovato*, as the crowd which nightly obstructs that part of the street abundantly testifies.

Over the door he has placed a large black board, from which are seen to detach themselves in luminous lines the four-and-twenty letters of the alphabet; but the whole twenty-four are never illuminated at once, so that the inscription reads thus:—

"B C D E F I K L N O P Q S T U X Y Z."

It is scarcely credible, nevertheless it is so, that the hundreds of individuals who each night collect opposite this door, are busy in conjectures, and even in

discussions, while they stand staring at the mystic signs, as to what language it can possibly be which forms this cabalistic word, never even remotely suspecting it is the letters of their own alphabet they see before them !

If the adulteration of articles of consumption is more difficult to practise in Paris than in London, there are, nevertheless, numerous instances where this species of cheating is attempted : the London trick of selling ground coffee adulterated, to a great extent, with *chicorée*, and evading the penalty by printing on the paper which encloses it—"This is sold as a mixture of *chicorée* and coffee," has found its way to Paris.

A large class of the working population of Paris, without being in the least fastidious as to the quality of the coffee they consume, are yet so wedded to the habit of taking it for their morning meal, that they blindly purchase any powder, whether beans, oats, salsify, horse-chestnuts, black radish, or any other kind of vegetable production, which, being roasted and ground, can be made to imitate it, and costs no more than ten *centimes* the ounce. The grocers, at the risk of being caught and delivered to the *Police Correctionnelle*, are continually inventing new contrivances by which they may pass off their mixtures. In order to dissemble the fraud, they print on the little packets, "café mélangé," "café *chicorée*," but this will not go down in France. The Parisian "peelers" are down upon them directly, and many have been *affichés* for making the attempt.

Le Sieur Vossier, of 19, Rue Mogador, hoped to escape the visitation of the law in announcing, by means of a large placard, a production of his own invention, to which he has given by turns the names of "café-chicorée," "chicorée-café," "substance mixte torréfiée," &c.

This placard—a regular catch-penny—represents a caldron into which a gigantic devil is plunging with his trident a multitude of personages whose allegorical meaning escapes us. Below the picture is printed—"A la grande marmite."

Besides this interesting allegory, we find a short poetical effusion, in recommendation of the mixture, concluding with a desperate *calembourg*; thus:—

"Le café, ce nectar venu de l'empyrée,
De son suc excitant irritant les mortels,
Quand pour le tempérer sa sœur la chicorée,
Vient, et leurs doux parfums embaument les autels."

Below is the word "délicieux!!!" We thought at first this expression of admiration referred to the pun, but seeing a little further on "quel arôme!!!" we thought it might be intended for the article puffed.

"A la vérité," heads the notice, and "Progrès!" "Economie!" "Santé," are interspersed with flourishes on all the packets.

Now, as a question of *hygiène*, this is M. Vossier's account of his composition:—"It causes no irritation to the nerves, it preserves equanimity and calmness, it invigorates and gives tone to the system, and is an excellent preventive against headache and giddiness;

it restores the frame after fatigue, anxiety, and watching, and no *ménage* ought to be without it." Of course not.

Again, he declares it is "prepared according to the hygienic rules, and conformably to the terms of the 'Dictionnaire de l'Academie.'" This is M. Vossier's defence. When interrogated by justice, "I declare," says he to the Court "that I advertised a 'mixed substance.' Now, I have consulted the Dictionary of the Academy, and I find that a 'mixed substance' is composed of several articles of different natures. Well, then, my production is composed of 40 per cent. of 'marc de café régénéré,' 40 per cent. of semolina of chicorée, 10 per cent. of corn-flour, torrified, 5 per cent. of coffee (*proh pudor*!) and 2 per cent. of fresh butter."

M. Vossier further contends that his printer made a slight mistake, and accidentally represented "café et chicorée" as "café-chicorée;" that he has been in the habit of using this exquisite mixture for the last eight years, and it was entirely out of a devoted love of his fellow-creatures that he made the knowledge of it public. Lastly he maintained that he deceived no one.

In spite of all these excellent reasons, and for selling this wonderful production, fabricated "according to the terms of the Dictionary of the Academy," M. Vossier was condemned according to the terms of the penal code to six days' imprisonment and a fine of fifty francs. A similar condemnation was pronounced against the

Sieur Fourcade, grocer of the Rue Descartes, for having sold the same.

Of the various elegant structures which characterize and embellish the streets of Paris, its *cafés* are undoubtedly the most striking to an English eye, and have already almost exhausted all that an English pen can say of them. This particular kind of speculation seems however, just now, to amount almost to a mania, although all the old celebrities, including the Café Procope, in which Voltaire and his contemporaries used to meet over the fragrant draught, the Café de Foy, with Horace Vernet's famous *hirondelle* on its ceiling, and the countless multitude of others, are as flourishing as ever. New buildings have started up in every direction, and are decorated with a "more than royal pomp and ease." Never was luxury of gilding, of mirrors, of rich satins, of downy cushions, of costly adornments, carried to a more Oriental excess than in the newly-constructed *cafés* of Paris. Neither taste nor expense has been spared, and the result is positively dazzling; but enterprisers are not satisfied yet, and we hear that there are now 500 further applicants petitioning to be allowed to set up that number of *cafés* in the streets of Paris, even if they perish in the attempt.

There are several of very showy character on the Boulevard de Sebastopol—one in particular, a café-concert called Eldorado—the whole frontage of the rez-de-chaussée of which is glazed. The large panes which give it light are surrounded with colored borders, and are supported respectively by Doric and Corinthian columns at the

different stories. The rooms are immense, and the stage or platform destined for the artists is worthy of a vast theatre. A suite of choice paintings decorates the walls.

That, however, which is the most original, the most novel, the most daring, is the ceiling of the principal saloon. In the midst of it has been planted a clock . . . but what a clock! and what centuries behind it, it leaves every novelty in the way of elegance that has as yet been introduced in this branch of science. This and all the other accessories, however, must be seen to be realized. The interior presents a curious picture of every-day life, that is, of life as it is understood in these gigantic pandemoniums, where existence is only appreciated according to the distractions, the pleasures, the luxuries with which it is surrounded.

A busy and excited crowd is attracted round this as soon as it is lighted up, and it is curious to hear the remarks of these people as they stand gazing at the brilliant interior. The *dames du comptoir* have adopted an eccentric costume, of course for effect.

Ah, mon Dieu! est-il possible! . . . c'est qu'il y a des gens qui se travestiraient en diable pour attirer les passants," said a *chiffonnier* who was passing, and in truth these women *had* their heads dressed in a most extraordinary style.

"Tenez, voyez, c'te coiffure," said another; "ma foi, je crois que c'est de la poudre."

"De la poudre!" answered the other derisively, "s'il y en a là, c'est la poudre de l'âge."

"Du tout," persisted the first, "cette femme est toute jeune, mais affublée comme ça, c'est à peine si sa mère la reconnaîtrait."

Then there is the Café Riche, of ancient date, but which a recent lawsuit had brought into notice. Is "Riche" a substantive. Is it an adjective? The aspect of the café would justify the former explanation, for few cafés are richer in gilding and in brilliancy. But it is a substantive, and lately the heirs of the founder of the establishment, "les Messrs. Riche" (substantive) disputed the right of the actual proprietor, M. Garen, to put the name of "Riche" over his door. The "Tribunal de Commerce" condemned the proprietor of the café.

What was his expedient? He suppressed the "R" and it stood "Café ICHE," so that it was wittily said, he had preserved his name, "sans en avoir l'R," (l'air).

But afterwards he appealed, and thanks to the clever and conclusive argument of his counsel, M. Beratin, M. Garen has reconquered his "R."

But to enter into a history of these wonderful establishments in the classic land of coffee, where such palaces are erected in its honour as dazzle us in no other capital of Europe, is beyond our province; we do not profess to go over the ground already trodden by guide-books and manuals. The "cafés-chantants" would perhaps be more analogous to our subject, but these also are described there with tolerable minuteness. If we allude to them it is rather by way of contrast, not to the

ordinaires, the estaminets, or even the guinguettes, with which the more remote streets of Paris abound, but the places of refreshment and entertainment of the lowest classes.

In our chapter on the *Chiffonniers* we shall glance at the restaurants peculiarly honoured by their custom, such as "L'Azart de la Fourchette," "Le Pot de Ferblanc," &c. We will now introduce our readers into a café and restaurant combined, magnificently styled "La Californie," and dignifying its interior departments with the distinctive nomenclature of "L'Eldorado" and "Le Sacramento." Beyond the name, it must not be supposed to have any connexion with the "Eldorado" of the Boulevard, of which we have just spoken. The *habitués* of that sumptuous resort would as soon tumble into a nest of rattle-snakes as find themselves among their humble contemporaries of "La Californie."

We will suppose ourselves arrived "vestibulum ante ipsum, primisque in faucibus Orci," thoroughly splashed and bespattered. We will not take fright at that swampy road which we must descend, nor heed the nauseous smells which we must inhale, nor yet be over nice about many little annoyances, for this is only the entrance of "La Californie." On our right, we have a succession of tables, under a long, roughly-constructed roof, where coffee is served at 5c. the cup. This, to be candid, is rather a take-in; the initiated know that "café" means café, et preterea nihil, and that if they desire the addition of milk and sugar, they must pay

extra for those luxuries, no less than for the *petit verre* which follows by way of refinement, and as a conventional, rather than an actual, necessity ; *i.e.*, no “ gemman as is a gemman ” would think of foregoing it. The “ tasse de café,” therefore, by the time it is *complète*, amounts to 40c., instead of 5c. !

Bread being an article out of which little or no profit can be made, is not supplied, and each consumer comes provided with his loaf under his arm. But we pass on. Before us is an open space, which, at first sight, reminds us of Smithfield. A closer inspection, however, shows us that the pens we see are not for cattle, but for animals of our own species. They are, in fact, tables and benches ; they are fixtures similar in construction, both being contrived by placing a longer or shorter, a wider or narrower, plank on the top of a higher or lower truncated tree-stock fixed in the ground. In summer time it is here that the guests eat. In winter, a large hall within supplies its place. Now, the house, and, especially the kitchen, as well as this dining-place, are worth a visit. We recommend our readers to see the whole ; they should go *after* dinner, or *after* breakfast—it *might* take away their appetite *before* a meal.

Over the dingy, uninviting doorway is a board, stating that this is indeed “ Californie ! ” The outside of the house is repulsive enough—what *must* it be inside ? Through the open door and open window we can see a large blazing fire, and we can detect caldrons and seething-pots, and, besides the presiding

genius of the place, and his stouter half—both wearing aprons which, certainly, have had no acquaintance with the wash-tub for many a long year—we discern several minor imps of dingy hue flitting about, some being armed with tridents, others with carving-knives, and all offering a very fair representation of that place where only their own bedevilments can be surpassed.

Through an opening into a further room, we behold the second act of this “strange eventful history.” We see a picture which, on canvas, would, ten to one, be entered in the catalogue as “Boors Dining”—to us the dinner itself would be the *bore*—and, what with the rushing and dashing about of the garçons, the shouts of the impatient and famished, the hob-nobbing of next neighbours at table, and the loud talking, disputing, or laughing of the rest, the din and confusion is something stupendous.

But “Californie” has had its day, whatever it may be now, and is only the shadow of a shade. Some three years ago, the police came down with their thunders upon it, and ruthlessly robbed it of its *clientèle*. Doubtless, they had their reasons.

“Californie” once enjoyed a sort of Beggar’s Opera reputation. It was a spot the Prince Regent would have gone—in disguise—to see, had it flourished in London in *his* day; but it was the *ολιγοι* — the minority—who frequented it from motives of *curiosity*. The larger number of guests were *habitués*—those who really availed themselves of it seriously and from

motives of convenience. When within a quarter of a mile of the place, there was no need to ask to be directed thither; one had only to follow the crowd, and little by little, the eager consumer found it necessary to slacken his pace, until, arrived within the precincts, it was necessary, as the French say, *de faire queue*, and to wait till the hundred and fifty, or two hundred, were served. To the right and left of this interminable procession were the various tables and benches just described.

As, step by step, the hungry crowd approached that portion called the "Eldorado," to the right and left, might be seen the customers seated at table, and presenting a truly singular spectacle. Some were devouring, with incredible voracity, the portion of meat or vegetables which they had succeeded in taking as by assault; others, being unable to get a hearing for the "potage" they demanded, had contented themselves with a quart or two of wine, the consequences of which soon became evident. Certain groups were maintaining noisy conversations; others were singing in stentorian tones, and, notwithstanding the din, others again, exhausted with hunger, cold, and fatigue, slept calmly upon the benches. As we stood mingled with this incongruous crowd, consisting of a class of which we may veraciously affirm, "*L'oignon fait force*," we espied a rough-faced *blouse* advancing at full speed, congratulating himself loudly on his success in getting served. He held his plate in his hand, loaded with such choice morsels as would, by every one present, be considered a prize

“L’Azart de la Fourchette,” and to whom it now only remained to find a convenient place in which to discuss his meal. But, all on a sudden, a plank on the end of which he happened to tread, started under his feet, and down he came full length on his face. His presence of mind served to make him keep the plate tightly grasped, but, alas! its contents were shot to a considerable distance, while the sauce was dashed into his face! This superfluous condiment was *totally* lost, but the “rôti,” picked up with all the additions it had acquired, was restored to the plate with the observation that it would now need neither pepper nor salt.

When, after an hour’s struggling and elbowing, the vestibule is at length reached, the visitor finds himself surrounded by the most inextricable disorder—the scene defies description.

This vestibule is divided into two unequal parts, the larger of which is appropriated to the public, the other is reserved to the *employés* of M. and Madame—or, as they are familiarly termed, “le père et la mère-Cadet;” the “contending parties” are separated from each other by a stout *grille*, about five feet high.

The customers who, after persevering efforts, have at length reached this goal of their hopes, raise their hands, as well as their voices, in dire confusion, to obtain the various portions they have decided on asking for. The battle here is usually to the strongest arm and the shrillest voice. In the meantime those behind are engaged, some in taking the money—which is always required in advance—and others in serving out

the eatables. The plates, filled without care, and handed in haste, as they are eagerly snatched at, not unfrequently spill a portion of the more liquid part of their contents, and "gare la graisse," "look out for the grease," is shouted out on all sides.

Business being concluded at the "Eldorado," there is a general rush for the "Sacramento." There it is that the votaries of Bacchus assemble to worship their divinity. This department is as curious and characteristic as the other; every available corner is occupied, and the overflowing population retreat to the *grande cour* through which we have just passed, either to enjoy the gifts of the rosy god in solitary and undisturbed tranquillity, or to hob-nob with their companions. We might dwell long on the aspect of this place, on those types of uncleanness, truly in harmony with each other, on either side the *grille* of separation, on the organization of the establishment, and the amount of the consumption; but we confess we were not desirous of prolonging our stay longer than necessary, and probably the indications we have supplied will suffice to satisfy the appetite of most of our readers.

Among other curious and but little-known spots in Paris, the *Temple* deserves mention. Its antecedents are very interesting, but were we to enter upon them, we should be carried away too far from our present subject. Suffice it to say briefly, that like our own Temple, it was built and occupied by the Knights Templars, at what period is not accurately known,

though the dungeon, consisting of the two towers in which were confined Louis XVI. and his family, dates from 1212. They were demolished, six hundred years after their construction in 1812.

The "Temple" was appropriated to the residence of Henry III., King of England, when he visited Paris in the time of St. Louis, who offered his royal guest his choice of any Palace in Paris.

It was within these massive and impregnable walls that the Kings of France preserved their treasures, whether in jewels or specie.

In 1313, the Temple passed into the hands of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John, with all its dependencies and privileges.

The whole *enceinte* of the Temple was considered as sanctuary, and afforded the privilege of immunity to all who claimed its protection, up to the period of the revolution. Once within the precincts, bankrupts and all persons threatened with imprisonment for debt became inviolable; and as commerce exonerated from all trammels and control, enjoyed there the most unlimited liberty, it was not unusual to see a ruined tradesman come out after a time with a fortune ten times greater than that he had enjoyed before his failure. The assemblage of the motley crew of debtors and merchants who went to compose this strange republic is thus described by Mercier towards the close of the eighteenth century.

"It was who should escape the payment of his debts: one proposes a compromise; another obtains time, a

third a safe conduct. Those who do not know of these resources take refuge within the enclosure of the Temple. There the office of the bailiff becomes null and void; the judgment which orders personal arrest, expires on the threshold of the door; within this limit the debtor may receive and entertain his creditors, salute them, or shake hands with them: but if he were to make one step beyond it, he would be seized. The creditors employ every blandishment, every stratagem, to entice him forth, but he knows better than to fall into the snare.

“He pays a high price for a little narrow room, which, however mean, is always preferable to a prison. Buried in this retreat, he arranges his affairs, he treats, he negotiates. If his creditors are intractable, he remains within the asylum, which the pious Templars little thought they were preparing for *him*.”

This place of security seems to have had its uses, for the same author adds, “Creditors had a better chance of being paid; it is always easier to come to terms with a present than with an absent debtor.”

It is not generally known that the Templars were not only the earliest religious and chivalrous fraternity, but they were also the first bankers, and, besides lending and negotiating money, received in deposit the treasure of almost all the kings and great personages of Europe. Thus a convention passed in 1269, between Louis IX. and Prince Edward of England, by which the former was to pay 25,000 *livres tournois*, states that the

money was received by means of a cheque on the *Temple*.

They thus rendered immense services to society ; but their prosperity roused the hatred and envy of a needy king, of whom they had the misfortune to be the creditors, and their enlightenment, their ingenuity, and their benevolence did not save them from the destruction plotted and carried out against them by the treacherous and selfish policy of Philippe le Bel, who, in cruelly exterminating the Templars, only sought to extinguish his obligations.

It was but natural that, under such auspices and after such examples, the *Temple* should come to be given up to commerce ; only, if it be true that extremes meet, no saying ever received fuller confirmation than in this instance. Cast clothes and old leathers usurped the counters which had served for the negociation of the highest financial transactions and had once bolstered the international credit of Europe.

Dealings in second-hand articles form by no means a novel branch of commerce. As long since as in 1278 an edict of Philippe-le-Hardi ordered the construction of *Halles*, near the “Cimetière des Innocents,” and further that they should supply a place where might stand “poor and needy persons to sell old shoes, cast clothes, and cheap leathers.”

From the “Cimetière des Innocents,” this respectable occupation was removed to and carried on in the “Temple,” where it flourishes at this day in full vigour.

Those who desire personal evidence of its actual

aspect must make their way to a spot between the Rue du Temple, the Rue du Petit Thouars, the Rue Percée, and a place called La Rotonde. Here they will see, covering a vast area, a not less vast covered market, divided into four by two broad passages—unroofed—and in the form of a cross.

Each of the “Carrés” thus formed has its own particular denomination and character. Independent of the principal passage which separates them, each of these four compartments is furrowed in all directions by narrow and obscure lanes, wide enough for two persons to walk abreast. It is upon these lanes, upon the passage, and upon the four adjacent streets, that open the stalls or shops, of which in the four squares there are not fewer than 2,000.

This architectural arrangement is best compared to an enormous hive ; with this difference perhaps, that the honey deposited in its cells is not precisely gathered from the calixes of flowers, and that the drones who swarm there are at least as numerous as the bees.

It would be difficult to catalogue the wares dealt in at this bazaar. We may safely say that *everything* may be found there, from the most trivial article to objects of high intrinsic value ; it is, however, only fair to add that old clothes and old leather prevail.

Each stall is let at thirty-three *sous* a-week, and these sums are the property of the Ville de Paris, which is responsible for the repair, &c. of the market. The rents are paid every Monday. No stall is more than four or five feet square, but those who find this space

too limited may hire as many as they please. In the centre of the market stands a kiosk, appropriated to the *surveillant*—a very necessary functionary, and whose presence is all that is needed. (How is it there is not one to preside in Rag-fair?)

From the summit of this pavilion floats the national flag.

The two squares to the right of the broad passage are called “La Série Rouge;” the two to the left “La Série Noire.” Why “Rouge et Noir,” does not appear.

It is a strange and characteristic fact, but social distinctions pursue the dealers of old clothes into their stalls; and, as in the “Chiffe,” so in the “Temple,” there is as much difference between the Aristocratie and the Démocratie Templières, as between those of the men who make the loudest noise about “égalité” and “fraternité.”

The principal *carré* of the Temple, then, is called the “Palais Royal.” This represents high-class commerce in the Bazaar: A 1, being those who sell silk stuffs, Valenciennes and Mechlin lace, gloves, scents, stays, &c. Women with veiled faces—who may belong to any class—come to purchase here, for the lace is choice, and the prices far below those of the fashionable dealers.

The second *carré* is called the “Pavillon de Flore.” Here are none but useful articles, such as bed-furniture, mattresses, curtains, dresses, outfits; the “Pavillon de Flore” is the *bourgeois*, as the “Palais Royal” is the fashionable, department.

Next comes the third square, which is called—we must be excused for repeating it—"Le Pou volant." That which figures here to the greatest extent is old rag, old iron, and, above all, old clothes. Indeed this article of trade invades the whole market; it approaches and even slightly encroaches upon the aristocratic *carrés*.

The fourth and last is named "La Forêt Noire." We will charitably suppose that the dingy aspect of its streets, the more than nauseous odours emitted by old rotten leather and the rancid grease with which it is smeared, go far to account for this gloomy and slightly injurious appellation; at all events, the inhabitants themselves do not object to it and speak of it under that name. They are almost all cobblers, or rather vendors of old slippers; unless, indeed, they retail articles still lower in the commercial scale.

Such are the four *carrés* of the Temple, and in them may be traced the representation of the whole social hierarchy, wealth, mediocrity, poverty and misery—which would be theft if it dared. Each little shop has its number, and the majority sport besides, a sign; this consists generally of a coarse illumination accompanied by a device or a dedication.

Some of these are quaint: "Au chat botté,"* "Au petit bonhomme Perlinpépin." Others savour of piety: "A la Grace de Dieu," "A la Providence." Some

* This motto is borrowed from the blacking-makers. We remember seeing it at Calais under the representation of a puss in boots, that article of wearing apparel being painted lustreously bright, while the drollest portion was the English translation: "To the booted cat."

aspire to be rural in their invocations: "A la Rosée du Matin," "A la Fleur du Printemps." Others again are loyal or rather political: "Au grand homme" being painted over the "redingote grise." It may generally be remarked that the more paltry the trade, the more pretentious the sign.

The Temple, of course, has its *argot*. We may almost ask now-a-days who has *not*? The mention of a few of the terms most in vogue among the inhabitants of this locality may serve to throw a light upon peculiarities generally but little known.

The "mastiqueur" is a man who patches up old shoes with a composition called *mastique*, in order to deceive the purchaser and prevent the defects from being visible. This term has, therefore, come to be applied to all sellers of old shoes in the Temple. "Rapioteuse" is a mender of old clothes.

Cobblers take also the title of "fafioteurs," but this only among intimates; their official designation is "Marchand de bottins." Whence comes this masculine cognomen of "bottines" does not appear, but it reminds us of the rival shoemakers, one of whom, having been accused of stealing away the custom of the other, wrote up, with dignity, his justification over his door, in these words: "Mens conscia recti." The other, who was not strong in his classics, but was determined that his adversary should boast of no branch of trade in which he did not excel him, immediately displayed a board with this addition: "Men's and women's conscia recti."

"Roulants" and "chineurs" are itinerant clothes-dealers, who, after their rounds, come to disgorge their bargains in the great reservoir of the Temple.

"Niolleurs" are dealers in old hats, a "niolle" being the article itself.

A "Décrochez-moi-ça" is a second-hand bonnet.

"Bausses" and "bausseresses" are the superior customers who deal at these places.

"Galifards" and "Galifardes" are vagabond commissioners who go errands, &c., for the community.

The stalls are called "ayons," perhaps from "hoillons."

"Râleuses" are women employed to induce persons to purchase, and "eonce" is the customer so obtained.

Money is known only as "braise," possibly because it burns the pockets of those who receive it; copper is "bille," naturally from "billon;" one-franc pieces are "points," and six such go by the name of "croix."

The generic term for clothes is "frusques." A great-coat is a "pelure," and a pair of trousers a "montant."

Commercial rogues are known as "Juifs;" usurers as "Arabes."

A certain description of till-robbers are qualified as "Américains."

Inexorable creditors are called "Anglais."

Half-educated persons, "Savoyards."

An ugly man is called a "Chinois."

A tippler, a "Polonais."

Rogues in general, "Cosaques."

Vagabonds are "Bohêmes."

Paid "claqueurs" are known as "Romains."

And those who trick at gambling are "Greecs."

These appellatives have spread beyond the kingdom of *argot*, and are well understood as technical terms by all Parisians. We constantly see them employed in light and ephemeral literature, to the horror of the conscientious philologist.

The Temple has its "Guinguettes," its "Restaurants," and its "Cafés." Of what description our readers can tolerably well guess; wine is sold there at 6 sous the quart, ragout at 3 sous the plate, and "mocha," (?) sweetened, at 5 centimes the cup. Those frequented by the aristocratic, are the "Eléphant" and the "Deux Lions:" next in classification are the "Giraffe," the "Lion d'Or," the "Deux Boules," and, lastly, the "Camp de la Louve," expressly for the use of the "Forêt Noire."

Before taking leave of the streets of Paris, and apart from those quarters of the city to which we intend to draw special attention, we will say a word about that portion of the great city known as the "Pays Latin."

This neighbourhood is inhabited by that mass of young men who come from the provinces, and more or less from all parts of the world, to perfect their respective studies, according to the career they propose to pursue, the greater number of foreigners being contributed by the United States and the Spanish Colonies.

What pen could relate all that passes in that district? Among the students who arrive in Paris to terminate the education they have commenced in the Lycées, are many who belong to wealthy families, and

these are naturally those who are most exposed to the temptations of libertinage and its consequences.

They have in many cases been—up to this period of their lives—carefully and religiously brought up; but unhappily even these soon forsake the practice of their duties, and by degrees become indifferent even to the external evidences of the tone of their early training. Little by little they are induced by the acquaintances they form to give up its last vestige, and they are not long in imbibing the principles of infidelity and immorality which distinguish those with whom they have come in contact. Once on the descent, the disorder of their lives is restrained by no consideration, and it is thus that they find themselves launched upon the vast and untried ocean of a new life, which forms the dishonour and the despair of so many honourable families.

When once they have cast away the sanctifying influence of their early years, and have virtually denied their God, they easily shake off all family affections, and no longer acknowledge the sacred responsibility of maintaining in honoured estimation the name they have received and must transmit. They neglect their studies, squander their time in enervating and disgraceful indolence, degrading themselves by frequenting low places of amusement and debauchery, and, ultimately plundered by their seducers, and unable longer to satisfy their irregular pleasures, they dishonestly contract debts, which they see no real prospect of ever being able to pay. In time their credit is worn out; they are no longer trusted, and must either perish of

starvation and disease in a public hospital, or return, broken in constitution and ruined in prospects, to die under the paternal roof.

Other students, less favoured by fortune, pursue their way quietly and steadily, limiting their expenses conscientiously to the feeble resources their parents are able to supply, feeling with gratitude the sacrifice at which it is spared from the scanty fortunes of a numerous family. Others, in short, literally denuded of every resource, find in their diligence, application, and good conduct the means to arrive at everything, trusting only in the God who aids them. The following is an example of what has occurred, not unfrequently.

M. H. belongs to a poor but honourable family. In order to give their son a suitable education, his parents had imposed upon themselves the severest sacrifices. The college terms ended, all their supplies were exhausted, and they even found themselves involved to a considerable extent.

The son begged to be allowed to come to Paris to pursue his medical studies, hoping thereby to arrive at a more advantageous result. The family is so completely at a loss for any means of raising the money, that they can barely scrape together sufficient for the lad's travelling expenses; however, they contrived to start him. Arrived at Paris, the young student sets to work heartily, and continues to fulfil with the greatest exactitude his religious duties, perseveringly applies first to one and then to another to obtain such an employment as his education will enable him to under-

take. By dint of inquiry, he is at last in possession of an opportunity of placing himself as a superintendent—what a piece of luck ! The kind of employment he has embraced leaves him considerable leisure, and yet he is lodged and boarded, besides receiving fire and candle, with 50 frs. per month ! True, this sum is not magnificent, but it is more than sufficient to supply his daily wants. It is needless to say that he contrives to eke some savings out of it, which are duly transmitted to his mother towards the payment of the most pressing debts that had been incurred on his account. What a consolation for his good parents to see themselves so soon and so well rewarded ! Very soon his exemplary conduct is noticed by the patrons of the establishment ; it is remarked that he is hard at work the greater part of the night, and this, coupled with his regularity, punctuality, and other estimable qualities, procured for him on their part a voluntary augmentation in his salary, which is now raised to 800 frs. a-year ; more time is accorded to him for the pursuit of his studies, and he is allowed to attend the courses of lectures on medicine ; thus encouraged, he continues his efforts unceasingly, and is soon admitted to the *Doctorat*. All the debts were paid off, and as soon as he had taken his doctor's degree, he could no longer resist the desire to go and see his parents, whom he had left five years before.

On his return to Paris, he obtained the position of medical officer in a *Maison de Santé*, of which at the present time he has come to be the director and proprietor, and his parents are living with him.

But we have reached the end of the year, and as we are studying the streets of Paris, which at all times present a bright and joyous spectacle, if we would see them in characteristic perfection, we must devote a few hours to the sight on New Year's Eve, or even on any of the eight days which succeed it. We might take the whole length of the Boulevards, and, in any portion of them, witness some of the most remarkable scenes Paris has to offer.

This year, unhappily for the poor creatures who rely upon these few days for their harvest, the weather was exceedingly unfavourable, though, after several days of continued heavy rain, the air suddenly cleared, and great was the relief of the small industrials who had seen ruin staring them in the face. The continuous row of little booths which lined the principal streets, and chiefly the Boulevards, on either side, were illuminated with gay coloured lamps; buyers and sellers seemed resolved to make up for lost time, and, while transacting business with great eagerness, they appeared to have forgotten their disasters. What a fair it is!—a true “*étude de mœurs*.” The little shops, protected by their canvas awnings, look snug, and are brilliantly lighted on the side on which they are open. In some, the proprietor—a lean and hungry-looking creature—is dining, poor fellow! in haste, with his hat on—in other words, “his loins girt, and his staff in his hand.” Like M. le Curé, with one eye on the altar, and the other at the sacristy, he scarcely looks at his solitary plate, so eager is he not to

miss one of the customers who may be destined for him in that dense crowd which is elbowing itself past. We are half tempted to deal with him for some little article out of his humble stock, but we have not the heart to interrupt the meal he seems to need so much, though, like Gray's student, he can only be said to "snatch a fearful joy." As we advance, the panorama unrolls itself; we see sights, we hear sounds, we enjoy scenes, altogether peculiar to the occasion. Here is a group around a table, lighted with two lamps, surrounded by crimson paper shades. The ingenious owner is vaunting the invaluable quality of his pens, with that glib and facile elocution peculiar to the Parisian, especially of this class; but his recommendation is not only supported by the co-operation of his tongue, his fingers are at work, and, while he speaks, he lays before him a sheet of paper, fits one of the wonderful nibs into a holder, and, with a freedom of handling which many a would-be artist might envy, he writes, he ciphers, he flourishes, he draws, and, without the cost of an effort, fills a sheet with a series of beautiful and curious designs, of copper-plate delicacy. Truly, if these pens would work thus within our own grasp, we should think little of the modest 5 sous a box of three dozen!—holders *compris*—and would offer to purchase his whole stock. Poor fellow! he is doomed to stand there many a long hour, and to utter his oft-repeated persuasions before so bright an event befalls him. His neighbour—a stone's throw further on—is more in luck's way; *he* has a "spécifique unique" for

the head-ache principally, but equally successful as a remedy in every possible complaint. It is "simple and yet rare, merely the scrapings of a natural and perfectly innocent root, but not a produce of this climate." The quack, around whom a large gathering had formed, assured his hearers he had sold nearly his whole stock in the course of the evening, and he advised them, *in their own interest*, to make haste and take advantage of the few packets that remained. The crowd seemed to take him at his word, and arm after arm stretched itself forward out of the mob, in eager compliance with this disinterested counsel, to possess themselves of the precious nostrum. However denuded the counter might seem, there was no end to the quantity produced, and, as long as the demand continued, the supply was sufficient to meet it. To describe the wares displayed, the games of chance set out in tempting array, the "orateurs" scattering around them their flowers of rhetoric, and the busy, good-humoured crowd thronging the pavement, would be an endless task. It was such as to lead us to hope that ample amends were at last made for those gloomy days subtracted from their brief season by the unpromising weather with which it opened. Exchange of presents on the *Jour de l'An* is a portion of the religion of the French; the custom is a poetical one, and we should be sorry to see it die out.

Another source of anxiety to these small vendors, this winter, was the threatened failure of the orange-trade; the long-wished-for supply, however, was only

delayed, and arrived in time to take its usual place in the *Jour de l'An Fêtes*.

There were many little scenes which pleased us here; mothers laden with toys to rejoice the hearts of their little ones, and make the entire household joyfully welcome the coming year. Husbands, who had just received their wages, venturing to choose and purchase some little nick-nack with which to surprise their wives. All these minuter details of the domestic interior form an interesting study, and this is one of the places in which to pursue it. Whether we speculate upon the honest *ouvrier*, thus disposing of a portion of his earnings to procure himself a little reflected gratification, on a festival which occurs but once a-year, or whether we pursue the various thoughts which suggest themselves as we watch the worn and anxious countenance of the vendor, whose bread, and that of his babes, depends upon the disposal of his fragile stock; or again, of the "patterer," whose existence is at the caprice of the crowd he is clever enough to collect—it is all the same, it is still a study of character, in a class which has its importance in every country, but especially in France.

CHAPTER II.

THE ROOKERIES OF PARIS.

THE DWELLINGS OF THE POOR—THE CITÉS OUVRIÈRES—REASON AGAINST THEIR SUCCESS—DEMOLITIONS IN THE NARROW STREETS—BENEFICIAL EFFECTS—ENCLOS DE ST. JEAN LATRAN—L'ESCALIER NOIR—LIFE OF THE SAVOYARDS IN PARIS—RAMONEURS—ŒUVRE FOR INSTRUCTING AND IMPROVING THEM—THEIR LODGING—THEIR FOOD AND HABITS—AN INTERIOR SCENE IN THE “CLOS BRUNEAU”—LA FOSSE AUX LIONS—BARRIERE DES FOURNEAUX—STORY OF A ROOFLESS HOUSE—LA CITÉ UNIVERSELLE—LE CAMP DES BARBARES—LE TROU AUX RATS—CHAUMONT—LA CITÉ NITAUT—LA BUTTE AUX CAILLES—A CENTENARIAN—THE BARRIERE POPULATION—A MISSION AND ITS RESULTS—FAUBOURG ST. ANTOINE—MISSION THERE—CHURCH OF ST. ELOI.

CHAPTER II.

THE ROYALTY OF PARIS.

THE ROYALTY OF PARIS—THE ONLY ROYALTY—RELIGION
A RELIGION THEIR RELIGION—RELIGION IN THE MIDDLE
OF THE 17TH CENTURY—RELIGION IN THE 18TH CENTURY
RELIGION IN THE 19TH CENTURY—RELIGION IN THE 20TH CENTURY
RELIGION IN THE 21ST CENTURY—RELIGION IN THE 22ND CENTURY
RELIGION IN THE 23RD CENTURY—RELIGION IN THE 24TH CENTURY
RELIGION IN THE 25TH CENTURY—RELIGION IN THE 26TH CENTURY
RELIGION IN THE 27TH CENTURY—RELIGION IN THE 28TH CENTURY
RELIGION IN THE 29TH CENTURY—RELIGION IN THE 30TH CENTURY
RELIGION IN THE 31ST CENTURY—RELIGION IN THE 32ND CENTURY
RELIGION IN THE 33RD CENTURY—RELIGION IN THE 34TH CENTURY
RELIGION IN THE 35TH CENTURY—RELIGION IN THE 36TH CENTURY
RELIGION IN THE 37TH CENTURY—RELIGION IN THE 38TH CENTURY
RELIGION IN THE 39TH CENTURY—RELIGION IN THE 40TH CENTURY
RELIGION IN THE 41ST CENTURY—RELIGION IN THE 42ND CENTURY
RELIGION IN THE 43RD CENTURY—RELIGION IN THE 44TH CENTURY
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RELIGION IN THE 47TH CENTURY—RELIGION IN THE 48TH CENTURY
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RELIGION IN THE 77TH CENTURY—RELIGION IN THE 78TH CENTURY
RELIGION IN THE 79TH CENTURY—RELIGION IN THE 80TH CENTURY
RELIGION IN THE 81ST CENTURY—RELIGION IN THE 82ND CENTURY
RELIGION IN THE 83RD CENTURY—RELIGION IN THE 84TH CENTURY
RELIGION IN THE 85TH CENTURY—RELIGION IN THE 86TH CENTURY
RELIGION IN THE 87TH CENTURY—RELIGION IN THE 88TH CENTURY
RELIGION IN THE 89TH CENTURY—RELIGION IN THE 90TH CENTURY
RELIGION IN THE 91ST CENTURY—RELIGION IN THE 92ND CENTURY
RELIGION IN THE 93RD CENTURY—RELIGION IN THE 94TH CENTURY
RELIGION IN THE 95TH CENTURY—RELIGION IN THE 96TH CENTURY
RELIGION IN THE 97TH CENTURY—RELIGION IN THE 98TH CENTURY
RELIGION IN THE 99TH CENTURY—RELIGION IN THE 100TH CENTURY

CHAPTER II.

THE ROOKERIES OF PARIS AND THEIR DENIZENS.

Αἶε τοῖς μικκοῖς μικκὰ δίδουσι θεοί.

CALLIMACHUS.

THE crowded quarters of Paris owe their condition, in a great measure, to that insatiable desire so common among country-folks—always excepting those who inhabit mountainous districts—to visit and settle in the Capital. They seem to entertain some vague and undefined idea—destined, alas! to prove an illusion—that, once there, all will be bright and smooth, that fortune will smile—that work will be in demand—that high prices will be paid—that wealth will pour in—and that their lives will pass gaily, happily, and even luxuriously. We need not waste time in conjecturing how many fathers of families, no less than inexperienced young men and thoughtless maidens, arrive at the goal of their mistaken longings, only to wake up from their golden dream, friendless, shelterless, and

breadless. So far from labour being in requisition, they find the market already overstocked, and how should it be otherwise, when there are already 300,000 *ouvriers* in Paris? Rent and necessities, especially fuel, are far higher in price than they have been accustomed to pay, and if they should be able to gain a livelihood at all, it can only be by reconciling themselves to a social position inferior to that which they enjoyed in their native province, and at the expense, not only of ease, comfort, and health, but often, likewise, of morality and religion, for they can scarcely hope to escape contamination in the society into which they are thrown. It is only when too late that they begin to discern their fatal error, to regret the simple pleasures and honest occupation they have left behind, and to wonder how it was they could not be content with their rural life when they had it for their lot.

However, the question is easily understood. Some among them, of course, succeed, and it is from the example and report of these—although far the minor portion of their acquaintances and fellow-villagers—that they argue.

A landowner in the *Departement de l'Aude* relates to us the following fact:—

“In our province the agricultural labourers formerly never thought of leaving us, but, at the present day, this can no longer be said. As a great number of them can neither write, nor read writing, they bring me the letters of their comrades that I may read them to them. Here are the contents of one, recently addressed by a

labourer, now settled in Paris, to one of his friends, who asked me to read it:—

“ ‘ You cannot be doing much *au pays*, making, perhaps, twenty-five to thirty sous a-day ! You are ill-fed, and, when you fall ill, you have not so much as a basin of broth to strengthen you, nor yet a farthing to pay your doctor and procure medicine.

“ ‘ Here, we earn three francs a-day, we get good food—soup, capital meat, excellent bread, and very fair wine. If we are ill, we are well taken care of at the hospital, and it does not cost us a farthing. All through the winter there are public kitchens open, where, for five or six sous, we get meat, soup, and vegetables enough for a dinner which would cost, at home, at least twelve or fifteen sous. We have *crèches* for our babes, infant-schools for our children, the Christian Brothers for our boys, and nuns' schools for our girls, without any expense—to say nothing of amusements and pleasures. Come and join us, and don't go on plodding and wearing your life out down there, gaining nothing.’ ”

It is thus that, either by letter or word of mouth, they persuade and decoy each other. The picture is tempting—the idea is new, and smiles upon them. Rash and hasty, regardless of all advice which would bid them pause and consider, and rendered discontented with their circumstances at home, they are eager to try the bright existence painted to them in such glowing colours. They go—they see—and *are* conquered!

The open range of country is exchanged for the

bounded street; the cottage and pleasant garden, with its sweetly-scented flowers, its vine and its fruit-trees, is often pictured to the imagination of the emigrant, and regretted, with tears, from his present dingy and dusty dwelling. The plough and the spade, the dairy and the hive, and all his rustic occupations, rise up before him, as his emaciated hands are busily at work in the close and crowded factory, and, if he had read Horace, he would echo, in feeling accents, his apostrophe:—

“ Beatus ille qui procul negotiis,
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis ! ”

In this, then, it is, and in premature marriages, that we find the secret of the unhealthy and over-crowded dwellings of the poor. The question of their improvement has been, and still is, actively discussed; but, as we shall never find means to deter the “ millions ” from “ trying their luck ” in large towns, they will, we fear, continue a stumbling-block in the path of political economists to the end of the chapter.

We have heard a great deal said about model lodging-houses for the poor, and we confess, theoretically speaking, the scheme is admirable. It appears to have only one defect; it has not yet been proved *practical*; for we can scarcely consider the half-dozen experiments that have been tried a satisfactory remedy for so extensive an evil as the sanitary condition of our working-classes in their homes. The difficult question of rent will always remain to be solved, and even the model lodging-houses, desirable as may be the accom-

modation they offer, do not receive their pauper tenants gratuitously. Their principle, therefore, bears some affinity to the argument of the good lady who, when the people were starving, thought them very unreasonable not to be satisfied with bread and cheese.

It seems that in Paris these buildings, known as "cités ouvrières," are not altogether in favour. They have been tried and have not been adopted, and when we consider the character of the Parisian "ouvrier," and reflect upon the antecedents of that rebellious and dissatisfied class, we can scarcely wonder at the objections which have occurred to those who at first somewhat inconsiderately made the attempt to introduce them.

The working-classes in Paris are only too much massed together as it is, and it is the object and the effort of the authorities rather to discourage than to promote their gregarious propensities; neither do they themselves take to these establishments, which in no way meet either their tastes or their habits.

Thus it is that we see all those neighbourhoods which correspond to our own Grotto Passage, Barrett's Court, St. Giles', Tower Hill, Whitechapel, Brick Lane, Philpott Lane, and other portions of Spitalfields, gradually broken up and disappearing. Indeed, it is high time they *should* be disturbed.

Besides the objections on the part of the Government to "cités ouvrières," there are others on the side of the working-classes, who dislike the confinement and obser-

vation to which they would be liable, and to which they object, as likely to infringe upon that independence of which they are so jealous.

As a sample of the worst of these localities in which the poor nestle and herd together, we will describe one of those which existed previous to the demolitions which have marked the present reign, and which cannot be said to have taken place by any means too soon. That an important sanitary measure has been carried out there can be no question.

The *Municipal Review* informs us that on Tuesday, October 26th, there was not a single death reported in the 4th, 6th, and 7th *arrondissemens*, which comprise a population of more than 200,000 souls: a fact which never before occurred since the institution of the *mairies*. "The excellent sanitary condition of the city of Paris," this journal goes on to affirm, "is due to the opening of the great public roads, which produce a circulation of air, and give place to the beneficial influence of the rays of the sun, which before could obtain no access here.

The bills of mortality, which before showed a numerical average of from sixty-seven to seventy-seven deaths daily, only now return about half that number, and yet the population, instead of diminishing since the demolitions were commenced, has considerably augmented, as is proved by the result of the latest census.

The effect of the sanitary commissions may also be considered to be due to the increasing supervision they exercise over the internal disposition and ordering of dwelling-houses. Heaven knows they need it.

We will beg our readers to transport themselves into a most uninviting labyrinth of narrow streets and courts, in the direction of the "Collège de France."

Their imagination must help them to reconstruct the adjacent streets, which have now disappeared, and which consisted of tall and tottering houses, some eight or nine stories high, and in such close proximity that their inhabitants might almost shake hands out of the opposite windows.

These old streets were not wanting in picturesque quaintness, and there was something in the variety of incident characterizing their architecture, which had a charm for the eye of an artist. So much for the exterior; within, the scenes were rather of a description to afford matter of contemplation for the moralist, and gloomy indeed was the aspect of human nature to be witnessed there.

In the centre of this "rookery" stood the church of St. Jean Latran, and the surrounding locality was called

ENCLOS DE ST. JEAN LATRAN.

The nature of the population which had established itself round this spot is explained when we mention that it once enjoyed the privileges of an "Alsatia," and was originally the sanctuary and refuge of all the bad characters with which Paris was infested. The locality was in time naturally monopolized by this class and their associates, and, in proportion as the more respectable portions of the community retrograded

from its neighbourhood, the moral gangrene which had taken possession of it spread around the nucleus, and extended itself to those streets which at length formed its boundary. The deterioration which, of course, accompanied the peculiarity to which we allude, soon diminished the value of the property; almost any rent that was offered was accepted, and even that was only obtained with difficulty and by pre-payment, so that many who were only poor, mingled themselves with those who were both poor and dishonest, and the miseries of want and the triumphs of crime were confounded together in almost indistinguishable and hopeless disorder.

A considerable portion of this territory was occupied by sweeps and others of an equally low class, though not of an equally *high calling*, and perhaps nothing in the way of human destitution can be conceived more touching than the scenes which might be witnessed here by any observer who chose to seek them out.

This forest of dens—for we can call them nothing else—sheltered, among others, a whole colony of Savoyards. They occupied a special portion, known as “L’Escalier Noir,” and never, perhaps, was a name better applied, for its aspect was as lugubrious as its denizens.

To those who, from visiting Catholic countries, are familiar with the sight of doorways hung with black, shrouding the coffin which stands in its portal, during the hour which precedes its final removal to its long home, this opening wore the appearance of perpetual

mourning; while the white patches with which it was variegated, wherever the black superficies, deposited by the "Ramoneurs" and "Charbonniers," had been struck off by the *gamins* at their games, formed a not inapt caricature of the "Silver Tears" with which it is the custom to powder these funeral draperies.

As the visitor approached this part of the "Enclos," he was overcome by an indescribable feeling of depression and melancholy. Was it not a presentiment of all that he was about to see?

Strange indeed, and startling, was all that surrounded him, and sad the system which need had rendered necessary.

A whole building, hired by some speculator, was frequently under-let to a master sweep, who, of course, brought into it his whole paraphernalia, his family and his climbing-boys; other rooms were similarly farmed out to dealers in rabbit-skins, riveters, tinkers, *fumistes*, and others, forming part of that class of petty ambulant industrials supplied to the streets of Paris by the prolific mountains of Savoy.

Of these, some come thither only for the season, others for a certain number of years, and others again with the intention of remaining till their fortune is made, but many are of course cut short in their career, like other fortune-hunters, although the intention and the hope of all these children of the hills are, at some distant period, to return, laden with the wealth of their delusive visions, to enjoy an easy old age in their native land. To secure this, their universal aim, they are willing to

undergo any privation, but they are not prepared to find that, *having* endured it, and that in every form, and for a long series of years, they must at last give up their golden dreams, and bring themselves to realize the forlorn prospect of an unending term of hard labour, with poverty still their portion, and death their only prize.

Among the inhabitants of the *Clos*, the expedient adopted in order to lighten the expenses of rent was, for a number of these wretched beings to hire conjointly one room, often crowding into its narrow limits as many as eighteen or twenty persons of both sexes. Their beds were contrived in three tiers, on the plan of the cabin of a steamer: the highest were occupied by the oldest among the company; the middle-aged men and women came next, and below these—that is, on the ground, strewn with straw and rags—were huddled together masses of those miserable children of perverted destiny. Alas! they are those born for the free range of the heather-clad mountains under the blue canopy of their native sky, whose young voices, sharpened by want and premature exertion, make our hearts ache, as they wander through the dark streets of Paris in the early morning, catering for refuse and hare-skins.

As their “shrill treble” rouses us from our downy repose, we feel almost ashamed of the luxurious ease that surrounds us, as every fresh cry, growing fainter and fainter in the weary distance, carries in its tone the expression of want, of neglect, of sickness perhaps, and,

as their concomitant, of moral deterioration. The middle of October is the period when, leaving their beloved and simple mountain-homes, decoyed by bright visions never to be realized, these unhappy adventurers come to Paris, so that they have the severe winter months before them, when fuel and provisions are dearest, and when there is, consequently, more pressure and distress for the poor, even than at other times.

They start without any provision against the contingencies they may—indeed *must*—encounter, for the progress of their journey is left to chance lifts.

In one respect, as long as the travelling lasts, they may be said to enjoy a luxury unknown to wealthy tourists, in that they are exempt from the “impedimenta” of travel, as Cæsar so expressively terms them;—they have no luggage! But, alas! our motives of envy soon cease; this species of *vacuus viator* has no wardrobe beyond the “clothes he stands upright in.” He might with safety be a little better off, and *yet* sing before the highwayman. His is the *extreme* of vacuity.—He might be styled *maxime vacuus*.

The tools or instruments of—as the case may be—their trade or calling, constitute all their wealth; and these are tumbled into a small bag, which they carry slung on a stick across their shoulder.

It would be difficult to picture to ourselves the economy with which they live, their sole preoccupation being the increase of their savings, in the hope of carrying out their darling project. They are satisfied with any chance morsel they can beg or find; the only

regular meal—such as it is—of which they can be said to partake being in the evening. He who gets home earliest from his day's work prepares and arranges the repast against the arrival of the rest. It consists of one dish—a kind of *olla podrida*, of which the ingredients are chopped cabbage, potatoes, dripping, garlic, with the cheapest bread, beat up together, and doubtless seasoned with Spartan sauce. All eat out of one large flat dish; those who cannot get a place near it, scrambling over the heads of the others, and often scalding themselves in their efforts to dip into the mess the scoop or spoon they may be lucky enough to possess. As to the children, they get what is left! Indeed, most of them are sent to Paris by their parents, who hand them over to masters taking them on speculation, and paying a certain sum down, in return for what they expect to make out of them.

They are, in fact, for the time being, the property of a speculator, who considers himself justified in turning them to the best account. Their orders are, to bring home, each night, a certain sum, failing which, they are cruelly beaten, and as regards their moral or even physical condition, it is not so much as thought of: advice, care, kindness, are words of which they do not even know the meaning. They are in the hands of God, whose Providence alone watches over them. With what results, we shall see.

Besides the lodging-rooms we have already described, others once existed here, and, sad to say, such may still be found in the, as yet, undisturbed

“rookeries” of Paris, which our readers may be curious to hear of.

In these dormitories, the beds were let at two sous the night. The chamber appropriated to this use was rather long than wide, sometimes running twenty feet in length. From one end to the other, at a distance of—say six feet from each wall—were fixed two long boards, generally composed of bottoms of old barges—weather-worn and rotten, leaving a narrow passage down the middle, and forming, at the same time, on either side, a community of foot-boards to all the beds. These were separated simply by strips of old plank fixed at right angles between them and the walls, at intervals of eighteen inches. A layer of straw raised the “patient” from the ground, and a single coverlet of dark woolsey completed the “bedding.” When filled, this gloomy receptacle, in its dim crepuscule—for a *chatière* in the roof admitted all of heaven’s light that descended upon the scene—had the appearance of a parish dead-house with a long row of coffins on either side, each containing its wan and fleshless corpse.

The hideous effect can scarcely be conceived by one who has not beheld the sight. Any comment upon the state of moral degradation to which such an atmosphere must reduce those who frequent places of this description would be superfluous.

Men and women, old people and children, herding together literally like swine, and, in the midst of all this, young girls shamelessly sleeping in their squalid rags, and inhaling the most impure influences of infamy and debauchery.

Such was the *Enclos de St. Jean*, and such are still many of the haunts of the poor, both in Paris and London, for we may, perhaps, be permitted to mention here, that it is not long since we visited a poor family in Whitechapel, consisting of father, mother, and six children, who were totally destitute of food, firing, furniture, and, we may add, of *clothing*. The father had gone out to beg, and the mother's garments barely hung together, while of the six children, *only one had a vestige of covering*, and that was an infant of two months' old, who was wrapped in a piece of old drugget!

The actual condition of this locality is exceedingly curious and interesting. We have the strange picture in our mind's eye, as we visited it not many days since.

On our right is a high bank, along the top of which formerly ran the Rue Clos Bruneau; the side furthest from us alone remains standing, and faces us as we turn half round to examine its peculiar aspect. The rough pavement, still there, shows us the extreme narrowness of its former limits. The fronts of the houses are dingy, dirty, and dilapidated, and bespeak the undisturbed enjoyment of its own particular attributes, to which it must have been abandoned for centuries. These are the houses let out to the "Ramoneurs;" notices are painted upon them to that effect, and the "rez-de-chaussées" are almost all "restaurants" announcing an "ordinaire" every day at thirty centimes! They are five and six stories high, including those quaint, windowless pigeon-holes in the shattered roofs. Most of the casements are stuffed with rags; from some,

tattered garments are hanging out to dry; hare and rabbit skins are apparent in others, and if we wanted a picture of misery, we need not go a step further to look for it. But we may as well obtain a more intimate knowledge of the state of matters. We scale the bank, and creep under the broken hurdles which have been put up, here and there, along its edge, and now, as we face about, we have before us a strange and almost unearthly spectacle.

Across the broad road we have just left, stands what we might suppose to be a city of the dead. Demolition has begun its work there, and has left it untouched. Whole streets have disappeared between us and it, and what we are looking upon is a mass of party-walls, left standing, as laid bare by the removal of the twin tenements. There are remains of streets running in every direction, and the walls are streaked from top to bottom with the broad black conduits, which once conveyed the smoke to their roofs. Perfect stillness reigns over this heap of ruins, not even a bird hovers near it, and, in the midst, towers above them the broken, rugged, and forsaken spire of what once was St. Jean de Latran. No graceful ivy twines around its uneven and tottering summit—no foliage masks its mouldering proportions, or invests its fallen aspect with a charm. It stands in ghastly and neglected nakedness, and yet so analogous to all that surrounds it, that it strikes one at once as the most appropriate centre to the lugubrious and desolate picture.

But our business is with the inhabitants of the houses which enjoy (?) this prospect, and we are hesitating which of them to explore. At length, we remember a name given us by a brother of "St. Vincent de Paul," of a poor, needy wretch lodging here, and we make a visit to him our pretext for investigating the interior of No. 9. He happens to be a master-sweep. This is just the calling we want to examine.

"My good fellow," say we, accosting a half-starved object, who is weakly hobbling along the street, "Does M. Chavanne live here?"

"I am M. Chavanne—what may be your pleasure, sir?"

"And this is where you live?"

"It is, mon bon monsieur."

"Well, if you are going home, we will come in and see you. We have a message for you from M. ——."

"You would be welcome without that, but I am doubly glad to see you, sir."

So saying, the honest fellow preceded us into the house. The doorway was wide and black and splashed: the entrance was a broad paved passage, down the centre of which ran a *slightly objectionable* gutter. A few hens were walking about almost under our feet, and various descriptions of offal lay around in rather awkward profusion.

On our right was a dark opening, which proved to be a staircase, for we heard our companion begin to ascend, and we therefore lifted our feet in imitation of the action, and in faith in his movements. We found we

had conjectured rightly, for, after a couple of stumbling turns, rendered more perilous by our endeavours to keep as far away from the walls as we possibly could, we arrived at a square opening in the thick stone wall on the right. Curiosity urges us to put our nose through it, but the sense with which that organ is endowed soon compels us to draw it back. It is not the street, but a court below, of narrow dimensions and indescribable condition, we have looked into. The staircase is circular, and the opening is only formed by the angle which makes the square, so that it is but a fictitious ventilator after all, since we have a wall beyond. As we ascend, these apertures are repeated at intervals, and constitute the sole supply of air or light to this fetid and pestilential staircase. At length we have toiled to the top, for our conductor halts, and we gladly pause too.

“*Nous y voilà*”—“Here we are,” says he complacently.

“*Comment ?*”—how ! where ! what !—exclaim we in our bewilderment.

“*Attendez, monsieur ; vous allez voir.*”

“We suppose we *shall* see something,” is our silent answer.

“Now, if monsieur will just take a little leap upwards, off the landing where we stand, on to that step above, and then stretch his legs to get on to the next—but stop—I will go first;” and, suiting the action to the word, with his native vivacity, he effected the feat, and disappeared through a kind of trap-door in the

wall. We had seen him close this from below, as we passed under it, on the stairs, but had no idea it admitted to the dwelling of a fellow-mortal!

This was rather more than we had bargained for; however, we felt we were in for it, and, gulping down another draught of bad air, we took the leap, ducked our head, and found ourselves with unbroken limbs standing by the side of the "maître du logis," inwardly congratulating ourselves that we had not this to do every day.

We were in a loft consisting of two pieces, separated not only by a portion of a partition, but by a beam which crossed the opening into the second chamber, in such a way that, in order to accept our host's polite invitation to enter, we must have crept on all fours, as he did; we, therefore, with equal politeness, declined the invitation, and, forgetting the humility becoming such an occasion, inadvertently attempted to draw ourselves up to our full height, when our head came in contact with something apparently harder than it, for we received a most unexpected and practical rebuff, and then perceived that as long as we remained there we *must* "stoop to circumstances." The roof was gabled, but even in the middle, an ordinary man could not stand upright. We forbear the pun we might introduce here, for we fear there would be too much of the sad reality in it.

The pitchy darkness of the stairs had somewhat prepared our eyes for the improved light which they now enjoyed, and yet the first *room* (?) was not lighted at

all, and there was nothing but a *châtière* to illumine the second. This is a hole in the tiles, which admits light, and with it, smoke and weather, for there is no glass and no shutter; cold air and rain avail themselves of it in winter, and heat, pestilence, and vermin enter thereby in summer.

Furniture there is none, and it is difficult to make out what it is that fills up the place. In one corner are the contents of a *hotte*, in another a heap of hare-skins and old shoes, in wondrous and dire confusion; in the middle of the small space which we call the further room, stands a tumble-down iron stove, whose chimney crosses to the wall, where it finds an issue through the broken plaster. On the top of this inconvenient cooking place, is a saucepan of gruel, or *soupe noire*, which the poor fellow is boiling for dinner.

The first room is nearly filled up with a broad heap of straw—the sleeping-place of the whole family! They consist of our hungry-looking friend, his daughter, her husband, and two children, with three little sweeps who lodge with them. It is nearly twelve o'clock, and he is expecting them home to dinner.

“What will you give them?” say we in astonishment.

“They bring in each their bread, bought out of their morning's earnings, and they will eat it with the ‘potage’ you see there.”

There is something inexpressibly touching in the simple and uncomplaining tone in which he relates this melancholy state of things.

“Where are they now?”

“To-day they are gone to Mass ; it is a holiday.”

It was New Year's Day, and we could not but be pleased to find they were thus employed.

“And do *you* do no work ? ”

“I was injured by a heavy piece of furniture falling on me when I was a porter, and had a severe illness in consequence ; since then I have been unable to lift weights, and have done what I could towards my livelihood by buying and selling hare-skins. I pay 250f. a-year rent”—£10 for this *accommodation*!

Such was the picture we saw, and such the particulars we obtained in this strange cock-loft. Coming down, we visited another floor, where were lodged more of the same class.

Here were a father, mother, three little girls, and two “Ramoneurs,” all in *one* room, and with but two beds for the whole party !

Next door, the house was almost entirely occupied by “Balayeurs” and “Balayeuses,” being sweepers officially employed, much as are our scavengers. Such is what remains of the once thickly-populated and ominous-looking “Clos Bruneau,” which nestled around the old church of St. Jean Latran. Since its partial destruction, the population who infested its reeking alleys have removed to the heights round Paris, and in point of air, space, and sunshine, must rejoice in the exchange.

Of this neighbourhood there still remain the Rues “d'Ablon,” “du Petit Moine,” “de l'Ourcine,” and others inclining towards the “Rue Mouffetard,” whose inhabitants are not, as these, occasional visitors from the

mountains of the south, but, worse still, perpetual residents—native Parisians, whose life-long existence is endured there! When we come to visit the “Faubourg Souffrant” we shall learn something of *their* interior life.

Among the most interesting charities that have taken root in Paris is the “Œuvre des Petits Ramoneurs;” we record it with satisfaction because it is pleasing in its origin, its progress, its details, and its results.

It owes its birth to a long bygone incident, which those of our readers who are not already acquainted with it, will peruse with interest.

In the time of the great Abbé Fénélon, it was the custom, in order to cultivate that important talent,—public speaking—for young men destined for the senate, the bar, or the pulpit, to perfect themselves in the matter and delivery of their oratorical effusions, by pronouncing speeches, lectures, discourses, or whatever else they may be called,—in private society.

Now, the youthful Fénélon, at that time not more than fifteen years of age, being of high birth, and mixing with the *élite* of the French *noblesse*, might expect, when his turn came, to exhibit before a somewhat formidable audience: and so it was, for on the evening of his *début*, a brilliant circle, already assembled at the mansion of one of the oldest of the aristocratic families of the Faubourg St. Germain, the Hôtel de Rambouillet, might be seen impatiently awaiting the arrival of the youthful aspirant for the fame of an orator. As

the appointed hour passed away, and yet no Abbé, the conversation began to flag, and the company to feel and to appear annoyed at their disappointment. While his real friends regretted his want of policy in putting his audience out of humour before he began, those already envious of his talents were not sorry of the opportunity to whisper around ill-natured aspersions upon the probable causes of the delay. *Les absens ont toujours tort*; and even his venerable father, who was present, began to fear his son might at the last moment have shrunk from the trial, and felt himself bound to apologize to their noble hostess for the apparent discourtesy.

But what was the youth doing all this time that he was causing so much disturbance, and even anxiety, among these coroneted heads?

Alas! he had forgotten, for a moment, ambition and grandeur, his high position, and the eager expectations of those who had made so great a point of witnessing his maiden attempt; he had started in good time, and fully intended to keep his engagement punctually; but as he rapidly descended the Rue du Bac, he was disturbed in his ruminations by a plaintive voice. He passed on, for in those punctilious days he knew it was considered (as it ought to be now) bad breeding for a youngster to arrive later than the appointed hour, and to keep his hosts, his father, and the company waiting for him; besides, his head was full of the sermon he was to deliver, and, to say the truth, he was at that moment preparing it.

He passed on therefore, but there was something

touching in the tone of that weeping voice: he turned his head, still walking on, and saw a little fellow of ten years old seated on a door-step, sobbing bitterly; he was blackened with soot, and wore a tattered costume, which proclaimed him to be a little *Auvergnat*. The young Abbé paused once more; he turned again, and then, overcome by the comparison which flashed across his mind, of the position of this child with his own, he fairly walked back to the spot.

“What is the matter, my child?” said the young Abbé; “dry your tears, and tell me the cause of your grief.”

“Oh, my good sir,” replied the boy, “how very kind you are! I have met with a great misfortune; I am ruined; no one can help me.”

“What man cannot do God can. Have you asked His aid?”

“I have indeed, M. l’Abbé,” said the child, who now looked up and recognised the habit of his new friend.

“Well, then, you see He *has* answered your prayer, for He has sent me to assist you; so now tell me what it is that has happened.”

“It is just this, M. l’Abbé; I have told it all to God, and He knows it is true. I had saved up, bit by bit, a sum of 100 francs, and was going to take it back with me to my mother, who is infirm, and has no one but myself to take care of her. I kept the money in a bag, under a brick in the loft where I sleep. To-day was the day fixed to begin my journey, and this morning when

I went to my hiding-place, the bag was gone!" and here the child's tears flowed with a new impulse.

"That is a serious loss, indeed," said the young Fénélon, who had made up his mind how to act; "however, come along with me; I may perhaps be able to do something for you." And with this, on they walked together.

"My sermon is found," thought Fénélon.

Presently, a noise is heard on the stairs of the Hotel Rambouillet, and a general feeling of relief is experienced, for it could only be the arrival of the Abbé, —half an hour, however, after his time!

The young *débutant*, after greeting his friends, who received him with at least apparent civility, and the mistress of the house, to whom he made every excuse, took his place and began his address.

"My friends," he said, "I feel I owe you all an apology, and especially to our kind hostess, but I think I shall be able to exonerate myself from blame in your eyes. You expected, I think, a sermon from me this evening. I will, with your permission, tell you a story instead."

He then graphically described his interview with the little "ramoneur," and concluded by informing them that the hero of his tale was actually on the premises, and in the lodge of the "concierge" below.

"Let him come up, let him come up by all means," said the company unanimously—moved, as they had been, by the young man's eloquence—and the servants were ordered to summon the trembling little mountaineer into the midst of the dazzling assembly. A collection was made, and a sum far exceeding that he had lost was soon raised; 200 francs were sent to the boy's

mother, and himself, become another object of interest to so wealthy a circle, being provided with an outfit from the remainder, was placed in a school to receive such instruction and education as would render him a useful member of society.

But this was not all; the idea of the “Œuvre des Ramoneurs,” taken from Fénelon’s first sermon, struck many present besides himself, and it was set on foot. It was, however, dropped again after the good Archbishop’s death, but was revived by his descendant, the martyr of 1794.

This venerable old man, at eighty years of age, dragged in a common cart to the scaffold, by ruffians who had no pity for his grey hairs, and no respect for his virtuous and charitable life, was followed by the little Savoyards and Auvergnats, to whom he had been so good, and who loved him as their father. Their sobs and cries were heard by the good old priest, who was about to lay his head on the block; he, fearing for them the brutality of those who were murdering him without a cause, exhorted his young *protégés* to retire, and gave them his blessing from the scaffold. The very executioner was touched at the sight, and, kneeling before him, asked his forgiveness, and begged to share that benediction.

It was some years after this event that the “Œuvre des Ramoneurs” was again taken up, and it now promises to go on prosperously and to be productive of the best results.

The good to be effected by this “Œuvre” requires peculiar and special consideration. The children it

protects are for the most part of the very poorest parents. They are set to work at field labour at a very early age, and consequently can get no schooling; when, therefore, at the age of eight or ten years, they are brought to Paris by the masters, who, as it were, *lease* them, they are ignorant of everything, even their catechism. None of them can even read: perhaps there is no great harm in this. It is a bold thing to say in these days of "progress," but we honestly think it might not be amiss if this deficiency were more general. Unhappily, among the lower orders, knowledge is oftener abused than used.

If we pursue the details of the "*Œuvre*," we shall see what is the plan adopted by its promoters, and in what way it works.

Having learned that it was one of the Dominican fathers, Père Manuel, who interests himself in its progress, we obtained, through his courtesy, permission to assist at one of the nightly *réunions* planned for the instruction of the forsaken children. We accordingly arrived at the church of the Carmes a little before the appointed hour. It was a gloomy, drizzly, ungenial, and uninviting night in the month of December last; the streets were sloppy, and we were jostled by foot-passengers carrying dripping umbrellas. Notwithstanding all this, however, we found the door already besieged by a "grisly troop" of small Ethiopians. We could not but mark their quick movements, their eyes sparkling from the darkened sockets, and the brilliantly white teeth they disclosed, as they chattered away, pending the opening of the doors. All these characteristics

brought before us vividly their peculiar position, and filled us with admiration for those who have had pity on them.

Having ourselves the secret of the door, we passed in another way, and after several windings and turnings, and passages and descents, we arrived at the foot of a steep staircase, where a scene presented itself worthy the pencil of a Rembrandt. The crypt, into which we were introduced, was illumined by a single lamp, suspended from a boss into which converged the groins of the centre arch. The rays which it shed, broken here and there by the surrounding columns and arches, formed a delicious *chiar' oscuro*, and, while it left the remoter portions of the cavern in deep shade, cast its strongest light upon the small altar, before which were now assembled the infant group we had left outside; the teachers were there also, three well-dressed, gentlemanly young men—men of family and of fortune, we were afterwards told—and in the midst, the Dominican monk in his picturesque habit, who now, with his shaven head bowed down, knelt in prayer, in which all joined, to invoke a blessing on the instruction.

Of these sable pupils there are three categories, but the division is only according to age, the advancement of each division being upon a level; the plan of instruction is the same in all. After the prayer addressed to God in common, comes the recital of the prayer with explanations; next a simple commentary on the chapter which is to form the subject of the day's instruction; then, an interrogatory upon that instruction, in order to make sure that the children have under-

stood it, and the evening closes with a succinct *résumé* pronounced by the President upon the object of the catechising. The evening prayer comes as the spiritual "bouquet" to crown the *œuvre*. At the termination of each sitting, one of the professors stands at the door, and hands to each child, as he passes out, a *bon* or certificate of his attendance and good conduct. This is not obtained without difficulty; the nomad habits of these urchins render it almost impossible for them to tie themselves down immovably and attentively upon a bench for an hour and a-half. The mountain-child would not be true to his race if this could be done, and various are the pranks and tricks which, despite their efforts, they are unable to resist playing off; it is necessary, however, to visit them with severity, and to discountenance them in every way.

It is no easy matter to drive anything into them, and the greatest patience is needed to give any chance of success. Thinking that music might tame and regulate them, the teachers attempted to make them sing together the "Veni Creator," but, after a great deal of time lost and patience thrown away, it became necessary to give up the attempt. While some were still labouring out "Esprit Saint, descendez en nous," others were drowning their voices with "De vos feux les plus doux," and then suddenly succeeded an ominous pause—so that the case being apparently hopeless, the idea was finally abandoned.

Now a word as to the way in which these children are collected. The scheme is simple enough: with the

winter frosts and fogs, arrive also the little mountaineers from their "pays," and as, like the swallows, a great multitude nestle in one roof, the benevolent seeker has only to learn the address to pounce upon a whole covey. But he has other modes of attaining his object. We have all, now and then, seen a gentleman accosting a little shivering sweep in the streets of Paris, and doubtless, most of us, if we have thought about it at all, have come to the conclusion that he is bargaining with him for a job and arranging the time at which it is to be executed. No such thing. He is telling him that there exists a knot of Christian men who have set apart a portion of their time for the improvement of *him* and his fraternity — that they will teach him how to be good and happy, and that benevolent ladies will come among them and also interest themselves in their lot. The rustic boy stands amazed, he opens his eyes, and is all eagerness to come and see what it means. He has hitherto been so little cared for; since he received his mother's caresses, and returned her parting kiss, no one, till now, has ever said a kind word to him; he is therefore touched by the disinterested goodness of the "fine gentleman" who invites him; and his simple and honest heart is overcome with gratitude. But this is not all; the indefatigable members of this little association do not rest satisfied with the mere chance custom they pick up in the streets. Sweeps they must have, at whatever cost. Choosing the evening hours, when all are housed, they arm themselves with matches and a lantern, and off

they journey to the remote, and unknown, and untried quarters of the great city: they penetrate as far as the gloomy and mysterious "Clos Bruneau," with which we are already acquainted; the rough and badly-lighted alleys they must thread, are far from inviting further acquaintance with themselves or their inhabitants. They grope about, nevertheless, until some indication serves to discover to their active intelligence which are the houses best calculated to offer an abundant harvest. Sometimes, when they have found one, they obtain directions where to seek another; sometimes they are guided by one of the sable fraternity, whom they have enlisted in the cause, and who—proud of being elevated into the position of "dux gregis"—glibly affords all the information he possesses.

That the hand of God is guiding this *Œuvre*, and that the blessing invoked has descended upon it, there seems no room to doubt: without this solution how shall we explain the constant and regular attendance of these children? Where—humanly speaking—is the attraction? The "Blandi doctores" are there, it is true, but their rudiments are not sweetened by the "crustula" to which Horace would attribute the success of the teacher. Let us examine into their position. Natives of a distant province, and with that unsatisfied attachment for their homes, which is the peculiar characteristic of mountaineers, separated from all they held most dear—their native hamlet, and their mothers—living in the hope of once more seeing these objects of

their unsophisticated affections, the little travellers have reached the cold, dark, bustling, and yet *solitary*, streets of the overgrown capital. The only face they know is that of the patron who has hired them, who, in exchange for—we may almost say—their bodies and souls, has agreed to pay the modest sum of forty francs, and a pair of shoes!

In return for this, they belong to him; they are his: his servants, ay—his slaves: he has absolute power over them, and there is no intercessory friend to appeal to, if, forgetting the voice of humanity, he remembers only that he has purchased his right to ill-use them. The law is open to protect them, it is true, but few among them, and especially when first transplanted from their native soil, would know how, where, or to whom, to complain. The wear and tear of limbs, and lungs, and constitution; the hard, cold, draughty, dirty, and ill-ventilated loft where they must pass their nights; the long and fatiguing rounds they must make, whether in sunshine or rain, whether in health or in sickness; the bare and unwholesome food—these are details which may be said to have a “fancy value,” and of which the law would find it difficult to take cognizance. Happily, it does interfere sometimes. We may quote an instance of recent occurrence (18th October, 1858), in which one of these masters, “le Sieur Liaret,” was condemned by the “Tribunal Correctionnel” to six months’ imprisonment for an act of brutality which might have been attended with fatal consequences.

A young climbing-boy had been sent up a chimney,

and, as he delayed coming down, Liaret despatched another boy a part of the way up, to ascertain the cause; the messenger returned with the report that the lad seemed to be set fast in the flue, which was very narrow, and that he was unable to move either upwards or downwards. Liaret, who, one would suppose, would have been moved by the disaster of the poor little creature, brutally exclaimed, "That's all sham; he's wasting his time in order to shirk his work;" and adding, "*I'll* soon make him come down," he thrust a faggot into the fireplace, and set light to it.

The poor boy, unconscious of what was going on below, and, feeling the heat of the flames, was terrified at his position, and began to cry violently. Fortunately, his screams were heard, and the fire was extinguished, but not until Vigier was nearly suffocated by the smoke, and severely burned.

He was extricated in a most alarming state; his barbarous master was seized by the authorities, and, as we see, punished for his heartless conduct.

Such is the helpless and untaught child, whose forlorn condition has touched the hearts of those who promote this charitable work. As the Irishman observed, "Under his little ragged coat he carries a soul as big as yours." That soul must be cared for by those who will have to give account for it, and who shall say that the awful question, "*Ubi est frater tuus?*" will not be put to every one of us?

The objects of it are to teach them the broad and simple truths of religion, to prepare them for their

First Communion, and, as long as they remain within reach of the *Œuvre*, to keep them to their religious duties. Each year, at the beginning of summer, they return to their homes, to carry back their gains, and to exchange their occupation for those agricultural labours more congenial to their birth and tastes; often, when they have out-grown the dimensions suitable for practical chimney-sweeping, they remain in their *pays*, but it is *something* to send them back piously, instead of viciously, inclined, to have preserved them from the moral contagion of great cities, and to have imparted to them that religious knowledge they were prevented by their absence from receiving in their native village. Indeed, it is to be hoped this—though it may appear little—is in reality *everything*; for, once settled in their own homes again, and removed from the temptations they have so narrowly escaped, there is every probability of their continuing well-disposed, moral, and industrious.

A further object the Society has in view is, through the means of the children, to arrive at the hearts of the patrons and parents. The members thus introduced seize the opportunity of illness, want, or distress in the *ménage* to come and visit them, to reassure them with kind words and well-seasoned gifts, and thus taking possession of their hearts, to establish themselves on a footing which may enable them ultimately, without danger of repulse, to interest themselves in their social and spiritual welfare. They invite them to services, said specially for them; they induce them to become members of confraternities, established peculiarly for

them, the conditions of which are simple and easy; they visit them at regular intervals, to read to them and instruct them, and all pray together at the conclusion of the visit. In one house was a crucifix over the chimney-piece, which, though once white, was now in a very dingy condition.

"How comes your crucifix so black?" said the visitor.

"We found it in a chimney, and, as we never had one before, we were glad to have one of any colour," was the answer.

It will be seen that there are not many attractions in the details of this *Œuvre* to induce the attendance of either boys or men; there is not even the hope of acquiring secular knowledge; they learn neither reading nor writing, nor the simplest rudiments of ordinary education. Religious teaching comprises the whole of the advantages they receive.

The holidays of the Church are marked for them by special *réunions*, and on the feast of the Epiphany they draw the bean in the shape of a half-franc in a twelfth-cake, to which some of the lady members add a quota of hot *brioche*s.

On Ash Wednesday they are invited to attend service, and assemble before the altar, reverently bowing their heads to receive the ashes, and to be reminded, in the solemn words of the Church—alas! how many among us are more apt than they to forget it!—that they are dust, and must soon return to dust. "Memento, homo, quia pulvis es, et in pulverem revertêris."

On Palm Sunday, little boughs of blessed box-tree were distributed to them, which each reverently carried home and placed over his bed.

On Good Friday, the Passion of our Blessed Lord was preached to them, and they, with the members of the "profession," attended in great numbers.

Again, on the Feast of Corpus Christi, the Vicar was good enough to allow them to join in the procession. All these ceremonies strike and impress the minds of children far more forcibly and lastingly than verbal explanations.

Monseigneur de Ségur, who takes great interest in this work, gave us a very interesting account of the general First Communion of these little ones, as it takes place every year.

Two months before the day, a general examination took place, to decide how many were fit to present themselves before the holy table. To this effect the curates and assistant parish priests took each child aside and interrogated him separately. A retreat of one day preceded that of the First Communion. Its results were so much the more satisfactory, in that it was a real mission for the masters and parents. The confessionals were besieged until a very advanced hour of the night; many of these poor people, who had been in arrears with their religious duties for years, came to the tribunal of penance: consoling results, which went far to repay the labour of those who had borne the burden and heat of the day!

On the eve of the First Communion there was a uni-

versal "scrub." The lady patronesses had prepared a smart uniform of dark blue cotton velvet, the ladies of the "Vestiaire de St. Sulpice" had provided the necessary linen, of snowy whiteness. It was therefore in harmony with the arrangements to do away with the dingy hue imparted by circumstances to the skins of the little troop.

This business was undertaken by the Gentlemen Teachers, and was facilitated by the kind co-operation of the Dominican Fathers, who offered the accommodation necessary for the task. Large pans of hot water were supplied, and our young philanthropists might be seen, with sleeves turned back, and covered with large coarse aprons, doing their utmost with soap, towels, scissors, combs, brushes, &c.; and so effectually did they accomplish their task that the children issued forth from the treatment as white as snow, and as oily and curly as young lion-cubs.

The day of the First Communion made many hearts peaceful and happy; sixty children came for the first time to receive the Bread of Angels, and forty to commemorate their first attendance the preceding year. After the service, a lady patroness invited all present to her house, where an ample breakfast was supplied to them, and the Dominican Fathers gave up their court and garden, greatly to the enjoyment of these children, to whom this might indeed be "noted as a *white* day in their lives."

At four o'clock the children returned to "St. Etienne" to receive confirmation. The good Archbishop—since

assassinated in this very church!—insisted on coming, himself, to administer this sacrament. Like the Good Shepherd, he wished to be among the lambs of his flock, and he little thought, as, after the example of the divine Master beckoning the little children to come to Him, he crossed those flags, they were destined so soon to be stained with his blood!

It was thus that on that joyous spring day all hearts contributed to the social and spiritual enjoyment of the little heroes of the event; the Dominican monks received them on their return, and, seated under the trees, they enjoyed a meal prepared for them and spread on a long table in the open air. The appetites of the guests appear to have been keen; besides all the dainties, which soon disappeared, more bread and more cheese were asked for; the monastery was ransacked, and tradition says that the good monks went supperless to bed: no wonder! 100 lbs. of bread, and 20 lbs. of cheese, fell that night under the ferocious onslaught!

Before separating, all the members of the *Œuvre*, as well as all the little sweeps, knelt in the broad walk of the garden, in order to conclude, as they had begun, in prayer, so bright a day.

The next morning, Mass was celebrated in thanksgiving, and the First Communion medals and certificates were distributed.

The “Catéchisme de Persévérance” continues till the first of June, the period when the departure of the young Auvergnats to their *pays*, necessitates a suspension of the arrangements. On Corpus Christi are dis-

tributed the prizes, after High Mass. The value of the rewards varies according to the number of good marks. They consist of caps, handkerchiefs, cravats, crucifixes, statuettes, rosaries, and other objects equally acceptable to the little candidates. The President offers his parting recommendations to the youthful assembly; the good Vicar of "St. Etienne" says a few words expressive of the interest he takes in them, and then kneeling at the feet of the zealous priest, they receive his blessing upon their journey to the mountains, their next rendezvous being given for the November following.

We will now turn to some of those curious suburban hamlets known to few even of the inhabitants of the gay and brilliant metropolis of France, to which, as their quondam walls have been pulled down about their ears, and the roofs almost torn from above their heads, the Paris labourers have withdrawn themselves and their families: self-created and self-constituted hamlets and villages of so strange and grotesque a character, that we can compare them to nothing we have ever before seen. Those who are curious in the matter must either trust to our description, which shall be as faithful as possible, or must visit them for themselves; only they must lose no time. In some instances even these, in their turn, have been marked for destruction, and others are actually already moved, as in the case of the "Cité Nitaut," in order to leave the ground free for more respectable and more profitable erections.

They might be called "Cities of Refuge," for in truth they *are* the last refuge of those to whom poverty

has refused any other resting-place ; they are, however, only termed “cités” generically ; specifically, each has its own proper cognomen.

The word “cité,” however, describes their construction ; for, although the tenements have a peculiar character of their own, and are in architecture totally unlike any other erection, yet, as the investigator travels into their lanes and windings, and penetrates their mysterious depths, he finds they are complete and independent in themselves.

LA FOSSE AUX LIONS.

There are certain localities in suburban Paris, where land would not appear to have the value it always seems to claim in the environs of London. There are frequent instances where former excavations and other waste lands have remained neglected and forgotten, and, being seldom visited by the owner, have been encroached upon by trespassers, and patches here and there have been self-appropriated by “squatters.” This indeed is the origin of all the suburban “cités” of which we speak.

A wretched being “not having where to lay his head” comes across the spot which may be a quondam quarry, or barren field whence brick-earth has been taken and which seems to have become a sort of *terra incognita*. He makes bold to pitch a tent in one corner, where, as he continues unobserved and unmolested, he determines to construct a more permanent abode. In a short time his tent is struck, and a mud-cabin rises on the site.

If the experiment continue successful, as the French *Charlatan* says,—“il en fait part à ses amis et connaissances,” and another, and another, joins himself to the first; thus in a very short time springs up a village of wigwams, which, if the proprietor should not want his land for other purposes, he allows to stand, demanding only a moderate rental for its occupation.

Thus was it that the “Fosse aux Lions” came into existence. It stands not far from the “Barrière St. Jacques,” in a “Faubourg” known as “La Glacière,” and, like the other “cités” occupied by the “petit peuple,” is complete within itself.

The owner, having found his land in demand, has raised his ground-rents to eight sous, or fourpence, the metre per annum. That which he originally let at five sous will fall in again at the expiration of seven years. The tenements standing upon it will not be of much value, supposing they should stand so long.

Their composition is, as we have hinted, heterogeneous in its nature, and in this respect alone is there any uniformity in their aspect. Every material that can be obtained without cost has been called into requisition in their construction, but their solidity has not been secured by the arrangement. The openings in the walls for the admission of light and air—for we cannot call them windows—have been filled up, in some instances, with old house-sashes, in others with old church-casements; in some with cottage-lattices, in others with old pieces of glass patched together; in some, the panes are formed of bits of iron,

saucepan-lids, and other refuse—in some they are not filled up at all.

Some of these hovels have no opening but the door, unless it be the aperture in the roof for smoke, and then it must, of course, always be open. During a long winter the effect may be imagined.

You walk along. As you proceed, you suddenly stumble upon an eminence. What is this? Take care! It is the roof of an excavation below, whose entrance is on the other side. You imagine it may be a log-house, a tool-shed, or a sheltered deposit for timber. No such thing; it is inhabited. Why, there is a whole family dwelling there! It is a “furnished lodging,” for which they pay a rent of thirty sous a-week, apparently for the pleasure of being able to say, “my residence”—no one could call it a *house*. Eighty francs a-year—as Paddy would say—“for the honour of the thing!”

Whenever the weather invites, or even permits, the inhabitants of the *cité* abandon the interior, and take to the outside of their premises, sitting on loose stones, with which the streets are encumbered. They carry on various trades, but principally with the vendors of *vieille feraille*—old iron, whose whole stock, if they could dispose of it, might bring them in somewhere about 4½d. They are itinerant dealers, and carry about their wares in baskets or trucks in the populous localities, where there is a chance of sale. Sometimes they take up their stand under the trees of the “Boulevards Extérieurs,” and, as they cannot afford a stall, spread

their goods upon the ground, patiently waiting for customers, who, as it may be supposed, are few and far between.

The most flourishing sell second-hand shoes and slippers; pottery, of a coarse and even defective quality; shells and second-hand *quincaillerie*, &c. Some are "marchands des quatre saisons," or fruit-sellers; and it is also the haunt of itinerant showmen, strolling-players, gipsies, and rope-dancers. These, however, live in their rolling houses, and only "put up" in the *Clos*.

Some of these mean dwellings are two stories high, and the upper floor is reached by a piece of broken ladder, bought second-hand, and dignified by the name of staircase. These houses are built by speculators for the purpose of sub-letting.

A single room—or rather hole—costs eighty francs a-year, and there are often as many as two families in one of these small places.

The "chiffonnier" is not wanting here, for it is the refuge of all who are rejected elsewhere. Perhaps one of the sights that affects us most painfully is that of a little child newly born into this world of woe, and making its first acquaintance with its sorrows here! We saw a young mother, who had just been discharged from the Lying-in Hospital, with her delicate babe a fortnight old, whom she must find means to tend and to nourish in these purlieus of penury and labour. Young as she was, she had lost her husband, who was killed by a railway accident, and had no ostensible means of

existence. God had not forsaken her, and had, even among these paupers, raised her up helpers and friends. One lent her some clothes belonging to her own infant, another gave her a shelter in the corner of the shed she herself occupied with her sick daughter and grandchild, and a third shared with her the produce of a miserable little strip of ground, in which she grew a few potatoes and pot-herbs for her own supply.

In one of the huts we entered, the roof was sadly defective, and the occupier's bed was necessarily so placed that, whenever the rain fell, it was literally impossible to avoid receiving a complete shower-bath.

In the midst of all this abject poverty, it is a pleasing fact that, probity and a sense of honour have not been swamped by the surrounding elements of demoralization. Although there is no police, and, moreover, but scanty means among the inhabitants of the "Fosse aux Lions" for the protection of their little property—especially while their dwellings are in course of construction—there has never been an instance of theft there. We saw, under a shed, a curious medley of heterogeneous property, being the furniture and effects of a poor fellow employed in raising the walls of his future tenement. The various objects thus approximated, it is true, exercised upon ourselves a somewhat more repelling than attractive influence; but, to those to whom they were the representation of wealth they might envy, doubtless the sight was a temptation; nevertheless, they remained intact. His clothes and his cooking-vessels, the greasy *casquette* in which was

deposited his loaf, his worn slippers, and his earthen pots, mingled in amicable proximity, survived *in statu quo*, to be transported into his habitation the day he and his children took up their quarters there.

Not far from the "Barrière de Vaugirard," in the *Quartier* denominated "des Fourneaux," is a piece of land similarly let out, only at a somewhat exorbitant rental. There are standing upon it workshops, sheds, and huts. Among these are several worth visiting, and, above all, one inhabited by an honest old fellow named Erné. The poor creature is now within two years of eighty; and though he has had four children, they are either dead or scattered about the world, and he, widowed, alone, half-blind, and almost past work, is destitute of all means of existence but those which chance—should we not say Providence?—throws in his way.

It was a fine sunny afternoon when our steps led us in the direction of the "Cité des Fourneaux," and as we approached Erné's cabin we wondered if it really could be the dwelling-place of a human being. It seemed to be composed of something of everything: bits of stone, brickbats, planks of every age, hue, and thickness, the only indication that it was intended for habitation being a chimney which came out on one *side* of the hut. It might have answered the purpose of a shed, but for the anomalous circumstance that but a very small portion of it was roofed, and that roof was made up with pieces of old doors and old shutters, and here and there a piece of canvas. We said the afternoon

was sunny, and indeed sultry, and therefore the incomplete state of the hovel did not impress us with all its misery ; but in cold, or rainy, or stormy weather, what *can* be the condition of the inmate of such a home !

The state of the case was this. Ern  had been occupying a modest lodging in the “Rue Gracieuse” (one of the most deplorable streets in the “Faubourg St. M dard”), where, having been obliged to lay up, in consequence of illness, he found himself unable to pay his rent. The greater portion of his humble furniture was seized, and he was turned into the street.

He obtained from a man who owed him a trifling sum of money, which he could not pay, a few planks in lieu of the debt, and, having wandered to the “Rue des Fourneaux,” he ferretted out this corner of land, for which he pays 50f. a-year. Here he raised his planks, and, with the aid of any bits of rubbish he could scrape together, erected the construction, upon which we gazed with wonder and admiration.

The little patch in front is neatly but roughly railed in, and a tidy little path leads from the wicket to the hovel. On either side of this he has planted his garden with salad and potatoes, saving one corner for flowers, that he may now and then have a little bouquet for the altar of the Blessed Virgin. He has nothing else to give !

As we approached we saw he was busily engaged fixing a rude post at one corner, and his broad straw hat hid us from his notice, until we addressed him, inquiring if he were the owner of this dwelling.

“Oui, c’est bien moi ! Faites moi, donc, l’honneur d’entrer chez moi,” said he, with an ease of manner and politeness of tone which would have done credit to one in a higher sphere, while he uncovered his head and led the way to the crazy door. We followed him, not without making our own mental observations on the strange and ingenious contrivances we saw around us.

The cabin was divided into two compartments; the first was *utterly roofless*, and the second *half-covered*. The former was disposed as a workshop, but served besides for wash-house, scullery, pantry, and kitchen, while the second was his bed-room, sitting-room, and eating-room. Every article of furniture, no less than the house itself, was manufactured by his own hands, and some of the objects thus produced were, as may be supposed, of very quaint manufacture.

The poor man had evidently seen better days, and the little articles he had placed about him, no less than the order and neatness aimed at, showed he had known the comforts of a decent home. In one corner stood a species of *buffet*, of the roughest possible make, it is true, but yet the existence of such a piece of furniture at all, evinced ideas of order and method. It served for a *garde-manger*, and his coarse loaf, the only food it contained, might be discerned through the half-open door. Above this was a very rustic plate-rack, containing his whole stock of crockery—soon counted,—and beside it he had actually contrived a sink. The floor was the “cold ground,” and here and there a tuft of grass under the coarse table and chairs, or a *creeper* intruding

from between the unhewn stones of the back-wall, reminded one of the unpretending simplicity of the *ménage*. It was his washing-day, and a shirt or two, and other articles of apparel, had just been hung to dry on a line which reached from corner to corner.

A thin partition, in which was an opening, divided this room (?) from his sleeping place. Observing two bedsteads—both, by the by, made by himself, as well as the pillows, mattresses, and coloured quilts—we inquired who occupied the second?

“Ma foi, c’est un camarade; celui-là est encore plus malheureux que moi; il est blessé au bras, et il ne sait plus gagner que très peu de chose. Je le laisse coucher là.”

“But does not he pay you,” we inquired, “for the accommodation?”

“Mon Dieu,” answered the poor fellow, shrugging his shoulders, “que voulez vous, quand on est si malheureux? C’était convenu qu’il me donnerait cent sous par mois; eh bien, depuis son malheur comment voulez vous qu’il les gagne? Il n’y a qu’y faire; il faut bien partager le manger avec lui; je ne peux pas manger, moi, et le voir mourir de faim.”

“What! has he, then, no means of existence, and does he depend entirely on what you can afford to give him?”

“C’est un homme de peine, comme moi; il travaille quand il peut; mais, estropié comme il l’est, ce n’est pas grande chose; moi-même, il y a des jours où je gagne encore mes trente sous, mais, allez, c’est pas souvent ça.

Quand j'en trouve vingt au bout de ma journée, j'en suis encore content, et parfois c'est pas plus de dix sous que je prends."

"Avec ça," continued he, "j'ai la soupe de 'St. Vincent de Paul,' et puis je suis de la 'Sainte Famille,' de sorte que, comme vous voyez, mon bon monsieur, on m'aide un peu par ci, un peu par là."

"Et vous, vous aidez les autres?"

"Eh, mon Dieu, oui; du peu que je suis à même de faire," said the honest fellow. "J'ai toujours été humain, moi, et je vous assure, monsieur, le bon Dieu ne m'a jamais abandonné: j'ai toujours retrouvé ça, même dans ce monde."

"J'ai hérité de la fortune de mon père," he continued, smiling. "'Va, mon garçon,' qu'il me disait souvent, 'gagne ton pain et partage le avec les malheureux; ayez pitié des autres, que Dieu ait pitié de toi; regarde plus bas, et frequente plus haut que toi.' 'V'là la fortune de mon père, monsieur, v'là mon héritage.'"

We could not help feeling interested in the old man, whose wrinkled face and grey hairs commanded respect, while his hands bore ample evidence that they had "ministered to his necessities," though his whole demeanour betrayed antecedents superior to those common to this class.

A little conversation elicited that he was a native of the Tyrol, and that at an early age he had been taken prisoner of war by the French, among whom he had remained ever since. He, however, retained very vivid recollections of his mountain home. Perhaps distance

might lend enchantment to the view, but he spoke with warmth of the good priests, and of the flocks which they tended with loving care, and which in their turn regarded them with veneration; of the village bell which rang the thrice-daily call to the "Angelus," of the little chapel which each, however poor, contrived to erect in some little corner of his house; of the pious scrupulousness with which the nightly remembrances of the departed were rehearsed by the survivors; of the simplicity and earnestness with which little children received their First Communion, and he expressed his conviction that at eight years of age, at which it was the custom to administer it there, children were guileless and unsophisticated, and felt the importance and solemnity of the occasion with becoming awe, while in Paris and other large towns, where it was deferred until twelve years of age, their heads were in a state to be led away by externals, and to be turned from their purpose by vain and frivolous thoughts, and ideas about dress and appearance. He also deplored much the way in which Sunday was desecrated in Paris, and said it was impossible to get reconciled to it, though he had been here so long. It was so different in other countries!

There was much good sense as well as good feeling in the old man's words, and the character imparted to his poor little dwelling by the presence of the rude crucifix and little statuette of the Blessed Virgin near his bed, was in keeping with the notions thus expressed.

It was remarkable, too, that not a complaint escaped him, though we found he had one of his wrists swollen

and stiff from a contusion received the day he began his building operations, which had thereby been much hindered; neither did he even express an impatient wish that his roof could be covered in before the winter rains set in.

There is much, very much, for the rich to learn from the poor, if they would take the trouble to study them.

Returning to the main road, and pursuing our way through the "Barrière de Vaugirard," we came upon the "Cité Thibaut-Méry," which extends to "Plaisance," and presents features precisely similar to the generality of these hamlets. The lighting is still that "of other days," for here and there oil-lamps are slung across the road. The population in this suburb appears to be entirely "ouvrière:" there are several candle-manufactories.

In "Vaugirard" itself, a new church has been erected, which is well filled, though of considerable dimensions. It remains open from six in the morning till six at night, and during that time is much frequented. It is the nearest place of worship for the inhabitants of

LA CITÉ UNIVERSELLE.

If we wander into the Faubourg of Grenelle, going out of Paris by the "Barrière des Ecoles," we shall meet with the "Cité Universelle," which is worth examining. It is quite a model "cité;" the entrance is under the guardianship of a very respectable "concierge," whose house is built beside, and above the archway which forms the entrance to the "cité."

The place itself may be compared to a Flemish "Béguinage à grenier," or a Dutch village. The houses consist of one story, with a *grenier* in the roof: they are of stone, and the roofs of tile, sound and in good repair. Each little villa has its miniature garden, trim and bright, and is dignified with a name which betrays a certain amount of education among the owners.

The first is called "Londres," and we have besides, successively, Pekin, Austerlitz, Naples, Sebastopol, Bruxelles, Moscow, St. Helena, and even the Eternal City itself has been honoured in the remembrance of the occupiers, for the centre house rejoices in the name of "Rome."

For the accommodation thus afforded, the tenants pay from 120 to 140 francs a-year. Several of them are members of the "Sainte Famille," and we are prepossessed in favour of the whole colony by the general appearance of order, harmony, peace, and honest industry, which characterizes the spot. Mothers may be seen sitting outside their doors at work, with groups of little ones about their knees, and there is a general buzz of expectation and pleasure as the blue blouses of the fathers and husbands, brothers and comrades, are seen wending along the road, returning from their day's work. The little children, so far from hiding themselves wildly at the approach of a stranger, as in many other of these colonies, come up to you with a delightful simplicity and confidence, and modestly ask for a little picture.

We have been told a pleasing story of a young lad belonging to the "Cité Universelle," who, touched by

the distress of a neighbour in whose family disease and poverty had made sad ravages, had laid by his earnings to clothe one of the children.

The church of "Grenelle," a large, roomy building, though by no means handsome, stands close to the "cité," and is well attended by its inhabitants. "Grenelle" boasts several factories, the majority of which are for the fabrication of candles as at Vaugirard.

LE CAMP DES BARBARES

is another of these "cités," and had its origin as follows:—

Not long since, a large population—for, despite the dictates of reason, of good sense, and of good advice, country-adventurers *will* flock to Paris to try their fortune—was found literally houseless. They stowed themselves in the courts, under the porticoes, within door-steps, in unfinished buildings; in short, anywhere and everywhere. But this state of things could not continue. It became necessary to do something with them. A piece of ground outside the "Barrière Mont Parnasse" was conceded to them. In less than five months, the spot was covered with habitations, and the place has received the expressive name of "Camp des Barbares."

There are, nevertheless, many who have neither the ingenuity, the skill, nor the energy to construct their own habitations, and, though the severity of their position is of course proportionably greater, it has elicited, in instances worth citing, demonstrations of

benevolence and charity on the part of those but little better provided than themselves.

A man, his wife, and four children, who had but a narrow garret for their own occupation, accidentally came upon one of these outcast families, wandering about the streets in search of a home. It was as numerous as their own, and the parties were, besides, almost unknown to them. Moved, however, at seeing others in a condition of which they knew by experience all the horrors, they invited the houseless mother and children to share all they had to offer—their poverty! They contrived by a variety of ingenious devices, with which necessity inspired them, to receive them all. No one complained; the little children were stowed away in the drawers, and the room, which before was crowded with six inhabitants, stretched its dimensions so as to hold eleven!

Another such case was one where a charitable beggar, whose only room possessed a cupboard, offered this narrow refuge to a poor man whose “lodging was on the cold ground.” He contrived to live there for more than a year, although its size would not admit of his lying down, and he was compelled during the whole of that time to sleep standing, or rather leaning, against the wall! At other times, a good-natured “concierge” has been known, under circumstances, to admit the homeless poor within the “porte-cochère” for the night, or in a corner of the wood-cellar, and, distasteful as such an alternative may seem, the offer is always only too thankfully accepted.

Can we disbelieve the story of a mendicant, who, shut out from the barest necessities, is said to have shaken his fist at the old city, exclaiming: "Ah! scélérat de Paris! faut il qu'il y ait là tant de palais, et pas seulement une mauvaise niche pour moi!"

LE TROU AUX RATS.

In the environs of Paris are smiling plains, delightful gardens, superb parks, and beautiful forests; but nature must always have her varieties, and, as if to set off these enchantments, we find, in juxtaposition, barren mountains, sandy patches, and uninviting flats. If, on the one hand, magnificent châteaux and pleasant country seats convey the idea of wealth and hospitality; on the other, hovels and dens chill us with their aspect of dreariness and dilapidation. Perhaps this contrast nowhere strikes us so forcibly as in that district which lies between "Charonne" and "Menilmontant," though the aspect of the hillocks of "Chauumont" and "Montfaucon" is certainly as gloomy, as barren, and as chalky as can well be imagined.

It is not very extensive; nevertheless, we might travel through Brittany or the "Pays des Landes" without finding a locality more steep, more rugged, or more wild. Amongst these gorges it is that a new colony has established itself, a colony characterised by poverty and rags, an asylum for the vagrant victims of neglect and want.

The ground has been wholly drained of all that gave it value; the potter, the brickmaker, the plasterer, the

quarrier, have, each in their turn, robbed it of its fuller's earth, brick earth, lime, and stone, and it is left worthless and abandoned, to waste. Thus it is that we may see it invaded by a starved and half-naked population, who, cast out from society, have come to make it their abode.

They scrape together all the refuse of their predecessors on the now impoverished soil, and with it construct, as best they may, their miserable cabins. The description of these dwellings is soon given : a few rough stones fixed one upon the other, with mud-mortar, sometimes rough planks for the floor, and for the roof a few more covered with tarred paper, kept in its place by heavy stones.

They are to a certain extent a shelter from the weather, and that is all that can be said. The rains of heaven may still filter through their leaky covering; the winds and storms may drive their chilling blast through the frail tenement from fissure to fissure; the bare and crazy walls are no protection against cold, and the snowdrifts through the clefts of the joinings, while the summer sun, in its turn, broils the wretched inmates with its scorching heat, bringing forward the vermin which infest themselves and their dwellings. The damp does its part, and the blocks of wood, which are their only furniture, are generally rotted by the end of the winter. All they can be said to afford is a shelter, but *what* a shelter! Alas! they do not reflect, they do not perhaps know, how treacherous is its hospitality, nor how surely, though stealthily, it is engendering slow

fever, rheumatism, paralysis, and death. If they *did* know, they could not avert these afflictions: they have no other resource.

As seen from the heights above, these hamlets present a grotesque and fantastic appearance; we might fancy them ant-hills in movement, or subterranean excavations teeming with a population of elves, for these chasms convey the idea of having been invaded by a foreign tribe, among whom the simplest elements of architecture have not yet penetrated. The huts, with their tarred roofs, give one the idea of tombs; the sight is touching, and awakens all the sorrows of the heart, for we cannot forget that the beings they harbour are, like ourselves, heirs of God, and born to immortality. As we looked upon the comfortless abodes, the sad little gardens and drooping plants that surround these living graves, and watched the bent and listless figures of the inhabitants, dragging after them their tattered children, we had almost likened the spot to a cemetery—not to one of those calm and hopeful village churchyards, planted with crosses, enclosed within neat borders of bright and graceful flowers, but that most mournful of all sights, the forsaken and neglected burying-ground of criminals.

CARRIERES DE CHAUMONT.

The lonely and forsaken excavations of Chaumont are occupied chiefly by German and Alsatian families. These unfortunate creatures come to Paris literally in cartloads, perched as best they may be on long and

heavy waggons ; they leave their country full of hope, expecting, as usual, to find a terrestrial paradise at their journey's end. Poor things ! what a disenchantment awaits them ! Their life is perhaps the hardest imaginable ; the women, like the men, have no chance of livelihood but in the employment they can secure standing about the wharves and quays to unload boats, haul ropes, lift and remove bales of merchandise, or lend a hand at any rough work that may turn up. They transport coals and other goods to the warehouses, they push laden trucks, they carry burdens of incredible weight, and work like horses.

The women, who remain at home, nurse their children the while, knit stockings, make nets, or work at lace. They are generally patient and laborious. In the evening, while resting from toil, they may be heard singing in chorus their old national airs, and one is astonished, when passing by these out-of-the-way spots, to hear concerted melodies executed with native feeling and in perfect harmony. Their songs are always of a plaintive character, and even their dance-music has a sentimental and romantic turn.

If, encouraged by the sound, we venture within, we fall back in horrified astonishment. The external aspect is nothing, it is *only* misery ; but there is no word in our language that will serve to designate the interior ; the senses are all simultaneously outraged ; I will not venture to paint it. The children, like those of a savage horde, run away and hide themselves behind the bed (when there is one), crying with fear when they

see a civilized being. A caldron, standing over a stove in the corner, and serving to make the soup for the whole family, sends forth an odour of the most indescribable character, in which is strongly predominant that of the cabbage, which forms an important ingredient in the food of the Rhenish population.

We do not hesitate to say that the air breathed by these people within their confined and straitened rooms is charged with miasma and infectious vapours which would render it fatal to almost any other animal.

Besides the *sauer-kraut*, which they manufacture themselves, and which stands fermenting in the room in which they live night and day, their diet is composed of broken victuals, purchased of what are called "regrattiers" and "bijoutiers."

The technical term for these odds and ends is *arlequins*, and they consist of remains, picked up in kitchens of all classes, bought wholesale, then sorted by knowing hands, and retailed for his own profit by the "bijoutier." This name has been given him because his occupation is to melt down eatables as a silversmith melts and saves the scrapings and parings of the precious metals. He would rather boil down a dish-cloth and extract the essence, than waste any grease that might be in it.

They are in the last stage at which Parisian eatables can arrive—their *ne plus ultra*—for corruption has said, "Thou shalt go no further." No lap-dog would touch them even now, and yet this is to be the food of human beings!

In the narrow streets which lie near the "Boulevards de la Chopinette" and "du Combat," in these obscure, sordid, ignoble sheds, where *traiteurs* of the humblest class supply a very questionable table, what is it we see in broken, mutilated, shapeless plates? What are those uninviting leavings on which we can already discern the incipient down of mould about to spread its green and white lichen over the surface? Those dishes, the refuse of scullions and of kitchen-maids, are destined to mock the appetite of the famished wretches, whose leanness and hunger form a distressing contrast to the plumpness and satiety of the dogs, who had the first choice among them.

Those who washed the dishes threw that refuse, without distinction, into a tub, to be sold to the "regrattiers," who, having first made their reserves, are not ashamed to expose the remainder for sale to the starving, of whose famished indifference to the quality they thus take advantage.

LA CITÉ NITAUT.

At the extremity of the suburb of "Chaillot," near the "Barrière des Bassins," is a considerable enclosure, surrounded with walls. It was formerly a garden, and the iron gates which once protected it are still extant; but here, as in many other instances, vegetable produce has been displaced, to make room for animal life. We can scarce call "houses" such constructions as are erected here. The lord of the soil has let it to a speculator, who, in his turn, has underlet it,

in plots of some metres square, and larger or smaller according to the means of the tenant.

The ground-rent is fixed at from five to seven sous the metre. Scarcely was the ground laid open to competition, when a crowd of poor rushed into it, and there were, not long since, as many as 800 inhabitants. Their first, and indeed only thought, was to obtain a shelter; none considered the important question of sanitary measures, still less that of drainage or a supply of water. It is true the roads were marked and cut, but in rainy weather this garden-ground was softened into a large bog, into which one sank knee deep at every step.

One of the first houses built there was a *cabaret*. It stands at the entrance, that it may be evident to all comers—a very needless precaution. There is no lack of persons who resort thither to seek consolation in oblivious stupefaction.

Once started into this labyrinth of lanes and alleys, we may penetrate into secrets of which we had no previous suspicion, and which may well furnish us with matter for surprise and reflection, as they burst upon us in all their naked and woful reality.

We will select one of these dwellings at a venture; we will examine its interior, and see what it has to reveal. It is fragile, neglected, uninviting; nay, forbidding. Never mind; it will serve our purpose. We push the door, for it has no fastening; we glance around at the contents of the single room. The chinks in the wall impart an additional air of discomfort to its bare

and chilling appearance. The inventory is soon made. A litter of straw and a coverlid in the corner—a portion of a chair—a rusty and broken stove—a washing-tub and an ironing-board, resting on two rough blocks, indicate the nature of the occupation which gives bread to its inmates. A large hole in the wall, which otherwise would admit all the effects of the weather, is stuffed with pieces of old rotten carpet; and another in the ceiling is seen behind the sheet that hangs before it on a stick. A card in the window gives notice that “La veuve F—— mends lace and washes silk stockings.” These objects of luxury, confided to her skill, are a melancholy mockery to all that surrounds her; but what, when I tell you that this broken-down old woman, clothed in cast-off rags, and hobbling about her damp and draughty hut with the help of a rough stick, once wore such articles herself, and thought them matters of necessity! She is the widow of a *Procureur-Général* of celebrity! There are many such cases.

It was a melancholy sight to see these poor people pouring from all directions into the “*Cité Nitaut*.” True, they have hired a corner of building-ground, but what are they to do while their tenements are being raised?

A poor German, among others, came to settle there. He had a wife and four children, and his whole property consisted of a few old deal planks. Although it was summer-time, the weather was bad, and the rain fell in torrents. He began by digging a hole. He disposed his

planks on either side, making them meet in a slope in the middle, the whole family using it as their dwelling-place till they could put together a cabin, which, when completed, was very little better.

As we continue to pick our way through the little street, we come upon habitations where we should least expect to find them. They seem to stand out of the ground, much like Caffre tents, and yet in the midst of all this misery we find charity understood and practised.

A poor woman had been recently discharged from the hospital; she had only twenty sous in the world. Not knowing where to stow herself, she took refuge in the "Clos Nitaut." The only consolation she met there was, that she found others there as poor as herself. This, however, did not provide her with food, clothes, or shelter. Another very poor woman, a "citizen" of the "Clos Nitaut," had established against her wall a crazy "lean-to" for her chickens; for the cultivation of chickens and rabbits is one of the "industries" practised there. Having heard of the case, she cleared out this shed, gave it up with true patriarchal hospitality to the destitute wanderer, made up as good a bed as she could contrive, and managed to convert it into a very tidy little hovel, which the other joyfully accepted.

We occasionally meet with a spice of pleasantry to season this abject misery. The good folks divert themselves by passing jokes upon the quality of their building-materials, and will take off their hats with

loud hurrahs if they come upon a decent block of stone. One "builder" brought home with him one day an old sash-frame, which still contained a few unbroken squares. It was received with acclamations, and was pronounced an importation from the Faubourg St. Germain. "It betrayed its aristocratic origin all over."

We have one bone to pick, however, with the worthy *bourgeois* of the "Cité Nitaut." They have taken an aversion to "chiffonniers," and the race is proscribed. "Chiffonniers, indeed! Do you think we would have *that* class amongst us?" say they, tossing their heads. "They are of too *dirty* a trade to be tolerated here." It would be fair to ask, Whither will not daintiness betake itself?

The "Cité Nitaut" has, however, had its day. Its doom is decreed. One short "quarter" more, and this curious hamlet will have been swept from the face of the Paris world.

The proprietor,—Mons. Nitaut, recently died, and the property has to be divided among his heirs. It must necessarily, therefore, be sold, and, notice having been given to the leaseholders, many families have already found themselves obliged to leave.

"For now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs float upon the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,
But all the blooming flush of life is fled."

Their houses have either fallen to pieces, or have been demolished; and, if we may not add "*seges est ubi*

Troja fuit," it is that a harvest of rank weeds has sprung up on the forsaken spot. The *cité* looks, if possible, more desolate than ever, for the ruins lie where they fell, and betray the past history of the thrifty household they once imperfectly sheltered. Details of penurious economy are uncovered to view through the mouldering apertures, and it requires but little imagination to picture the original condition of the household, and even to people it again with the cottage-group which once called it their home. The "cabaret" is closed, and the "crémèrie" does no more business. A mason, a carpenter, and a *fumiste* still hang out their boards, but the stir and activity of busy life are wanting.

An old woman was collecting and driving home a refractory brood of Cochin fowls. "Allons donc ; rentrez, cochons que vous êtes," exclaimed the good wife, impatiently (*Cochins* would have been the more correct interpellation); "saprísti, la noire, que vas-tu faire par là?—méchante bête qui donne toujours un mauvais exemple aux autres." This reproach seemed to have the desired effect; the black hen led the way, and the rest followed with praiseworthy docility.

The tradespeople in the vicinity, so far from rejoicing at the removal of the *cité*, regret it exceedingly. One of them, a baker, told us it would be a serious loss. He added that those already gone had made a considerable deficit in his ledger, and that he had lost the sale of 240 pounds of bread daily, by their removal. About half the *cité* only has migrated as yet.

They always buy the best white bread, and pay for it across the counter. Indeed, bread forms their principal food, and is almost the only article of consumption they purchase; the rest they trust to Providence to send them.

LA BUTTE AUX CAILLES.

As a specimen of the rookeries, *hors barrière*, we may instance that immediately outside the "Barrière de Fontainebleau." It is of considerable extent, and comprises streets of every possible definition; some, of shops, such as they are; some of villas, "semi-detached;" some up hill, some down hill, some with a rough and broken bank before the houses on either side, some with houses built on hillocks; few capable of admitting a vehicle of any kind; all, including two large drying-grounds, overlooking Bicêtre, in a state of undrained slush and filth altogether undesirable to describe. The interiors are most uninviting, to use the mildest term, and the population consists chiefly of "ramoneurs." One lively old lady told us she lived by breeding and selling dogs. She had been a *cantinière*, lost her husband at the age of eight-and-twenty, and was herself wounded at the taking of Sébouze. "She had seen," she said, "quarante-neuf ans de service," and it would seem the occupation of her early life, as well as the air here, is not unfavourable to longevity, since she boasts of being only three years short of a hundred!

Now let us retrace our steps through this uncivilized-looking suburb to the "Barrière" through which we

but now passed; once there, let us turn to the left, and we shall find another and very similar nest of streets, known as the "Faubourg des Deux Moulins," containing a dense population, respecting which we have some curious particulars to relate.

Seven years ago the condition of this faubourg was beyond all description. Their moral state may be inferred from the fact that in a population of 22,000 there were twenty-eight *maisons de tolérance*. A missionary who had fought hard battles in foreign service was sent among them; even he was discouraged at the sight which met his view. Church or chapel was a thing unheard of; neither man, woman, nor child knew *how* to pray, and if they recognized a priest in him who was sent among them, it was only to insult his person and to scoff at his holy office.

He searched about for a house—a lodging—a room! So disreputable was the whole locality, that the least objectionable spot that presented itself was a *salon de bal*, above which was a small room, just then vacant. Here, then, it was that the poor priest was forced to locate himself, and in the midst of these chilling disadvantages was it that he began his mission. His first care was to search about for some room or loft which could be converted into an incipient church, and it is difficult to say how matters would have gone on, had not one of those providential circumstances occurred with which it often seems that such undertakings are specially favoured.

It happened at this particular juncture that a caba-

retier came to fail; his goods were sold off, his house was shut up, and, as it was to be had at a cheap rate on account of the miserable and dilapidated condition in which it had been left, it was hired, and the quondam bar became a chapel. In order to distinguish it from the other houses in the street, a rough wooden cross was nailed upon the door, and, a small sum having been obtained, a bell was procured and fixed by the *curé's* own hand in the yard.

Thither it was that Père Dausse, one of the Fathers of the "Œuvre de St. Pierre de Sion," was sent to preach a Retreat. The first day, even this limited room was barely filled, but, with that happy talent so peculiar to many preachers of the Catholic Church, which enables the most elevated minds to adapt themselves to the most simple, he so captivated this small audience that the next day the chapel was full to overflowing. At the end of this Retreat he had touched the hearts of so many, that no fewer than 300 came to confession, and he had prepared 128 children for their First Communion.

Meantime the work was progressing; a collection was made, and a church dedicated to St. Marcel, capable of holding between three and four thousand people, was erected, and is now nearly completed.

No obstacle, however, is allowed to weigh with the Catholic priest. On the next occasion on which Père Dausse was directed upon the spot, so great was the eagerness to hear him, and so numerous the concourse of people, that the *curé* came to the determination of

holding the meetings for service in the unfinished building, the roof of which was not yet on. This large church was filled as the little room had been before, and an incredible number of persons flocked to the confessional at the close of the Retreat.

A house of St. Vincent de Paul is now established in this parish; schools are there, and the rising generation is being trained in the way in which it should go. The curé has been obliged to take one vicar to assist him, and will in time have four, none of whom will want work.

A similar wilderness, counting a population of 18,000 souls, has been explored and cleared out in the "Faubourg St. Antoine," and here the same indefatigable priest—Père Dausse—has been chiefly instrumental in bringing about the marvellous change that has been effected.

It was so lately as the month of May last that he, for the first time, visited this locality. In spiritual destitution it was about on a par with the "Faubourg des Deux Moulins." He was walking down the street, accompanied by three of his confrères, when a group of *poissardes*, standing gossiping near the fountain, began cawing in imitation of that sable bird to which the priest has been assimilated ever since the days of the Revolution.

The other priests, one of whom was the curé of this as yet benighted parish, expressed his discouragement, adding that he doubted if there was anything to be done there.

“Anything?” cried our friend, “Why, there is everything!”

“But what,” said the other, “*are* you to do with persons so utterly perverted?”

“Shall I show you how *I* would begin?” said Père Dausse.

“Pray do,” was the answer.

“Well, then,” said Père Dausse, “let me walk outside, so as to be nearest to these good ladies when we pass them;” and then, as the “cawing” continued, as soon as they had come up to the spot, he said to the one who was nearest, and who had ended by making a face at them :

“N’ayez pas peur, ma bonne petite dame; nous sommes des corbeaux, mais nous ne mangeons pas la charogne.”

This sally turned the fortunes of the day. The *peuple* are wonderfully quick at seizing any *finesse* of thought, and, entering into the spirit of the humorous rejoinder, all the bystanders heartily applauded, and a considerable number of persons to whom the thing had been repeated gathered round him. Here was an immense point gained, and, as they were attracted by a sentiment of curiosity, if not of admiration, they were longing to hear him open his mouth once more. Availing himself, therefore, of this fortunate incident, which had brought him a wholly unexpected audience of a couple of hundred persons, he extemporised a short address suited to the circumstances, and calculated to interest and engage the class to which they belonged,

and, by the time he had concluded, he found he had already won their hearts. The next time he passed that way, which he took care should be at no great interval, he was spied out by hundreds of eyes, and heard voices on all sides exclaiming, "Venez voir, voilà le Père Dausse!"

He soon found himself surrounded by a numerous escort, and another allocution was eagerly claimed. It would have been useless to resist, and the Père complied, with the better grace that it was the very object of his visit. Upon each succeeding occasion he was welcomed with the same ovation, and at length, when the church of St. Eloid was built, the crowds that rushed thither—most of them entering a church for the first time—formed a most gratifying sight. The first communions which followed were numerous, and the confessional was literally besieged.

CHAPTER III.

LE FAUBOURG SOUFFRANT.

THE QUARTER S. MÉDARD—THE DIFFERENT FAUBOURGS OF PARIS COMPARED—MARCHÉ DES PATRIARCHES—FAUBOURG ST. MARCEAU—ITS CONDITION AND ASPECT—A VISIT TO ITS REMOTER STREETS—CURIOUS DETAILS—LOGEMENS A LA CORDE—HOT WEATHER IN THE FAUBOURG—HOW A “ FINE CLEAR FROST ” AFFECTS THE POOR—LA RUE DES BOURGUIGNONS—RENTS IN PARIS—ABBÉ FALCONNIER—THE ŒUVRE DES PAINS—STRANGE TRADES PURSUED—VISIT OF MONSEIGNEUR SIBOUR TO THE FAUBOURG SOUFFRANT—THE CLASS OF OUVRIERS WHO INHABIT IT—SŒUR ROSALIE—THE VENERATION IN WHICH HER MEMORY IS HELD—HER OBSEQUIES—THE CHIFFONNIERS—LOSING AND FINDING—THE LOWER ORDERS IN FRANCE PREVIOUS TO THE REVOLUTION—ANECDOTE OF THE OUVRIERS OF THE FAUBOURGS ST. MARCEAU—P. DE RAVIGNAN—OTHER FAUBOURGS SOUFFRANTS—INTERIOR SCENES—MONSEIGNEUR MORLOT.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF NEW YORK
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME

CHAPTER III

OF THE
EARLY HISTORY OF THE CITY

THE HISTORY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT TO THE PRESENT TIME, IS A SUBJECT OF GREAT INTEREST AND IMPORTANCE. THE CITY WAS FIRST SETTLED BY THE DUTCH IN 1614, AND HAS SINCE THAT TIME BEEN THE SEAT OF A GREAT AND INCREASING POPULATION. THE HISTORY OF THE CITY IS A HISTORY OF THE GROWTH AND DEVELOPMENT OF A GREAT METROPOLIS, AND OF THE VARIOUS FACTORS WHICH HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO ITS PROGRESS AND PROSPERITY. THE HISTORY OF THE CITY IS A HISTORY OF THE STRUGGLES AND TRIUMPHS OF A GREAT PEOPLE, AND OF THE VARIOUS FACTORS WHICH HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO ITS PROGRESS AND PROSPERITY. THE HISTORY OF THE CITY IS A HISTORY OF THE STRUGGLES AND TRIUMPHS OF A GREAT PEOPLE, AND OF THE VARIOUS FACTORS WHICH HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO ITS PROGRESS AND PROSPERITY.

CHAPTER III.

THE FAUBOURG SOUFFRANT.

Quel spectacle ! Je voudrais que cette page fût connue de tout l'univers ; je voudrais qu'on sût que, dans une ville où tout respire l'opulence, pendant les nuits les plus froides de l'hiver, une foule de malheureux dorment à découvert, la tête appuyée sur une borne, ou sur le seuil d'un palais.

XAVIER DE MAISTRE.

Zōμεν γὰρ οὐχὼς θελομεν, ἀλλ' ὡς δυναμεθα.

“LE FAUBOURG SOUFFRANT:”—such is the name—not without its significance—which designates that corner of Paris in the centre of which stands the Church of S. Médard, abandoned to the exclusive occupation of the poorest of the poor ; and various, doubtless, are the phases which distress has assumed within its boundaries.

Some—though it is to be feared not the most numerous class—earning a scanty but honest livelihood ; others, who *would* work, if employed, reduced to the

last resource of begging; and others, again, unable to resist the temptations of want and starvation, yielding to dishonest and desperate expedients.

There is much truth in the oft-repeated observation that each *faubourg* of Paris has its own particular physiognomy, and seems to share the destinies of those who occupy it.

Thus, of the Faubourg St. Germain we cannot but observe that it maintains that appearance of grandeur characteristic of the ancient French aristocracy, for whose occupation its mansions were constructed. There is an air of dignity and repose about its enclosed quadrangular courts, its broad *portes-cochères*, and its mysterious walls; the lofty and spacious structures tower in proud solidity, and seem to stand on a foundation as immovable as once appeared the fortunes of those who owned them. Their condition is still sound and well ordered, and they are evidently in the hands of prudent and punctual holders. This is the Grosvenor Square of Paris.

In the Faubourg St. Honoré and others, we have something more analogous to Belgravia and West-bournia. There is a mixture of modern splendour, *parvenu* wealth, commercial stir and activity; luxury, perhaps, but with it, the bustle of industry and the excitement of speculation. Showy shops, colossal *cafés*, smart show-rooms, rich marts containing an unending choice of every imaginable ware, meet us on every side, and are wonderfully expressive of the vanity, the caprice, and the frivolity of those who frequent them;

and no less illustrative of the uncertain alternations of trade and competition. Despite their glittering exterior, they have been started with a capital wholly disproportionate to their pretensions; business is perhaps less active than was anticipated, their reputation is compromised, their stability succumbs, and we are not surprised to see these *magasins* of yesterday perpetually changing their destinations and their owners.

Certain old nooks corresponding to the purlieus about the *Strand*, such as the *Place Royale* or the *Rue des Tournelles* (in which stands the *ci-devant* palace of the famous Ninon de l'Enclos), though originally destined to lodge kings and shelter grandees, have gradually seen their honours fly and their brilliancy fade. Their too narrow streets and their superannuated palaces no longer suffice to satisfy the exactions of new generations, and, like *pauvres honteux*, forsaken at once by wealth and by society, they have preserved nothing but the relics of past magnificence. They survive only to display the mournful mockery of gilded halls whose pageants and whose guests have disappeared together, and to see other neighbourhoods, which have but just started into existence, enjoy all the admiration and favour of untried novelty. Such are those masses of new constructions, the creation of yesterday, which spring up with mushroom growth along the Champs Elysées, rising as if by magic from the ground, with the elegance, the luxury, and almost the rapidity of the equipages which rush through its avenues.

But Paris has also its Soho, its St. Giles's, its Smith-

fields, its Spitalfields : it has streets almost as crowded, poverty almost as abject, starvation almost as gaunt, filth, immorality, and profligacy almost as staggering, as is to be found in those nests of vice and crime for which our great overgrown Babylon is so (in)famous.

Our business is not with London just now, or we could tell some strange—some scarcely credible stories of what goes on in those grim and gloomy chambers, of which multitudes inhabiting the vast city know not so much as the existence. We could tell them that if Paris has its “Faubourgs Souffrants,” London is far from being exempt from plague-spots even more rank and more festering. Our readers *are* in London; there can be no great difficulty in assuring themselves of the melancholy fact, should they be disposed to doubt it. We address ourselves to men, because, as regards our fair countrywomen, we feel it to be a duty to warn them *not* to make the attempt; there are limits even to the expansiveness of female charity, and the localities to which we point are such as we *could* not suffer our wives and daughters to approach.

But if vice, if immorality, if laxity and profligacy in every shape, have usurped an empire there, there has still been room left for misery, for desolation, for despair, and it is an awful truth, but one capable of proof, and that not in *one*, but in *many* parts of London, that death from starvation is a form of dissolution by no means unknown within their precincts. (See p. 208.)

To return to our physiology of the different quarters

of Paris. There is one to which we would more particularly allude, which would seem to have withstood the laws of progress. Certain it is that it never had anything to *lose*.

Notwithstanding the beggared and muddy aspect of the Faubourg St. Marceau, we can detect there no trace of fallen greatness. Its uneven and sloping streets, its narrow passages and unpaved causeways, can never have afforded a thoroughfare for carriages, and we at once pronounce that its lofty and sombre houses, with their countless stories, their steep staircases, and their damp chambers, must have been built for that class of tenants who are not remarkable for liberality or accuracy in the payment of their rents. If any souvenirs and associations are to be traced out in these poverty-stricken tenements, they are those of misery, of starvation, and disease. It is true the town authorities have for some time past been busy in this locality. Besides streets demolished, and new buildings on an improved principle erected in their place, there have been clearances and improvements of several kinds ; in fact, so rapid is the progress of the work, that if we return to a house we have visited but two days previously, we find not only the house but the whole street swept away ; a few days more, and a new one stands on the spot ! A humorous notice appeared chalked up a few days since. We quote it for its *à propos* :—

“ Le Sieur Blancbec prévient sa clientèle qu’il vient de transférer son fond de comestibles, Rue Percée, maison démolie, numéro effacé, escalier démanché, au dessus du troisième entresol, porte en face.”

But the street architecture is still in the same woful plight. The drains are choked, the gutters overflowing, and the pavement unmended.

The principal market in the vicinity—that of the “Patriarches,” is nothing more than an assemblage of pens and hurdles, on which hang a collection of shapeless and truly “*patriarchal*” rags; and if the modern luxury of gas has penetrated with its brilliant light into the depths of the Rue Mouffetard, it is only to illumine the objectless path of him who seldom dines, or the nocturnal expeditions of the weary and broken-spirited “chiffonnier.”

There is much that imparts a peculiar character to this miserable Faubourg. Whilst everywhere else poverty finds itself in close proximity to wealth—extremes of luxury and want, as it were, touch each other; ease is brought into contact with suffering, and profusion brushes past starvation—here there is no such contrast, and poverty reigns absolute, without mitigation and without alloy.

By the statistics of a census taken some few years back, we ascertain that in the 2nd arrondissement—the richest in Paris—the proportion of poor assisted by public charity was 1 in 36; the 10th—that of the Gros-Caillou—balances the Faubourg St. Germain, and counts 1 in 18; and the 12th, of which the Faubourg St. Marceau forms a part, numbers 1 in 6. But we must observe that while the population of the wealthier districts, who do not receive assistance, is composed of householders, tradesmen, industrials, and others not

only capable of supporting themselves, but also of giving alms, in the 12th, or poorest arrondissement, the six who are inscribed as not receiving public charity are in no better circumstances than those thus succoured, the only difference in their position being that they may have fewer children and not quite so many infirmities. Thus, at the first stagnation in work, a day of disturbance, a change in the weather, or a season of frost, while others are beginning to apprehend and to complain, *here*, the poor, who live literally from hand to mouth, are at once reduced to the last extremes of cold and hunger.

In these damp, unwholesome dwellings, breathing a poisoned air, half-nourished with the coarsest food, reposing in the unclean rags, which they have not means to change, upon that straw which is the only bed they know, how can we expect freshness and health in the child, strength in the adult mechanic or labourer, or vigour in the old man?

Disease and misery—the only heritage these can transmit to their posterity—arrest development, and dry up the springs of life. Premature exertion and toil contribute to increase the evil in each succeeding generation, not only in a physical but a moral point of view. Children compelled to add the sum of their feeble labours to the family earnings are necessarily kept away from school, from religious instruction, and from the rest necessary to their tender age; and thus, for the sake of the scanty pittance he can pick up, the child's future existence is marred and his prospects are destroyed.

If he grow up to man's estate, he necessarily proves enfeebled in body and undisciplined in mind. The slightest accident or disease excludes him from work, if, indeed, it should not prove fatal, while his intelligence is apt to be led astray by every novel theory, political, social, or religious, which may rise up around him.

The Faubourg St. Marceau, left to itself, would have long since become the gloomy abode of despondency, had not God in his mercy provided a compensation for its profound distress. We cannot fail to recognise that it is to this end He has invested with a power of attraction which charity is unable to resist, that state which circumstances have rendered the most forlorn.

By virtue of this merciful dispensation, the faubourg daily receives the visits of those who come from afar, bringing with them the consolations which accompany their loving and tender words, their zeal, their self-sacrifice, their alms. Sisters of Charity, members of the Bureau de Bienfaisance, of the various *œuvres* and societies which abound in Paris, and, among others, of the "Sainte Famille," are busy here, to meet the ravages of hunger, of disease, of ignorance, and profligacy. These messengers of God, regardless of all personal considerations, and anxious only to relieve the needs, spiritual and temporal, of their unhappy fellow-beings, have parcelled out among themselves the streets, the houses, and the floors; and often, within these lofty tenements, swarming with poor from the cellar to the garret, the Sister of Charity may be dressing a wound

on the ground floor, a "Dame de Bon Secours" may be engaged on the first floor reading a passage from the Gospels to a dying man, while a member of St. Vincent de Paul is above, under the broken tiles, consoling a poor family, who look forward to his weekly visit as a day of rejoicing; another may be instructing a mischievous urchin, who stares to see a fine gentleman in a round hat and without a cassock take him familiarly on his knee and coax him to go to Mass on Sundays and holidays.

It is worthy of notice that, however rough, however coarse, however profligate may be the population visited by the devoted and unprotected Sisters, there is no instance on record where the smallest insult, or even impertinence, has been offered to them; so far from this, their notice is courted, and their presence is valued, as is proved by the fact that no sooner does a man fall ill, meet with an accident, or find himself burdened with a sick wife or child, than his first impulse is to have recourse to the humane and able succour they are always willing to afford.

One afternoon, we were invited by a friend who was aware of the interest we took in these classes to accompany him to the Quartier St. Marceau, that we might judge by personal experience of the haunts of their choice. It was pleasant summer weather, and, as we threaded the Rue de la Montagne, the Rue du Pot de Fer, and the various lanes and alleys which came into our track, he made us observe how various were the appearances which the neighbourhood assumed. It

was not that one habitation was *less* wretched than another, but each exhibited a different *kind* of wretchedness.

One mode they have adopted of economising space, at the expense, however, of salubrity (a consideration which does not seem to enter into their calculation), consists in establishing what are called, among the lower classes, *étales*. The *étales* is a large common room; the only pieces of furniture are bundles of straw, on which are stowed the largest possible number of human beings, of both sexes and all ages. It is generally situated in the roof, among the slopes and rafters, and its altitude seldom admits of a grown person's standing upright. The only contrivances for light or ventilation are openings in the tiles, for which the technical term is "châtières." Even in winter the occupants of these loathsome garrets are nearly stifled; in the summer they are literally unable to endure the close and pestilential atmosphere, and prefer sleeping in the open air; they could not remain there an hour without danger of suffocation. It would be a penance worse than the leads of Venice, or the black hole at Calcutta.

This state of things having come to the ears of the Academy of Sciences, M. Quatrefages, one of the members, visited portions of this faubourg; his hideous description brought other authorities to the spot, and at length the commissioners of the 12th Arrondissement appointed a sub-commission to examine into the details of all this irregularity; the result was reported to the

municipal commission of the city of Paris, in order that prompt and efficacious measures might be taken to amend this monstrous state of things. Much stir was the consequence, and M. Horace Say, by his admirably-expressed statement, touched all hearts, for as yet no one had ventured to believe in the existence of so much wretchedness combined with so much resignation. The matter was not followed up, however, so rapidly as was anticipated ; although M. le Général Jorry, in his accurate statistics of the ravages of the cholera in 1832 and 1849, demonstrates that, during the whole time this scourge devastated Paris, the number of fatal cases in the 12th Arrondissement alone equalled those of all the rest of the city.

It is no uncommon practice for the inhabitants of this neighbourhood to locate themselves on the outside instead of the interior of their houses by day, as well as by night, when the temperature will admit of it.

A few days before our visit, the heat had been intolerable, and the dwellings positively uninhabitable. The population, depressed and discouraged by the continual pressure and anxiety of want, and lacking the energy to struggle against its overpowering tendency, had given way to its effects, and might be seen strewed on the pavement in every direction, with all the listlessness and apathy of brutes, amidst the tortuosities of a neighbourhood which thus presented the appearance rather of a labyrinth of pig-sties than a city of human beings. Here, lost to all sense of the position to which they were reduced, they seem to have given themselves

up to the full enjoyment of their *otium* (in this case) *sine dignitate*, or we might truly call it the “*dolce far niente*,” of which the intermittent nature of their profession admitted.

The effluvium issuing from the open doors, or from the entrance of every street and court, was in itself strongly conducive to somnolence and stupefaction, and might partly account for the inclination experienced and indulged. On the day previous, however, there had fallen some smart showers, and, as most of these streets are built on a considerable slope, the irrigation had proved highly beneficial to the physical no less than the moral aspect of the spot.

There was, it is true, a peculiar *cachet* stamping the whole neighbourhood with misery, but we must admit that, prepared as we were for these details, by our previous visits to the slums of London, we were agreeably surprised by what we saw. The Rue Mouffetard is its leading thoroughfare, and at that hour it was more than usually crowded with knots of working-men, in *blouses*, returning from their daily labour. All were orderly and quiet, and there was neither noise nor—what we confess we expected to see to some extent—inebriety.

We passed a wide door, admitting into a roughly-paved vestibule, while a lighted room was visible beyond; the opening was draped with tawdry, spangled curtains, and over it were spelt, in coloured lamps, the words, “*Salle de Danse*.” The discordant sounds of uncouth instruments within, and the successive entrance

of parties of three and four of both sexes, proclaimed the hour of the "chiffonnier's" ball.

The street abounds in *traiteurs* of a certain *calibre*, who seem to drive an active trade. At this hour, the tables filled rapidly, and it was pleasant to witness, through the steaming panes, the hearty appetite with which the "consommateurs" discussed a fare which could have been scarcely welcome without the seasoning of Spartan sauce.

All these streets are dark and narrow, and the height of the houses does not take from their mysterious gloom: turning into an alley on the right, we found ourselves confronted with a curious *tableau*. Had we possessed the pencil of a Schalchen, we might have transferred to canvas a painting more worthy of immortalization than many of the scenes he has bequeathed to us; for in this was matter for meditation. It was one of nature's illustrations of a peculiar form of human misery—a "study," not only for the painter, but for the moralist.

On the lowest story of one of these lofty and time-worn dwellings, within a blackened doorway, which formed no inappropriate frame to the strange and unearthly picture, a glimmering lantern enabled us to distinguish four or five dark "silhouettes," grouped round a formless and nameless heap on the ground. Armed with *crochets*, they appeared to be making acquaintance with its component ingredients, turning them over in all directions with eager scrutiny. We confess that when we realized the fact that these

hungry beings were reduced to such a resource for all means of livelihood, and were literally seeking in that repulsive mass the matter of their evening meal, our thoughts reverted to our own position, and that of others, living in careless ease, and we could not help thinking that the blessing of God must rest upon those associations which are, by degrees, penetrating among the poor, and witnessing with practical interest the details of their interior life, with a view to introducing a better system of relief than that still so imperfectly corresponding with their needs.

That there is—despite their poverty—religious feeling latent among the inhabitants of the Faubourg Souffrant, we judge from little incidents we have witnessed there.

Many of our readers are doubtless aware that in Roman Catholic countries it is a pious custom to expose the coffin containing the corpse of a deceased relative in the doorway of the house, before carrying it away for ever. The door-posts are draped with black, the hangings being more or less richly ornamented with silver, according to the condition of the family. Around the coffin stand tall, lighted wax-tapers; at its head, a crucifix; and, at the foot on a little stool, is a stoup of holy-water in which stands a *goupillon*. Now, on such occasions, in this, the worst part of Paris, it is a fact that by far the greater proportion of passers-by will stop, and, having uncovered and crossed themselves, asperse the coffin, kneeling for a moment or two in prayer. Again, we one day

followed the little simple bier of a young child, borne through the streets; the small coffin was covered with a white pall, and on it lay a wreath of lilies of the valley. We confess we were struck with what we saw, because in that neighbourhood we did not expect either refinement, feeling, or faith; nevertheless, not a single individual of the male sex passed that coffin without lifting his hat—one man even stopping a truck he was driving, to liberate his hand, and to salute it as it passed—and every woman reverently crossed herself. We think we may in fairness be allowed to ask whether in this enlightened city—the would-be capital of the civilized world—we should have witnessed this touching tribute of respect to a stranger's corpse—this consoling evidence of belief in the “communion of saints”—in the *best*, much less in the *worst* quarter of the city.

Now we are here, we will linger about the Montagne Ste. G  nevi  ve, and explore the Rue de Fourcy, or glance down some of the steep and narrow turnings which run in the direction of the Rue Mouffetard, or we may turn towards the Luxembourg, and look into the Rue Royer-Collard, following the maze of little alleys to which it would conduct us, or we might go on to the Rue St. Jacques du Haut Pas, for there are dens in all these directions, and many others, where we may run to earth the game we are pursuing.

We are at the entrance of a “mauvais cul-de-sac;” let us pause there a while. It is true, we feel no inclination to make any closer acquaintance with its dark recesses, for even at this distance we are warned by all

our senses of what we might expect to find if we went further.

It is a mystery to us how any human creature can exist for five minutes in that hot and unwholesome atmosphere. What must it be to pass a long life within those precincts ! The locality seems to exhale pestilence and death, and we unconsciously hold our breath as we stand gazing on the scene, lest we should absorb any portion of the infectious miasma which we know to be rising from the ground on which we stand. But we must arm ourselves with courage, and try to lay aside these apprehensions for a time, for, if we would learn the deeply-significant lesson which is to be found there, we must penetrate yet further. We are pursuing *realities*, not *fictions*. We must enter, one by one, those forbidding doors ; we must ascend the broken and unclean stairs, which will conduct us into the rooms lighted by those crazy casements and rag-stuffed panes we have been looking at from below.—We are now *au sixième*, and, though the stairs continue to offer means of ascent yet higher, we will arrest our progress, and open that black and greasy door on our right.

What do we see ? Why, surely this is a menagerie ! —not at all : it is true, despite the dusky hue of the light, we may distinguish bears, monkeys, dogs, hedgehogs, dormice, and guinea-pigs ; but they are all the subjects of individual enterprise ; you will observe that none of these interesting quadrupeds are caged, or even chained. The bear is simply taking his dancing lesson, the pig is learning his alphabet, the dog is practising his standing

exercise in a new pair of trousers, and the monkey is studying a fresh antic with which to entertain the Parisian *Gôbemouches* in the Champs Elysées this evening. The bear is tried, and he lies down to rest, his shaggy fur serving as a soft pillow for his master's head. The monkey and his lord eat out of the same plate, and drink from the same cup; and the dormice nibble the crust which serves for the dinner of the Savoyard boy. Those ducks that you see in one corner, and the rabbits whose long ears betray them in another, have figured night after night, almost ever since their birth, on their master's stall, where they are unceasingly proposed as prizes (never intended to be won) to those who so perseveringly contend for them.

If we enter another of these garrets, we shall find many of the characteristics of a farm-yard. True, the fresh air and the farm scenery, redolent of plenty and rural ease, with which it is associated in our minds, are absent; but the feathered inhabitants are there, and, limited as may be their precincts, they cannot complain, for they are as well lodged as their masters. The loft before us is the home of a *nourrisseur en chambre*,—neither more nor less than a goat-keeper. Some are at the same time *chiffonniers*, and there is great economy in combining the two conditions; the *chiffonnier* can keep a goat at a very small expense, for he picks up the quadruped's rations along with his own. In this case, the goat takes the position of the Irishman's porker, and is held in almost as much consideration in the household. He is petted and coaxed, and

this is but just, seeing that Nanny costs but little, and yet contributes in no small degree to the support of the family.

“The best bed,” said a generous Paddy on one occasion, “shure an’ it’s for Miss Juliana Matilda, the pig,—isn’t it herself as pays the rint?”

This feeling is quite as strong with the Paris poor, who are greatly attached to their dumb pets, and treat them with a degree of affection which would scarcely be understood in England, although France has no “Society for the Protection of Animals;” indeed, this would account for the absence of that form of charity.

“In the course of numerous visits I have been in the habit of paying to the poor of the Twelfth Arrondissement,” says the benevolent and learned Dr. Descuret, “I have constantly remarked that the poorest are ready to share their fireside and their bread with their dog, whose affectionate caresses always seem sufficiently to repay them. And many persons may have seen, as I have, this true friend of the poor and the blind pass whole days and nights upon the forsaken grave of the master he has lost.

“A merchant whom I had known,” continues he, “as once possessed of great wealth, but who had suffered fearful reverses, confessed to me that, had not the dreary solitude of his denuded garret, presenting so sad a contrast to the luxury by which he had once been surrounded, been enlivened by the affectionate attachment of a little dog—his sole companion—he should, in his despair, have often been tempted to put an end to

his days. I was once witness to a still stranger circumstance: a poor old man, an inhabitant of the Rue Mouffetard, living, or rather struggling with life, had long been a prey to decrepitude, want, and loneliness. One morning he was found dead in his bed; by his side sat a *toad*! which had been his friend and companion for years, and after showing the greatest reluctance to leave the body, itself died shortly after its master."

Shall we try the next house? What see we there? In a low sooty room are huddled together perhaps half-a-dozen families; quarrelsome and half-drunken husbands, outraged wives, screaming children, creating an aggregate of noises which stun our ears and bewilder our senses. We rush out and take refuge up a flight of stairs. On the floor above, we enter a chamber which might almost pass for a wizard's laboratory. Serpents' skins and portions of various skeleton reptiles, defunct owls, bats and eagles, favourite pigs and pet tabbies, parrots and canary-birds, are scattered about apparently in hopeless confusion, amidst the implements of the handicraft by which they are to be treated.

Next to the *empailleur*—for it is a bird and beast stuffer we have made acquaintance with—we find one of his coadjutors, the false eye maker, and we should hardly guess how busy are the numberless hands employed in the manufacture of this one article, comprising those required for stuffed animals, dolls, and human beings. The latter are of course quite a work of art; great numbers are for exportation.

Then we may visit bird-fanciers, dog-fanciers, cat-breeders, and a variety of other dealers of the same genus; next we come to the manufacturers of polichinelles, marionettes, and fantoccini, and an infinite variety of cheap toys. We might proceed to enumerate hawkers, who sell wares they have purchased, and others who pass their mornings in devising the articles they carry about for sale in the evening, or salesmen of salt and shell-fish, gingerbread, fruit, and sweetmeats—for their abodes are of no cleaner a description than the rest. Then there are the vendors of lemonade and liquorice-tea, who may be seen smart enough when on duty; and a great resource they always seem to be during hot and dusty weather, and especially whenever and wherever any object of attraction is likely to collect a crowd. They are jauntily dressed in their own peculiar costume, and shoulder their ponderous but picturesque reservoir with an ease which surprises us when we learn that it sometimes weighs as much as 50lbs.

The cheerful tinkle of the little *grélot*, and the perpetual invitation, “Messieurs, mesdames, qui veut boire à la fraîche? qui veut boire?” is so continually responded to, that one might suppose this “*ratafia de grenouilles*” exercised a soothing charm upon its votaries.

“Σὺν τῷ πιεῖν γὰρ ἡμᾶς
Εὐδουσιν αἱ μεριμναί.”

The bright scarlet machine, with its furbished taps

and well-polished glasses, is a pleasing and characteristic feature in a Paris crowd, but we doubt if the *sou* per glass renders the trade a very lucrative one.

During the *chômage*, or, as we should say, the dead season, these speculators must get their living as best they can; the men generally take up with some article of street-sale then in season, and the women go out charring, washing, or mattress-making—"enfin, un peu de tout."

Mingled with such as we have already visited, is a considerable sprinkling of itinerant vendors, being those we have enumerated and described in our progress through the "streets of Paris," and whose homes these are.

We may visit them in succession; we shall always find it is the same story repeated with occasional amplifications. The bed of rest, like the bed of suffering, is often nothing more than a dust-heap, made up of the street-refuse brought home by the "chiffonnier;" bits of wood, stick, straw, cabbage-stalks, carrot-leaves, turnip-peelings, bones, rags, paper, form the surface; beneath is a staple of broken bottles, old corks, iron, skins, leather, carpet. In the midst of all this live—night and day, sleeping generally in their clothes—men and women, boys and girls!—Christians—beings with immortal souls—and that in the very heart and centre of civilisation. It is a startling reality, but it is one.

Happily we shall soon, very soon, be able to change our tense, and speak of all this in the past.

We shall see that, whatever opinions there may be as to the excellence or turpitude of the Government, there is at least some advantage to the people that it should support the Church—from whatever motive. But with motives we have nothing to do. Let God judge them.

With the religious liberty which has been restored to France, we find the Church once more beginning to act with vigour. Societies and associations are formed; vicious and profligate neighbourhoods are examined into. A moral pestilence is disclosed, it is true, as fast as these reeking and polluted streets are pulled down and cleared away, and with the progress of these measures Paris, doubtless, *looks* very bad; but show us any large city whence social and moral vice are absent. Is it not *better* to see the worst in such a case? If we have a diseased hand, shall we suffer it to go on mortifying under the white kid glove with which we have covered it, and think ourselves not only very sound, but very clever, because others say, How beautiful it looks? We presume to think this would be false philosophy, to say nothing of its danger, and we affirm that, while embellishing his capital, the Emperor of the French—whether intending it or not—is not only rendering it the most magnificent city in the world, but he has disturbed and disclosed a mass of moral and physical destitution, with which religion and charity, if left free to act, will know how to deal.

We have spoken of strange sleeping-places in London, and we can affirm there are equally strange

contrivances in Paris. Paris has also its *Logements à la corde*, and its penny a-night beds, which are not only disposed as in London, but likewise, occasionally, on a more ingenious principle. It may be called the refinement of discomfort. In these the *corde* is stretched along the head of the *couchettes*, taking them all within its span. It thus serves the purpose of a pillow to each respective sleeper !

We are thankful to say that, with the demolitions at present in prospect, all this will disappear, and though, of course, the classes who now swarm here must lodge somewhere, and will, doubtless, create new "Fosses-aux-Lions" and "Champs des Alouettes," yet we submit it will be a vast improvement.

At all events, the fresh air with which these hamlets *hors barrière* are surrounded must be preferable to the atmosphere of close and narrow streets, whose inhabitants, densely packed in houses sometimes reaching eight or nine stories, are impervious to ventilation.

It is difficult to imagine that such neighbourhoods can ever, in summer, be free from pestilence in some form, and indeed we imagine these poor people must entertain as great a dread of the hot as of the cold weather, though, what must have been their condition in the gloomy days and gloomier nights of winter frosts, in all their unpalliated severity, it is fearful to think. We invite our readers to refresh their memories with the leader in the *Times* of December 4. It may be as fairly and forcibly applied to Paris as to London, and well describes the opposite sensations with which the

pleasures of “a fine clear frost” are *enjoyed* by the rich and its *severities suffered* by the poor. This is not imaginary, and it is only too true that the report of the Registrar General, at the end of November, 1858, proved the melancholy fact.

“Fortunately,” says the writer, “these ‘fine healthy frosts’ do not last for ever; then comes a damp delicious morning, when the walls and timbers begin to stream and the pavements stick to the footsteps—a general relaxation of Nature, when the stiffened moisture oozes out of her pores, and envelopes everything in one genial and kindly mist. The strong survive these trials; the weak give way. The ‘fine frost’ carries off the old and the valetudinarian, who have only enough animal vigour and warmth to meet ordinary demands, and which are soon spent when the extraordinary drain begins. How many miserable holes are there in our courts and alleys, where literally the poor wretches have nothing but their own breath to warm themselves with! From pinching frost out of doors they only change for a deadening frost within. A few broken chairs, a table, a curtainless window, and holes even in that, a door which does not shut—this is the picture of thousands of interiors in London and elsewhere—weak, trembling forts, indeed, to stand the siege of mighty cold. Think of these realms of deprivation, where everything is going and nothing comes in supply, where the vital forces of nature are slowly retreating from human frames, and leaving so many living sepulchres behind them,—think of these, you gentlemen in bear skins,

buffalo skins, and wolf skins, who maintain by the aid of excellent food and drink a jovial fight with cold."

LA RUE DES BOURGUIGNONS,
a little *cité* of poor, in the heart of the Faubourg Souffrant, may fairly be considered another nest of physical misery.

The ground and buildings are the property of an old lady, who lets them at exorbitant rents. Happily the harvest extorted from these poor creatures will soon come to an end: the erections are doomed, and a boulevard is to cross the spot.

The tenants have long grumbled sadly, and not without a cause. One of them told us the elderly landlady was not "*commode à friser*," and she is rigidly exacting as regards punctuality, although she not long since raised her rents, from 10*l.* to 12*l.* a-year, for one small room, very difficult of access, in a group of buildings where there is no attempt at ventilation!

A letter from Paris, dated September 27th, says:—

"Landlords are demanding a price for apartments which neither the middle nor the lower classes can pay. Gradually since 1848 the prices of apartments in Paris have nearly doubled. The value of a thing, we are told, is what it will fetch; and, if landlords find their property doubled in value, and get paid accordingly, of course they, like the rest of the world, avail themselves of the market price. Time alone can correct the universally complained of evil—the high price of apartments. I am told there are no less than 20,000 apartments to let, in and about the city of Paris. And

yet you cannot rent half-a-dozen rooms on the fourth or fifth floor of a respectable hotel for less than 100*l.* per annum; 1,000*l.* and 1,500*l.* is the common price of an ordinary first or second floor of a good house in a respectable quarter. Of this class of apartments there are numbers to let. The fact is, hundreds of humbler dwellings have been pulled down during the last four or five years, and replaced by magnificent hotels, built at a great cost, magnificently decorated from top to bottom, inside and out. Now, the class of people who can afford to pay the rent demanded for such apartments is of necessity limited, and that is why so many are unoccupied. The mania is for building magnificent hotels, while no accommodation is provided for people who form an immense class in Paris—viz., those who cannot afford to pay more than 50*l.* or 80*l.* per annum, for house rent. Another class, the workmen, are equally sufferers. They pay 10*l.* a-year for a wretched room immediately under the very roof of a house, where they are exposed to the extremes of heat and cold. They complain bitterly against landlords, and openly talk about a day of retribution. I believe, in case of a revolution in Paris, the first impulse would be to hang the landlords.”

This is all very true, but the writer does not seem to be aware that for more reasons than one it may be desirable to break up many of those *cliques* of *ouvriers* which exist in these crowded localities, and not only to separate them, but if possible to obtain that they shall retreat to the suburbs. There may be sanitary, moral,

political, or architectural objects to answer in this—possibly, all four.

A considerable proportion has already yielded to the force of circumstances, as will have been seen in our chapter on the “Rookeries.”

One house we visited in this little “Cité” des Bourguignons was constructed with a staircase and gallery outside like a Swiss *châlet*. On each floor were eight or ten rooms, and as many separate *ménages*. The bulk of these tenants are “chiffonniers,” and the concierge of this curious tenement is, himself, “de la chiffe.”

An old woman on the first floor astonished us by the extreme neatness of her little room, and the consequent air of comfort it possessed. The few pieces of furniture she still possesses are her own, the rest having disappeared one by one along with her clothes to the Mont-de-Piété. She said her relations were very well off, but would have nothing to say to her because she had forsaken Protestantism to become a Catholic. She added she should be the most miserable old woman on the face of the earth but for her faith, which was the only consolation she had in the world. She gains her livelihood, and a very bare one it must be, seeing she is almost blind, by knitting stockings, but she says she dreads the short days, since, not only can she do very little by candle-light, but she has been obliged to part with the only table she possessed, and is now compelled to use her single chair as a substitute, seating herself on the ground.

Among other circumstances of her position she

regretted with tears that she had not made better use of her eyes when she had them, to read her devotions, and said she deserved to be deprived of her sight for this neglect. M. le Curé, the good Abbé Falconnier, who is quite *pater pauperum* in this parish, gave her an excellent character, and said she was a most saintly old woman, while she appeared deeply to value his goodness to her and all the assistance she obtained from him.

A few doors off, we visited a sickly woman, with four pallid, shoeless children. They sat on the brick floor, for they had no chairs, and were occupied in sorting feathers. The little hands were busy at the work, and those of each size were strung together in separate lots. We were informed they were used by *plumassiers* and florists, and were needed in various trimmings at present in vogue. If the fine ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain could but guess whence came their head-dresses, and whose were the first hands through which they passed, doubtless there are many who would abolish the fashion.

What a pity a soft voice from the midst of the snowy down could not whisper in the aristocratic ear, which it so gracefully surrounds, the description of those scenes of want and misery with which it was familiar before it attained its present proud elevation! Its parvenu position between coronets and gems was preceded by antecedents of a very different nature.

The husband was absent, having at last found employment, for which he had long been seeking. The feather trade, unwholesome as it is, only produces ten

sous a-day to repay the united labour of the mother and three eldest children ! When in work, he earns 4f. 50c. per day.

A “brûleur de mottes” occupied the opposite house and a little court behind, while on either side were “chiffonniers” deep in the mysteries of the sorting process. At the end of the external gallery or balcony, which serves as a sort of terrace to this house and a corridor admitting to all the rooms, was a cobbler nursing a child of about a year old in a complete state of nudity, while the mother was busy washing. Doubtless as long as the sultry weather lasts, the parents consider that externals may be dispensed with, and in all probability the poor creatures have been obliged to pledge them at the Mont-de-Piété.

Another family consisted of an old couple, the woman able to move about, but almost past work, and the man paralysed and confined to his bed for the last six years. Their only means of subsistence is a little coarse mending, which the wife is still able to undertake, but which does not bring them in more than ten *sous* a-day. The hut they occupy is of red brick with a tiled roof, but it only boasts one room. The rent for this is about 12*l.* a-year, about twice the cost of the same accommodation in London.

Fuel is also about double the price paid by our London poor, and meat is decidedly dearer ; so that it is difficult to understand how the Paris poor live, these three items being indispensable. Everything in the way of clothing is likewise higher in price, as well as

coffee, sugar, and many other little comforts which they can scarcely altogether forego.

Notwithstanding all this, we cannot find, after diligent inquiry, whether among members of charitable associations, priests, medical men, or the police authorities, that instances of death from starvation ever happen in Paris, while, it is unhappily needless to say, such are of almost daily occurrence in many parts of London. In addressing a meeting held at Norwich not long since on the subject of Poor Law Reform, the Rev. G. McGill, Incumbent of Christchurch, St. George's-in-the-East, said, the returns of the Registrar-General showed that from privation, want of breast-milk (resulting from privation), neglect, and cold, the following mortality had taken place in the ten years ending the 31st of December, 1857:—1848, 222; 1849, 235; 1850, 211; 1851, 292; 1852, 304; 1853, 358; 1854, 380; 1855, 460; 1856, 414; 1857, 416—"making a total," added the reverend gentleman, "of 3,292 persons who had perished in London in ten years from absolute want of the necessities of life!"

Or we might refer to a case which furnishes a whole history of struggling and despair, supplied in the miserable details of the death of a poor old creature named Ann Connell, seventy-one years of age, who died from destitution at No. 44, Seabright-street, under the following circumstances. It appeared from the evidence that the deceased was a Spitalfields silk-winder, and her wages were about 1s. 6d. per week! She had received "parochial relief" from the workhouse of St.

Matthew, Bethnal-green, but latterly she had been discarded, and had to subsist on her own scanty earnings. On Saturday night the deceased retired to rest, and about twelve o'clock on the following day, the landlord was unable to gain admission to her room, which was in a poverty-stricken state. An alarm was raised, when the apartment was forcibly entered, and the deceased was found lying upon the floor against a chair, which she had no doubt placed in front of the door. Mr. Rolph, surgeon, of Bethnal Green Road, was called, and his assistant (Mr. Braithwaite) promptly attended, when the deceased was pronounced to be dying. Stimulants were administered, but she expired shortly afterwards. Mr. Braithwaite said the deceased had died from exhaustion from want of the common necessities of life. The coroner said it was to be regretted that the deceased had not made another application to the parish for assistance when suffering from distress, for her life probably might have been prolonged. The jury were of opinion that the deceased's death had been accelerated by destitution, brought on by her extreme distress, and returned a verdict accordingly.

Several families in this *cité* are members of M. le Curé's Bread Association, and receive tickets for 4lb. loaves, while the "Bureau de Bienfaisance" comes in to the aid of others. In fact, it would seem that it is to the numberless charities and societies of all sorts, for the benefit of the poor, that they owe it to be able to keep their heads above water at all.

It is not very long since the late excellent Archbishop

Sibour, having made a pastoral visit to the more favoured portions of his diocese, felt himself also moved to investigate that most neglected by the rich. Accordingly, with that self-devoted courage and resolution which, it must be confessed, form one of the characteristics of the Catholic clergy, he determined not only to present himself at the church of S. Médard, to perform an office there, and thus, to pass them, as it were, in review, but to enter thoroughly into detail, and, having first conversed with the clergy there, and having had brought under his investigation the actual condition of their parishioners, to examine personally into as many of the worst cases as time and circumstances would permit. The house of S. Vincent de Paul in the Rue de l'Epée de Bois was appointed as the place of rendez-vous.

Arrived near the spot, he found it necessary to alight from his carriage, the throng being so dense as to impede its further progress; there was only one other alternative, that of being drawn along by the enthusiastic populace, but this the good Archbishop would not suffer. When he had fairly reached the appointed place, already crowded with those who had been summoned, he looked round him, and inquired of the clergy and of the good sisters:—"Are these *all* your poor?"

"No, my lord," was the answer.

"Why did they not all come?"

"Alas, my lord, because they cannot. They can no longer even beg."

“Where, then, are they to be found?”

“Upon their pallet.”

“Come, then,” answered the benevolent prelate, “let us go and see *them*, since they cannot come to see *us*. You, my good friends, their priests, and you, my good sisters, will accompany us. You are, I know, well-acquainted with the spots where misery and suffering are to be found. You will be our guides. Let us begin with the most unhappy and the most forsaken.”

“But, my lord, there are a considerable number.”

“All the more reason,” said the Archbishop.

“But many of them inhabit garrets and lofts; the ascent is arduous and fatiguing, and you will scarcely be able to breathe the air even of the lower stories.”

“The ascent to heaven will be an arduous and fatiguing undertaking,” replied the prelate.

With these words he started on his pious pilgrimage, attended by the parish clergy; but he had no sooner reached the street than he saw himself surrounded by a very different escort. The crowd which had received him on his arrival, instead of dispersing, had increased; the street de l'Epée de Bois was filled, and overflowed even into the Rue Gracieuse on one side and into the Rue Mouffetard on the other, extending as far as the Clos and the Marché des Patriarches. Making his way with difficulty through this dense mass, he reached the main artery of this neighbourhood, and well, indeed, was it that he was on foot, for scarcely could a passage be opened even for the walking procession which attended him.

The crowd continued to follow, but were completely

mystified at seeing the Archbishop and his attendants stop every now and then at the humblest doors, where the former would disappear for a longer or shorter period, followed by his secretary alone, and they were naturally puzzled beyond measure to know what had become of him. At length one, with more sagacity than the rest, exclaimed: "Ah, he is visiting the sick!" "How good! how admirable!" exclaimed others with delighted enthusiasm. Various were the observations passed upon this, to them, rare and novel proceeding; but at length all became aware of the fact, and testified by warm applause and with overflowing eyes their grateful appreciation of it, for the excellent prelate was indefatigable in his labours, and devoted four long hours to the duty he was so cheerfully accomplishing.

What passed between the benevolent visitor and those suffering and astonished objects of his sympathy has never been revealed, but it is easy to imagine their gratitude and emotion at finding themselves thus noticed and encouraged. We have already described the retreats of these miserable creatures. But the infected atmosphere, the unclean walls and floors, the absence of light, were no obstacles to him. He was deterred neither by humid cellars nor close garrets. A plank across a smoky roof, or the rounds of a crazy ladder, climbed by means of a rough and greasy cord, were passed with equal indifference by the man who, in the midst of all these repulsive accessories, saw only the soul of his suffering brother, and in that brother, his Lord; that Lord who has identified Himself with the

most dejected and forsaken of His poor. As those to whom he thus came fell at his feet in loving acknowledgment of the condescension shown them, exclaiming, in grateful rapture, “*Quoi, monseigneur, c’est vous ! C’est l’Archevêque de Paris ! Il y a donc aussi un archevêque pour nous !*” can we suppose that he felt nothing ? And again, when, at taking leave of the lonely sick-bed—if we may call “*bed*” a heap of rubbish upon the bricks—a fleshless arm would draw its wasted proportions from beneath the rags serving to cover the living skeleton to which it belonged, and in broken accents a blessing was invoked upon his head, can we suppose that he felt less acutely than the wretched being before him, his helplessness—however liberal, from his own resources—to relieve *all* the suffering he had witnessed ?

But we are in the very Faubourg St. Médard, not far from the Rue de l’Epée-de-Bois. This little obscure street, it is true, is in one of the worst quarters of Paris, and yet we cannot wonder at its European fame. In it stands that house whither we have just accompanied the Archbishop of Paris, belonging to the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, the late superioress of which was the great and good Sœur Rosalie.

We should fill our pages were we to narrate a twentieth part of the anecdotes that are told of this wonderful woman, whose heroic self-devotion, rare presence of mind, and successful bravery during the fiercest raging of revolutionary outrages, merited for her the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Great, how-

ever, as was this distinction, her humility was so deeply wounded by its being conferred upon her, that she could never be persuaded to wear it.

Our object in leading you to this spot is, that we may ourselves inquire, from the present superioress, some particulars respecting the poor of this neighbourhood, in whom the sisters, of course, take the liveliest and most beneficent interest.

We approach the blank wall, and, having reached the large, high, closed gate, we pull the bell. One of the daughters of charity comes to the grating, and, learning our errand, she readily admits us with a cheerful smile into the "parlour." We have scarcely time to glance round us at the simply-furnished room, adorned with sacred pictures, before the superioress makes her appearance. She begs us to be seated, and expresses the pleasure with which she will supply us with all the information we need. From the particulars with which she furnishes us, we learn that this is one of the poorest parishes in Paris, and that the entire population consists, besides the lower-class shopkeepers, of masons, plasterers, and journeymen labourers, but principally of *peaussiers*, or skin-dressers, washer-women and clear-starchers.

The "blanchisseuses," "blanchisseuses-à-neuf," and "repasseuses" depend, in a great measure, for work on chance-hirings. The "savonneuses," in order to get work, as their day begins at six o'clock, are obliged to be at the posts, where they are sought by those who need them, as early as five o'clock. The "repasseuses"

wait here from six to nine o'clock in summer, and in winter from half-past six: and this in all weathers. One of these had come three times all the way from Charonne, where she lives, without obtaining any engagement; another, a mother of a family, after attending every day for a week, being very lightly clad, took a severe cold, and was laid up for some time. They are but poorly paid when they do get hired, and, at best, must spend a portion of their earnings to pay those who have the care of their children during their absence.

They are, besides, liable to be ill-used and insulted by the shopkeepers, who annoy them in a variety of petty ways as they stand waiting to be employed.

Some little time back, the inhabitants of the Rue du Cloître St. Jacques, of the Rue Mauconseil, and others, petitioned the authorities to have them removed to the Place du Châtelet or the Place Henri IV., but their complaint was not attended to. There are no covered places where they can stand, unless they purchase the privilege by the payment of one *sou* in summer, and two *sous* in winter.

A lady residing in the Rue St. Etienne circulated a prospectus inviting any of them to come to her house and to wait there, but the charge was three *sous* per sitting.

We have already alluded to the alacrity with which the visits of the Sisters of Charity are welcomed here, and though it be true that the lamented Sœur Rosalie has in this particular locality created and left behind her

a benign influence which cannot fail to become traditional, and seems likely to effect a permanent amelioration in the hearts of succeeding generations, we have always understood that in every case the name of "Sister of Charity" has commanded a greater or less amount of respect. Those who doubt the fact have only to speak of her to the first person they meet, selecting, if they please, him who presents the most repulsive exterior. Few words will have passed before the tears will start to his eyes, and the fierce look, which but now almost forbade intercourse, will have disappeared, to give place to a subdued and softened expression. The man, unaccustomed to these emotions and astonished at the sensations which have overcome him—for though he has feelings he cannot reason about them—wipes his eyes with the back of his rough hand, and as the latent spark of love and gratitude is kindled at your words, which recall the memory of benefits received, his answer betrays the sentiment which is struggling in his heart.

"Eh bien, non!" he says, addressing his words partly to you and partly to himself; "eh bien, non, je n'en suis pas honteux de ces larmes . . . Je suis bien un homme . . . ah, pardi, je crois que oui. . . Tout de même, c'était une sainte femme que la sœur Rosalie et elle mérite bien qu'on l'aime, et qu'on la pleure."

But the present superioress will tell us how she was appreciated, how she was all but worshipped by the poor. Though blind for some time before her death, she continued active to the last, and

went through her appointed duties with her wonted order and regularity. Her last illness was sudden and brief; the moment it was known, the street was crowded with anxious and earnest inquirers—not furnished, it is true, with the pasteboard and “compliments” which the rich and the fashionable transmit to one another by powdered and liveried menials, in their hours of indisposition or bereavement; not driven up to the door in brilliant equipages, or borne by prancing horses, but they came by the natural impulse of their distress and sorrow, their pale and anxious faces and tearful eyes being the simple and unpretending evidences of the sincerity of their interest.

When, a day or two after, word was brought them to the gate that Sœur Rosalie was no more, the cries of those who were near enough to catch the sad words rent the air, and soon conveyed to the extremities of the crowd that they had lost their best friend on earth. Many, however, refused to believe the report, and so violent were their struggles to approach and hear the tidings themselves, that the *gendarmérie* had to be called in to keep order and disperse the mob.

On the following morning they returned in greater force, and entreated in moving terms, promising to be most orderly and submissive, to be only allowed to look once more upon the features of her they had so much loved before she was hidden for ever from their eyes. Their prayer was granted, and Sœur Rosalie, reposing in her last calm sleep, was visited by thousands. Numbers of them brought little medals

and crosses with which to touch the hand that had so often ministered to their need, kissing and treasuring them up as precious heirlooms to be transmitted to their children as mementoes of her love. Notwithstanding the violence of their grief, which was naturally rather excited than subdued by this touching spectacle, so great was their reverence for the corpse in whose presence they were, that they were yet able to command themselves to a certain extent, and not a single instance of anything approaching to unseemly noise or disorder occurred as they passed through the solemn chamber of death. The interment presented another and similar scene ; and the procession of voluntary mourners—in this case it was not necessary to *hire* any—measured a league in length.

We have dwelt on these particulars, though perhaps somewhat extraneous to our subject, because we think it enables us to judge of the “stuff” of which these people are made, and therefore of the method by which they are to be moulded.

We will now, if you please, visit another house of these same Sisters of Charity, this time in the Rue de Fourcy ; there we shall perhaps hear further particulars of our friends the *Chiffonniers*. We are received here likewise with the same politeness, and we gather that the work of the clergy in this parish, even though lightened by the indefatigable and invaluable aid of the “Sisters,” involves an unusual amount of self-sacrifice and devotedness. The women and girls, no less than the male portion of the population *de la Chiffe*, are idle and

often profligate, and their mode of life and habits are essentially antagonistic to any attempt at improving their moral condition. Their benefactors are not discouraged, however, and the "Sainte Famille" has its members even among these. The following paragraph, taken from a recent number of the *Union*, tells a pleasing tale of the good feeling and upright principles which may occasionally be met with even here:—

"Mlle. Léonie V——, a young person employed in a shop in the Rue Michodière, having been sent about three o'clock yesterday afternoon to receive payment of a bill amounting to 120 francs, had executed her commission and was returning with the sum, in six gold pieces, which she had secured in her pocket. She had not gone far when, feeling anxious as to whether the deposit was still safe, she put her hand into her pocket, and to her dismay found she must have drawn it out with her handkerchief, on the top of which she had incautiously placed it.

"Trembling with alarm, and with tears in her eyes, she was in the act of retracing her steps, searching on the ground with anxiety, when a poorly-clad workman addressed her, asking her if she had lost anything.

"‘Indeed I have,’ was the answer.

"‘Is it a purse? and what were the contents?’

"‘120 francs; and it was not mine, but the property of my employers; I *dare* not return without it.’

"‘Here it is; I picked it up,’ said the honest workman, who would not be prevailed upon to accept a farthing, and would not even give his name.”

Another journal, of about the same date—*La Charente Napoléonienne*—furnishes us with a similar trait:—

“We offer our readers the particulars of an act of probity, which, without our intervention, would have remained unrewarded.

“On Monday, a poor fellow, named Pierre Victor Dehors, a strolling player, in very poor circumstances, who inhabits Paris, put into our hands a portfolio he had just picked up in the Rue de la Préfecture, begging us to have it conveyed to its owner. On opening it, we found it belonged to M. Maurin de Chatouflac. This portfolio contained, among other papers, a coupon upon the State, value 3,041 francs, with notes to the amount of 800 francs. As Dehors was leaving immediately for Périgueux, we took upon ourselves to advance him a reward of 20 francs, taking his receipt for the same. We had expected that M. Maurin, rejoiced at recovering so important a sum, would have cordially approved the act. No such thing, however; he resolutely refused to give any reward, as he himself declares in the following document:—

“‘I acknowledge having received from M. Servant, banker and director of the *Charente Napoléonienne*, a portfolio containing intact a sum I had lost, and which was found by the Sieur Déhors. I have not allowed the gratification of 20 francs, advanced to the finder by M. Servant.

“‘MAURIN.

“‘Angoulême, April 30, 1858.’”

We might multiply these traits to a much greater

extent, and we scarcely know why those who work among them should be discouraged.

An instance of delicacy of feeling, which came to our knowledge, on the part of one of the poor of this wretched faubourg, seems to us worthy of record. The man in question was discovered by the Abbé Falconnier, in one of his house-to-house visits, occupying a bare and miserable cellar. He was the sole support of his mother, his wife, and seven children; the mother was bed-ridden, three of the children sick with measles, and he himself had met with an accident which disabled him. They had been utterly destitute of food—much more of other necessities—for two days before any one heard of their condition, and but for their landlord—a most merciful exception to the ordinary type—must have perished. He not only told them not to be uneasy about their rent, but immediately afforded them such assistance as the urgency of the case required, and, on the Abbé's calling at the house, informed him of their pitiable condition.

The Abbé told him his name should be put on the list of applicants for bread, as member of the "Œuvre des Pains," and desired him to send for it on the day of distribution—the following Friday. He further gave him some little help towards his present needs, and sent a doctor to his children. The poor man's gratitude knew no bounds, and he joyfully accepted the loaves promised him.

To the Abbé's surprise, he did not appear on the succeeding Friday to demand his allowance of bread, and

on the Abbé's calling to inquire the reason, he said that, after the generosity which had been extended to him the previous week, he had not felt justified in claiming a further demonstration so soon after.

Another trait which the Abbé told us was of a little boy whose mother was sick, and for whom he was very desirous to have Mass said. He accordingly came to the Abbé, and asked him if he would say Mass for his mother; the Abbé replied that he would. "But," he added, "you know, we must not offer to the Lord that which costs nothing. It is customary therefore to give something when we wish Mass offered for our intention; now, what will you give me?"

The little fellow considered for a few minutes; then suddenly looking up brightly, he said:—

"I have only one thing in the world. If I thought that would do, I should be so glad; it is a book I gained as a prize."

"That will do, my boy. Let me have it."

Off ran the pious child, to fetch his book, but he returned with a heavy heart. His mother was worse; she had been growing more feeble every day, and he said he now feared she would never recover.

"Put your confidence in God, my boy," said the priest. "We will pray to our Lord to restore your mother to you, if such be His blessed will; if not, that you may be resigned to whatever He is pleased to appoint."

A few days after this, the poor woman's complaint took a favourable turn, and she gradually, but slowly,

recovered. As soon as she was able to leave the house, her first visit was to church, and then to the Curé. She thanked him for his prayers and his charity, and was taking leave, when the Abbé called her back, saying:—

“Stop; I have a little present for you,” and with this he put into her hand the book he had received from the boy.

The mother looked at it, and scanned it over and over; at last she looked in the fly-leaf, and, seeing the child's name, she closed it, as if certain of her suspicions, but still said nothing.

The Abbé, who had been watching her movements, at last inquired:—

“Well, you don't seem pleased with your book?”

“O yes, your Reverence—but—”

“But what?”

“Why, sir, I thought—at all events it's very like Eugène's prize—but of course—I mean, I thought at least, it was the same.”

“You are quite right, my good woman; it *is* the same; but it's mine for all that.”

The poor woman stared.

“Do pray tell me, sir, how it became yours; did Eugène sell his prize, and did you find it out and buy it?”

“No, not exactly; and yet he did sell it in a certain sense: he sold it to buy a Mass for your recovery when you were ill, and I accepted it—though it is not my custom from the poor—because I thought the trait would gratify his mother.”

It is needless to relate the delight of the poor mother, and indeed we were scarcely less pleased with the little fellow's generosity and unselfishness ourselves.

A useful *Œuvre* has been established in this destitute parish, and is followed up with corresponding zeal by the excellent Vicaire, Abbé Falconnier, and is called *Œuvre des Pains*. It consists in giving on the first Friday of every month in summer, and *every Friday* in winter, a number of loaves—in proportion to the size of the family—to those among his parishioners whom he knows—for he is intimately acquainted with the whole—to be the most moral, orderly, regular, sober, cleanly, and well-disposed.

The *Œuvre* is thus organised : he has persuaded fifty persons, paying each three francs per month, to join him in the attempt, and they are requested—together with as many from among the poor who are relieved as can attend—to assist at Mass on that day at ten o'clock ; the vicar then gives a short and popular “instruction,” and afterwards himself distributes the bread.

The excellent Archbishop takes great interest in this *Œuvre*, and inaugurated it, distributing the bread on that occasion with his own hands. He is extremely affable to the poor, and speaks to them with a simplicity and paternal affection which has greatly attached him to them.

Every sincere effort that has been made in behalf of these classes has been encouraging, and shows that, in time, success may be looked for. In most cases the

moral deterioration of the masses may be traced to the indifference and neglect of those above them.

It is difficult for those bred in comparative ease and luxury, surrounded with leisure and opportunities, and above all endowed with tastes and longings which education has cultivated, to appreciate the moral degradation towards which must be drawn those whom passion alone directs, and whom no counteracting influences contribute to rescue from its vortex.

Among persons living from hand to mouth, each day is consumed in eager speculation upon some means of obtaining that day's livelihood, if not in the hard labour which enables them to procure it; and even those among them who are conscious there are higher aims in life than those to which necessity has condemned them, have no leisure to pursue, much less to attain them. We know what is the reputation of the "peuple" in France; we know also to what level they have sunk during the disorganised periods of anarchy through which they have passed, and the subsequent despotic governments which have become its necessary consequence. That this should lead to animosity and resistance on their part, and to a desperate indulgence of their outraged feelings, was only to be expected; but when we look back upon pre-revolutionary France, and contemplate the faith, the piety, the simplicity of her lower classes, before German rationalism and American democracy had inoculated them with their baneful theories, ridiculed their religion, crushed their monastic institutions, and given rise to the persecution of their

priests, we can pretty well judge, not only of the cause of the present evil, but of the difficulty, and of the patient perseverance required in applying the only efficacious remedies. It is melancholy to contrast their present with their former condition; to behold the wreck that man has made them, and to compare it with what tradition tells us they were in those ages of faith which, except as regards particular localities, seems almost to have passed away from the earth.

“ fugère pudor, verumque fidesque,
In quorum subiêre locum, fraudesque dolique,
Insidiæque et vis, et amor sceleratus habendi.”

With (thank God) these few exceptions, we scarce recognise in the inhabitants of large towns of the present day the race whose first thought in trouble was of the God they loved and obeyed—among whom the son, absent on the tempest-tost ocean, was the subject of his father's trustful prayers at the daily Mass, of his vows and of his pious pilgrimages; when the crucifix, relic, or medal was carried upon the breast: a decoration all were proud to wear and not ashamed to show.

Theirs was the faith and piety to which we owe the time-honoured crosses we still sometimes meet in our journeys through forest-paths and secluded roads, marking the spot where lies buried the corpse of a murdered man found there, and which stands as a token of mercy and a call to prayer. Few, indeed, at this day, are the venerable relics of this nature which a barbarous and infidel age has spared; but what a world of meditation is there not to the contemplative

mind in the few we may chance to meet! In the victim we see a wayfarer pursuing his weary journey away from his home and his hearth, and heartlessly betrayed by those on whose hospitality he had thrown himself, and we think of that Divine wanderer who left His heavenly home, and came among those by whom He should have been received with love, only to be barbarously and treacherously assassinated. The cross—the instrument of that murder—is before us, to suggest such thoughts, and we admire a people who, in the simplicity and earnestness of their belief, know so well how to elevate the soul of man, and to find in the sufferings of our nature a conformity with those of the Divine Master, who took that nature upon Him. Let us not forget, moreover, that these mementoes were not erected for themselves alone; they were built of stone, and made durable, that they might inspire coming generations with their own holy impulses.

How can we look back without regret upon a state of things which, if it still exist in the remoter provinces, has disappeared from the large towns, leaving the population worldly, indifferent, and unbelieving? Where are those periodical jubilees and retreats appointed by the Church to call her children for a time from the whirlwind of temporal thoughts and occupations, to bring them back to the realities of interior life, to the solemn duties of contemplation and self-examination, to repentance, to confession, and to communion? Where are the august and imposing ceremonies which

marked the beginning, the progress, and the termination of every succeeding year, as it rolled away and "mingled with the past," which reminded man that seed-time and harvest are the Lord's, that the first-fruits of the earth are His due, and that the Church and the poor have their rights? Our forefathers knew and felt "*Nisi Dominus ædificaverit domum, in vanum laboraverunt qui ædificant eam.*"

Where are those penitential processions, in which, in times of public calamity, great and small, old men and little children, young men and maidens, walked bare-foot from church to church, the priest—sometimes the bishop, and, as in the case of St. Charles Borromeo, occasionally an archbishop, preceding them with a rope round his neck—an humble victim offering himself up for the salvation of his flock?

What has become of those silvery tones which, three times a-day, recalled the divine mystery of the incarnation, calling on all to acknowledge and celebrate it in the short and simple words of the "*Angelus*?" But in these times, we not only forget and shut out God from our daily life, we have ceased to think even of those once so near and dear to us on earth—of the mother who bare us, and of the father who protected our childhood, of the brother who was the companion of our pleasures and sorrows, of the friend with whom we took sweet counsel, and who shared all our holiest joys. Silent is that tinkling bell which, as the shades of evening fell upon the earth, and day faded into darkness, was intended nightly to remind us of their death

and our own, and to offer us the consolation of uniting with all our brethren in Christ, whether still on earth or gone before, in saying a “*De Profundis*” to their memory.

Where, alas! is all this now? And who has robbed us of the poetry of religion, and its refining influence on the heart of man—of that which stamped it with *unity*, shewing it to be one in all ages and all climes? Shall we sit down calmly, and contemplate it as a beautiful vision of the past, gone from us, never to return?—Oh, no! though it has ceased to pervade the Christian world, let us bless God it has not altogether disappeared. Happily, there are countries where these touching traditions are still preserved in all their pristine purity. Yes, there are localities where they have never died out, and where, for eighteen hundred years, men have never ceased to hold and to practise the early customs of the apostolic age. But, even as there is more joy over one repentant sinner than over ninety and nine just who need not repentance, let us rejoice that there are other spots where that Faith, once so cruelly persecuted and destroyed, has revived, and flourishes again with renovated vigour. Shall we not look upon this fact as an earnest that, in time, religion shall once more resume her sway, and bring back the golden days of her youth?—

“*Aspice venturo lætentur ut omnia sæclo.*”

Châteaubriand tells us of a shipwreck scene, of which he was a witness, which recalls to us the faith and simplicity of better times.

“No sooner were the crew safe on shore,” he says, “than they stripped down to their shirts and trowsers, and, wet as they were, their first thought and their first act was to fulfil a vow they had made to the Blessed Virgin during the tempest. They went, in procession, to a little chapel dedicated to St. Thomas. The captain led them, and, as they walked, their manly voices might be heard, loudly chanting the ‘Ave Maria Stella.’ The Church has thought of her children with all the minute solicitude of a mother’s love, and the ‘Mass of the Shipwrecked’ was, therefore, that which the priest celebrated on this occasion. At its conclusion, the poor sailors, who had lost their all, and had nothing else to offer, hung up their dripping garments in ‘ex voto’ on the walls of the little sea-girt chapel.”

We can judge by incidents like these, and no less by the effects which invariably follow such efforts as have been made, that, wherever the voice of charity and the hand of benevolence may reach, the results will be such as amply to justify our expectations. Everything depends on the exertions of those whom God has placed in a higher sphere. We cannot but allow that the experiment is worth making, since there is every reason to believe that, however rough may be the exterior of the lower classes, however violent the outward bearing of their uncultivated and undisciplined nature; still there exist, though perhaps deeply buried in their hearts, germs of gratitude, of generosity, and of faith, which only require the fostering influences of love and sympathy to encourage them into being and

vigorous growth. There is a further and a great resource in the native intelligence of the lower orders in France; an attentive observer will not be long in detecting in them a quickness of apprehension, and even a delicacy of sentiment, which can never be acquired, and which is invaluable to those who know how to take advantage of it in their intercourse with them. This is perhaps especially remarkable in the little children, who seem literally to meet you half way when you talk to them. Thus an Englishman, who thinks his experience in the parish, or his labours in the "ragged school," have given him a perfect knowledge of infant nature, is taken aback, when he begins, with pains-taking seriousness, to address a little French girl, expecting the hopelessly stupid stare to which he is accustomed as a matter of course, and is instead sharply, but at the same time naïvely, answered with a repartee which it would have taken himself at least a week to imagine.

We are so used, in England, to the blushing silence which is part of the nature of our children, and is considered all that is most becoming at their age, that we are apt to overlook difference of organisation, and unsparingly to condemn our youthful neighbours as "pert minxes" and "forward hussies," but this is altogether a mistake, and proceeds from a want of appreciation.

The very same observation or answer which would seem bold in a young English girl, will not in the least strike us as such in a French child. In the former

case, it would be unnatural and forced, in the latter it is pleasing and graceful, because perfectly in character, and uttered with the most unconscious simplicity; while, on the contrary, if she went out of her way to cast down her eyes and to refuse to speak, she must necessarily appear either coquettish or awkward, because we should at once perceive the action of an effort.

We have dwelt upon this, because we are too apt to form our judgment upon an erroneous standard, and not to take all circumstances into consideration in our estimate of character, in which case, of course, the whole edifice we build up on it must fall to the ground.

Again, as regards the honour due to women, there are still, even in the "peuple" of France, strong traces of that chivalrous sentiment of generous protection from the stronger and confiding trust in the weaker sex. Though there is no longer a Louis XIV. to doff his hat to every female he might happen to meet, no matter of what rank, yet the feeling which suggested this act of courtesy on the part of the proudest monarch of modern times is both traditional and hereditary, and we have ourselves witnessed evidences of it occasionally among those belonging to the lowest grades. We do not mean to say it is a point of study among such, or that they are actuated by motives of acquired politeness, *savoir vivre*, or *qu'en dira-t'on*. We rather look upon it as a natural impulse, of which the man who, for example, would step off the kerb in a crowded street to make

way for a woman, knows neither the why nor the wherefore. He does it as a matter of course, and though the acknowledgment on her part be a little bow, in which there is always more or less grace, the transaction is perfectly natural in all its bearings, and is most likely unnoticed, except by the gaping Englishman, who never saw such an occurrence before he crossed the water.

Now, if we were to pursue the causes of this natural feeling, and resolve to track it to its source, we should, we think, find that it had its origin in religion; yes, and that, the Catholic religion; and this explanation is supported by the fact that such proceedings are unknown among the same class in England. It was, if we remember rightly, Rowland Hill who said that "our blessed Lord was the type of a perfect gentleman," and those who have laughed at the observation would have done better to go home and ponder on the vast amount of truth it contains. Let us ask them what is politeness, but Christianity? What is the very essence of politeness, and what is the first principle of Christianity? *Self-annihilation*. It is the foundation alike of the one and of the other. An unselfish man *must* be a polite man: all his dealings with others will be marked by a considerate kindness, whether in their presence or their absence, and that of a stamp which no other principle will ever inspire.

We imagine, however, few will deny the point we are anxious to prove, viz. that respect for the weaker sex is co-existent with Christianity, and is essentially

conformable to the spirit of the Catholic religion. And why? The child who from his earliest infancy is taught upon his mother's knee to love and reverence the name of the mother of his Lord, comes into life, as it were, with a new sense; he is trained to entertain an affection which he can bear to one only created object, because, while it implies a veneration as immeasurably above that which can be paid to any other creature, as it is below that due to the Creator, it is also combined with that chivalrous and loyal, not to say enthusiastic devotion, which it is the privilege of one sex to claim, and the glory of the other to offer.

Now let us ask ourselves whether a man who has experienced such aspirations as these can so far forget the dignity of the Blessed Virgin,—his Lord's mother, and his own,—as to assail and insult that sex which has been elevated in his eyes to its proper place in the order of creation, since the hour in which Mary first sanctified it. He will also love little children; the infant Saviour in His Virgin mother's arms has always been an object at once of delight and reverence to him; he has learned what is the innocence, the simplicity, the faith, the trustfulness, and the helplessness of little children;—he was taught to dwell upon all these attributes in our Lord's character during His early years, and to appreciate all that is lovely in that condition which He was pleased to sanctify by assuming it.

The following authentic story, with which we have

been favoured by a gentleman of high literary reputation, residing in Bruges, is valuable as a characteristic trait of the population of this Faubourg:—

“In the Faubourg St. Marceau (at Paris), a person, who for many years has devoted himself to the education of the working classes, found that the demands for admission into his school were out of all proportion to the accommodation of which he could dispose. Himself in very humble circumstances, being only a commissary of police, he depended wholly upon the contributions of a few persons who interested themselves in his work of charity. In the lifetime of the celebrated Sœur Rosalie, so well known to the poor of this populous neighbourhood, he received encouragement and support from the indefatigable servant of all who suffered, rich and poor. M. — (the name I have forgotten), inheriting the generous sincerity of his friend and coadjutrix, hired premises, the yearly rental of which amounted to 4,000 francs. But this was only the first difficulty; the estimate for the appropriation of these premises to the purposes proposed (public school-rooms) amounted to 32,000 francs. M. — had not a *centime*. He first applied to a master-bricklayer. The alterations which regarded this branch were estimated at 4,000 francs. The bricklayer was an old inhabitant of the Faubourg, and knew all the good which the schools of M. — had effected in his neighbourhood. Having looked over the specification, the bricklayer was interrogated as to his price. “For how much will you undertake to execute the proposed alterations?” “For how much?”

said the honest tradesman, scratching his head; "well —for—for *nothing*." To make a long story short, M. — found tradesmen in the Faubourg who executed the whole of the works *upon the same conditions*, but in a style much more expensive than that proposed. These offers were not only unsolicited, but they gave rise to a sort of rivalry; a rich brewer in the Faubourg, regretting that he could not take an active part in what was going on, sent beer every day for the workmen. One poor man, a journeyman painter, whose children had been brought up in M. —'s schools, came, and offered to work on *Sundays*. M. — replying that he did not approve of *Sunday-work*, it was agreed that he should work his over-time, and he executed most of the ornamental work of the new chapel.

"It is most instructive and most consoling in an age like ours to find such noble and generous instincts in the bosoms of rude, uneducated men, for many of these men were wholly ignorant of the fundamental principles of human knowledge, though thus practically carrying out those principles which have for their basis *a divine revelation*."

We have seen, in the account of Sœur Rosalie, how readily the hearts of the poor of Paris will open to good impressions, and how easily and deeply they can be touched by any instance of true greatness.* Let us

* We may recall an incident in the life of St. Vincent de Paul, confirmatory of the theory we advance. It was on the occasion of one of the Saint's nocturnal expeditions that he was met in the narrow and unlighted streets of Paris, by a band of robbers

now turn to an event of still more recent date, similar in character, and the scene of which was another quarter of the great city. This time it is the death of a poor priest—a Jesuit—one of those who, in bearing our Lord's name, bears, and bears willingly, its reproach, from the worldlings who despise alike the Master and His lowly follower.

In a bare and simple room, upon whose whitewashed walls and boarded floor the mark of rigid poverty is stamped,—the parlour of his humble monastery, we find a plain and unpretending bed; upon it we discern the corpse of him who but now died like a saint, and has taken his flight to a better world. It is habited in the well-worn *soutane*, which so long served him, and whose threadbare aspect with silent eloquence betrays the sublime history of self-neglect, and indifference to all but the call of duty and the labour of love. We have before us the man who lived for others; what *can* we say more?—and yet the details of the solemn picture serve, by their very simplicity, to reveal and impress the fact.

If the grave of those we love, as Washington Irving has beautifully said, be a place for meditation, how shall we enter the chamber of death, and gaze upon

armed to the teeth, who demanded, in the usual form, "his purse or his life." "Alas," answered the holy old man, in his own calm tones, "I have nothing with me but three little forsaken babes, who are dying of want." "What, are you M. Vincent?" said the foremost; "we would not hurt a hair of your head;" and they fell at his feet, asked his blessing, and escorted him home.

the cold and unveiled features of him who loved us as he did, and not be moved? That calm face which we have seen so animated; that pure and elevated brow, once beaming with intellect; that eye, now half closed and glazed, whose fire was almost inspiration; and then, those lips!—what *shall* we say of them? Lifeless and ashy as they are, we refuse to realise the mournful fact that they are closed for ever. Where, alas! are the floods of bright eloquence, rushing as a torrent from that heart which will beat no more, and whose every pulsation was quickened by the burning desire to make others love God as he loved Him. We look upon his now motionless hands as they clasp the crucifix—for thus it was he died—those once active hands which, while they alone, ministered to his own wants, were ever employed in one cause, and were ever faithful to one Master; we gaze upon those feet, which, like those of his Divine Model, went about doing good. They, too, are at rest for ever; they are no longer shod; they will tread the earth no more; their weary wanderings are ended. Loving hands will bear him now the short distance he has yet to travel.

We look around; on either side the bed of death are placed burning tapers to remind us that that bright and sainted soul survives the mortal wreck before us; that “he is not dead, but sleepeth.” There is no article of furniture in the room but a chair, on which we see, folded—for its services will never again be needed—the well-known cloak which—oh, that it could speak!—went with him in his journeyings and his visits,—which witnessed scenes

known only to himself, to the mourner, and to God ; on it lies his broad hat ; yes, *that is the sum of all he possessed in this world !*—for, though born to rank, to affluence, to honour, and to fame, he flung all aside, and, disregarding the well-meant entreaties of friends and the whisperings of nature, voluntarily embraced that holy state of poverty, in which he lived and died.

But we have not yet seen all which this poor room discloses. We have not yet apprehended all we came to learn.

We are not alone here—far from it. The place, though so still, and though its solemn silence is only interrupted by sobs, is filled—literally filled—with the sorrowing friends of the poor priest. For three days has it been thus crowded, from morning until night. None are excluded—the noble and the rich, the general and the soldier from the ranks, titled ladies with their little children, members of the Government, cardinals, archbishops, bishops, priests, sisters of charity, and monks ; but that which gratifies us more than all this, is not wanting,—the *poor* are there too. Which among them is there who would not purchase the privilege of praying at the lowly bedside of that lamented friend, though it be at the expense of his day's work ? If you would see real, bitter, unaffected grief, behold it now ; if you would know whether a Parisian *ouvrier* is capable of that noblest sentiment, sorrow for the departed, in all its depth, behold this touching, this striking scene, and then decide. It is well a railing has been placed around the bed, for, though all these loving hearts have

brought little medals or crucifixes to touch the hand that will never console them more, and to bear away as precious mementoes, it would have been difficult to prevent each from carrying away a small fragment of anything that had been his.

Among the very poor who crowd to take their last farewell are the inmates of that humble and wonderful asylum of charity kept by the "Petites Sœurs des Pauvres." They have only just learned that the priest who preached their last Retreat, at whose words their hearts burned within them, and of whose holy and sublime thoughts they have entertained one another ever since, was the same who has just been called away from his life of labour. He would not that any should know it: this was one of his last acts of humility. He who so often filled the vast area of Notre Dame; he whom persons came from all parts of the world to hear; he whom, as his health failed, and his preaching was necessarily restricted, Court ladies and men of the highest rank would have taken any trouble and paid any price to approach, went silently and unknown to preach to a few old men and women, the poorest of the very poor—true Lazaruses, literally depending upon the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table for the scanty pittance which keeps them alive. For know, reader, we have been assisting at the "lying in state" of the noble, the eloquent, the brilliant, the admired, the refined,—but at the same time the poor, the hard-working, the devoted, the humble Père de Ravignan.

This is one of those "Jesuits" whom a self-righteous

world can find in its heart to vilify and to decry. In return, he is, doubtless, praying for such at this hour. But there is yet one more scene.

Shall we attend his obsequies?—At an early hour we are within the walls of St. Sulpice. We expected to find the church crowded, and we are not disappointed: to say it is *filled* does not convey the idea. The Place St. Sulpice itself is overflowing with those who could not gain admittance. It is an occasion on which we may well ask, “What went ye out to see?” for all that there is to *see* is described in a very few words. The church is *not* hung with black, as is the custom when the great of the earth are buried; in the centre is *no* catafalque; in short, there is *none* of the “pomp” of woe: no, we are describing REALITIES, and there was no pretence here. Need we say the *sorrow* was real?

A large white cross on a black ground behind the altar, and a crape drapery over that pulpit from which he had so often spoken in accents now for ever hushed, were all the outward insignia of grief. It was fitting the pulpit should mourn its brightest ornament. Before the altar stood the coffin, *the same as used for the parish pauper*, plain and black; a black pall covered it. It needed no foreign accessory to impose solemnity upon the assembly; there it stood, unspeakably touching in the dignity of its utter simplicity.

The Cardinal Archbishop, wearing purple in token of mourning, presided over the ceremony, and a low Mass was said by the venerable Curé of St. Sulpice; the grand and magnificent hymns for the dead, chanted

without show or musical adornment, had died away upon the ear. All eyes were turned towards the pulpit, for it was not known who would preach on the sad occasion, or, indeed, if there would be a sermon; but when the eloquent and learned Mgr. Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, was seen to leave his place, and to turn slowly towards the nave, there was a rustle of surprise through the vast audience. This distinguished prelate had been the close and intimate friend of him of whom he was to speak, and it was plain he felt all the bitterness of that which was no ordinary loss, though he struggled with manly courage to overcome the grief which almost choked his utterance.

The audience, scarce less moved, hung their gaze upon his lips, and all were profoundly still, in breathless expectation, as the Bishop rose from his knees and *tried* to speak. The first effort was vain; at the second he had gained more command over himself, and pronounced the text of his discourse,—“Defunctus, adhuc loquitur.”—But here he was compelled to pause, and a gesture full of dignity and meaning eloquently supplied the place of the words which found no passage. The sensation which thrilled every heart can hardly be conceived, as his extended hand pointed to the poor coffin, and, making a supreme effort, he exclaimed in broken accents, “Il est là—il est mort;” adding, with inexpressible earnestness, “et il vous *parle* encore!” A sob, which was shared by the united listeners, almost drowned the last word.

What the address was, broken and interrupted, when

the voice of the worthy preacher failed and his accents faltered at the graphic and touching picture he himself drew of his sainted friend, our readers must try to imagine, no words can describe it, and those who did hear will never forget it.

But this was not all—no sooner had the great door of St. Sulpice been opened to give egress to the solemn and mournful *cortége*, than the crowd which had assembled without mingled itself with the crowd from within, and, although numerous were the representatives of all classes who met there, all—noble and unknown alike—seemed to have laid aside external distinctions in the depth of an affliction which all shared equally, and in presence of the humble bier of him who, being rich and distinguished, had divested himself of all adventitious circumstances to make himself the friend and father of the poor.

Among this walking procession of true mourners following the poor coffin of the poor priest, was one whose presence there showed that no event, however untoward, could suffice to present an obstacle to those whose consolation it was to pay this last tribute of reverence to the departed. We allude to the excellent Monseigneur de Ségur, who, deprived of the blessing of sight, was yet led by his attendants to the burial-place of his departed friend.

Besides that particular spot in Paris which more especially merits the surname of “Faubourg Souffrant,” we might direct our readers to whole parishes, no less than to single streets, interspersed among those which have a

brighter and wealthier aspect, where poverty walks triumphant, often giving no indications of its proximity to those beyond its reach, though but a thin partition divides them from its victims.

Take, for instance, the Rue de Gindre, one portion of which changes, at the same time, its name and its character. Call it Rue de Madame, and your mind's eye sees before it massive stone mansions of handsome proportions, where plenty and amusement make it their business to hold up a glittering veil, behind which their votaries are only too glad not to look, but which barely hides the tottering, unwholesome dwellings, the ill-drained gutters, and the struggling *ménages* of their nearest neighbours.

Yet Charity has found its way thither, and the Society of St. Vincent de Paul recognize it as one of their beats.

We will take a study in the Rue du Vieux Colombier, which lies at right angles to the hybrid street, to which we have just alluded. Let us cross over; the house we are about to enter has nothing extraordinary in its outward appearance; "the rez-de-chaussée" is a shop; we enter under a *porte-cochère*, and find ourselves in a small court, around which are doors opening into dwelling-places or out-houses. We find an archway on our left with an ascending staircase; facing us is the little domain of the *concierge*.

The stairs are of oak and hexagon tiles mixed, as frequently seen in old houses in Paris, and they are, as usual in these lodging-houses, by no means inviting.

However, we must proceed, regardless of these hints. Arrived at the first flight, a long dark corridor must be threaded, and then we come to another flight of broken stone stairs, up which we must *feel* our way. The wall is plaster, much dilapidated, on one side; on the other is an old wooden boarding. We find ourselves in a second corridor of narrow dimensions. The wall on our right is a continuation of that on the stairs, and there is an opening here and there, through which the glow and the light of the bright summer sun burst to purify and dissipate the prison-like gloom of the infected air. Above our heads is an unplastered ceiling, and on our left a wooden partition, in which are several doors—besides one at the extremity before us—giving admission to various little cabins or rooms of irregular shapes and with sloping ceilings, in some parts of which the inmates must carefully remember they cannot stand upright. Indeed, so antique is the style of building, that here and there a rafter rises from the floor to the ceiling, or a beam crosses from wall to wall, as if the construction of the building had been the first consideration, and the possibility of inhabiting it, the second. No wonder Paris wants remodelling!

We will venture within one or two of these little chambers. In the first we find a poor shoemaker hard at work for the support of himself, his sick wife, and two children, one of whom is slowly recovering from a long and expensive illness; the other goes to school, but this is vacation time. Everything bespeaks order and good understanding, and yet this man was

once an idle, noisy fellow, given to bad company and to drink.

A member of the Benovolent Association of St. Vincent de Paul accompanies us. He talks to him and encourages him, leaving with him his weekly bread-tickets and little books, which his child delights in reading to him as he sits at work.

The second room is occupied by an old couple, one of whom—the man—is gone out to get a little fresh air; he is in bad health and past work. The woman is occupied in knitting stockings; she speaks of her husband's goodness with tears in her eyes:—

“C'est un trésor d'homme! Ah, si tous les maris étaient comme ça, mon Dieu, que toutes les femmes seraient heureuses! Monsieur, c'est un saint. . . . C'est un saint que mon mari. Malgré toutes les privations que nous avons à souffrir, je ne changerais pas avec la première dame du pays si je devais y perdre ce cher homme. Je n'ai qu'un chagrin, c'est ma fille que j'ai perdue: elle avait ses dix-huit ans, Monsieur. Elle était jolie comme un ange, et bonne! Ah, mon Dieu, elle valait mille fois mieux que moi! C'était toujours, ‘Ma petite maman, que puis-je faire pour vous!’ Ah! mon Dieu, mon Dieu, c'est à faire mourir de douleur quand on y pense.” . . . said the poor old woman, giving way to her tears. “Elle n'a été malade que vingt-quatre heures, Monsieur.”

“Allons, ma bonne femme, il ne faut pas vous désoler comme ça,” said her kind visitor; “vous êtes trop bonne Chrétienne pour ne pas savoir que c'est le bon

Dieu qui l'a voulu ainsi. Vous la retrouverez au ciel ; et, en attendant, songez ce que c'est que d'avoir une avocate comme celle là, auprès de notre Père Céleste. Songez aussi à son bonheur là haut, et à ce qu'elle aurait pu avoir à souffrir ici bas, si Lui ne l'avait pas prise."

"Ah, oui, Monsieur le Président, vous avez toujours raison ; merci de vos bonnes paroles qui me consolent toujours. Le bon Dieu est toujours bon ; je le remercie de tout mon cœur de vous avoir donné à moi pour ami et pour appui."

"Allons ; au revoir, et du courage. Offrez à Dieu toutes vos peines, ma bonne femme ; c'est bien peu de chose après tout, n'est ce pas, quand nous méditons tout ce qu'il a fait pour nous ?"

In the third room, we found a consumptive husband unable to work, two children in bed with measles, and the wife cheerful and active attending upon all ; her eldest girl had, through the kind intervention of the visitor, obtained a situation, and was giving great satisfaction to her employers.

It was well indeed the little woman could look bright and good-humoured in such a place ; her equanimity must have been the result of interior peace, and she must have had sources of consolation beyond those which are to be found in such a world as hers. A dying husband and two sick children, entirely dependent upon her for attendance as well as support, a room eight or nine feet square, lighted from above, wherein was no one article of comfort or convenience, no air but that from the nauseous staircase, no ventilation but through

the chinks; no bread, no medicine, and no ostensible means of procuring any. What, but the strongest faith, could ever sustain a human being under such trials as these, much less give her the courage to console and cheer the spirits of others?

Making our way back to the principal staircase, we now ascended *au cinquième*. Here, we found a poor old woman, aged eighty-eight, sitting alone and quite helpless in the absence of her grand-daughter, who was gone to the "Petit St. Thomas," (a large shop at the corner of the Rue du Bac,) to see if she could get some work. Sometimes they give her dusters to hem, and for these she gets at the rate of ten sous a-dozen, which makes about a day's work. She complained of the dearness of fuel and several other necessities, and of the hearty appetite of her little grand-child, a growing girl of eleven years old!

The old woman coughed more than she spoke, but appeared contented, considering the hardships of her position, seemed thankful for her bread-tickets, and expressed her gratitude to any one who came to see her, as she never left this room or went downstairs. It was a poor little garret, with just room for the bedstead, the table, one chair, and the stove; for this she pays sixty francs a-year. Over the mantelpiece were a few cooking utensils, clean but dilapidated, one or two sacred pictures of the commonest description, and a miniature altar, with a little crucifix and candlesticks in pewter. She complained of the parish doctor, and said the services of *paid* doctors were of *no* value: "when a doctor

visited the poor voluntarily, and from motives of charity, it was quite a different thing."

Descending the stairs, and taking another strange passage, we found a poor old couple, both past work, in a room some eight or nine feet by six. They had lost all their children, and, by way of amusement for the old man, who never leaves the room, his wife had put a weasel in a cage; this was his only distraction. In this narrow place she was finishing off the week's wash, and as she wrung out each garment, she hung it up to dry on a line across the room. How two consumptive people can have stood this ordeal so long, is a mystery. The day was oppressively hot, and the stove, the boiling water, and the close atmosphere rendered the air scarcely breathable to ordinary lungs. There was a calmness, a placidity, and an evidence of resignation about this poor woman, which pleased us much, for—unable as she is to help herself—she must be in perpetual doubt, to say the least of it, as to the payment of her rent, or the supply which is to purchase the merest necessities.

On the ground floor, which was somehow constructed so as to be reached by a flight of steps, was a little nest of two rooms, occupied by a widow with a whole family of *gamins*. Her husband was a shoemaker, and she had been in the habit of working with him, so that they had earned a very decent livelihood. Since his death, about a year since, she had been constantly ill, and was entirely dependent on charity, and yet, as she said:—

"Le bon Dieu ne m'a pas jusqu' ici abandonnée."

Her boys were at the "Ecole des Frères," and got on well, for they were far from deficient in intelligence, but just now it was holiday-time, and they were quite beyond her management; they were so lively and full of spirits it was impossible to control them, and no one would imagine the pranks they were up to, from morning till night.

They were like quicksilver, she said, and no less so in mind than in body; put what question you would to them, they had their answer ready in an instant. And yet with all this, she declared they were very affectionate when they took time to think about it, and two of them had gained prizes at the last examination.

While this Cornelia was thus exalting the merits of her Gracchi, in burst four or five of the veriest imps that ever capered about the streets of Paris; on seeing us, however, they instantly made their obeisance. Hats or caps they had none, indeed their hair—*more Galliarum*—was cropped so close, they might have passed for Dominicans in embryo.

Having succeeded in catching one, we made him kneel down on a chair, desiring him to repeat a prayer. To our astonishment, after reverently making the sign of the cross, he went through his *Pater, Ave, and Credo* with great readiness, and at the same time with great propriety. However, he was soon off his knees, and fully justified the comparison his mother had suggested.

"Madame," said we, smiling at his agility, "il faudrait faire un Zouave de cet homme là."

“Ah ! voila-t-il pas bien ce qui m’irait !” exclaimed the little rogue, in uncontrollable glee ; “V’la qui est dit, maman ; je suis Zouave dès aujourd’hui, n’est ce pas ? Là, je fais la guerre à tout le monde. Il n’y aura rien à dire ; je serai dans mon droit, je suis Zouave ! Vivent les Zouaves !” and off he ran to drill his brothers in the yard.

The strangest dwelling-place of all in this rookery was the last we visited. If our readers want to find it they must ascend *au septième* ! Arrived there, they must peep out at a trap-door, and if they see a ladder leaning against the wall, they may go back again, for the inhabitants are out, and that is their way of saying ‘not at home.’ They do not keep a butler and a brace of powdered flunkies in crimson plush to give their friends this information. If, on the other hand, they are *not out*, they are sure to be “at home,” and in that case the ladder takes a horizontal position, that is to say, it leads with a slight ascending slope to another trap-door, which is the entrance to the two cock-lofts they occupy. Below the ladder, if we look down as we avail ourselves of its mediation, we shall see roofs and skylights beneath our feet, and we may just as well avoid coming in contact with them *if* we are clever enough ; but we can assure our readers this mode of transition requires practice, and they would be as much astonished as we were, to see the address with which little tottering feet, sometimes shod with *sabots*, will tread these perilous passes.

We have spoken of the visit of Monseigneur Sibour to the poorest houses of his diocese, why should we conceal similar acts of benevolence and charity on the part of the present worthy and devoted Archbishop of Paris? His Eminence Cardinal Morlot is justly beloved by the poor, for he has given them, personally, repeated proofs of his interest and sympathy. He has himself assisted at the distributions of bread—an *œuvre* of his own institution, in the "Faubourg Souffrant." He has visited asylums, hospitals, and even the insane patients in the Salpêtrière.

His acquaintance with the Paris poor is not merely official, neither is it superficial; he inquires into their condition, and if any special case is brought before him he is always forward to give relief.

It was quite lately that the excellent president of the "Saint Famille" belonging to St. Sulpice, mentioned to his Eminence the case of a poor woman afflicted with dropsy, and in a state of great poverty. The good Cardinal, touched at the unhappy condition of the patient, immediately handed him a small sum to be delivered to her. A few days after this, he was visiting the Orphanage, near which the poor woman resided, and was thanked by the Mother Superior for the relief he had transmitted to her.

"Does she live in this neighbourhood, ma bonne mère?" asked his Eminence.

"Close by, Monseigneur," was the answer.

"Then I will go and see her," said the benevolent prelate.

Up five pair of stairs, and those by no means of the cleanest description, did the Cardinal ascend into the low and narrow garret of this poor widow, where he administered all the consolation in his power, and left her penetrated with his affability and condescension. But this was not all; the house was occupied by characters of the worst description. So overcome were they, however, with the goodness of the Archbishop, that every man, woman, and child came out of their nooks and dens, and, kneeling before him, begged his blessing as he passed.

He now sends this poor woman a regular weekly pension, which he has promised to continue as long as she lives.

We thought this, and many other similar traits of the hierarchy of France, natural enough—they do these things so simply and as matters of course—until we read the following. We imagine the frequency of such occurrences abroad will scarcely be *believed* in England. It reminds us of the stir made about Miss Nightingale's most praiseworthy, but still only solitary and temporary efforts by the side of the life-long self-devotion of the retiring and unnoticed daughters of St. Vincent, many of them women of birth, and 14,000 in number!

“On Sunday, Bishop Tait opened a room for public worship in one of the vilest parts of London. There is no pulpit; and *to see the Bishop of London standing on the floor*” (not on the ceiling), “and inviting the *poor degraded inhabitants*” (we thought the successors of the apostles were sent to call sinners to repentance) “of the

neighbourhood to take their places as worshippers in an apartment like the upper-chamber at Jerusalem, *is so unlike all that we have been accustomed to expect from the lordly prelates of the Establishment*, that we wonder whereto these things tend. His Lordship is *dealing a more deadly blow at Tractarianism* in his diocese, by such pious, sensible, and simple work as this" (can his object be only spite after all?) "than any evoking of legal authority, verdicts in the law-courts, rebukes, suspensions, or dismissals could possibly do."—*Court Journal*.

We are inclined to ask ourselves if this be not a roguish hit at the Establishment. If not—"Save me from my friends."

CHAPTER IV.

LA CITÉ DORÉ.

ITS SITUATION—WHY SO CALLED—ORIGINAL DESTINATION OF THE LOCALITY—RUSTIC TASTES OF THE PARISIAN BOURGEOISIE—“LAND TO LET ON BUILDING LEASES”—THE FIRST APPLICANT—HIS VILLA—REVOLUTION IN THE “CHIFFE”—NOVEL ROOFING—THE NEW CITÉ AND ITS CHARACTERISTICS—INHABITANTS OF THE CITÉ AND THEIR OCCUPATIONS—A HOUSE-TO-HOUSE VISIT IN THE CITÉ—CURIOUS INTERIORS—LA MÈRE A L’ANE—HER HISTORY—THE CHIFFONNIER’S MÉNAGE—MUTUAL ASSISTANCE AMONG THE POOR—A GERMAN OUVRIÈRE—A SECOND VISIT—VARIOUS CASES DESCRIBED—OLD SHOES AND THEIR USES—A RETIRED CANTINIÈRE—A HIGHWAYMAN’S STORY.

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LA OTTE DOWNS

CHAPTER IV.

LA CITÉ DORÉ.

“ Sur ces monts entassés, séjour de la froidure
 Aux creux de ces rochers, sous ces gouffres affreux,
 Je vois des animaux—pales, maigres, hideux,
 Demi-nus, affamés, couchés sous l'infortune ;
 Ils sont hommes pourtant ! Notre mère commune
 A daigné prodiguer des soins aussi puissants
 A pétrir de ses mains leur substance mortelle,
 Et le grossier instinct qui dirige leur sens,—
 Qu' à former les vainqueurs de Pharsale et d' Arbelle ;
 Au livre des destins tous leurs jours sont comptés.”

VOLTAIRE.

Λεπτῶς καλῶς ζῆν κρεῖσσον, ἢ λαμπρῶς κακῶς.

AT the extremity of a *faubourg*, which a dandy of the day would characterize as “impossible”—less known to the civilized world, perhaps, than the Islands of Japan, and less calculated to excite the sympathies of modern philanthropy than the villages of Negroland ;—in a neighbourhood which “no one” would think of

visiting, and which lies out of "everybody's" way—there exists a spot which, to those who entertain a belief in the sentiment that "the proper study of mankind is man," and who would practically engage in that study, is decidedly worth exploring.

We have all heard and read of Carib huts, Indian wigwams, Arab tents, and Tartar camps; but we little thought that we have always had within our reach something much more curious, and much more interesting than all these. A place, too, it was—so to speak—our duty to visit, to examine, and to know; a field for labour, and that with a prospect of harvest; a dwelling-place of Christian men, women, and children, cut off, and, as it were, abandoned to themselves in the midst of a wealthy city, but also in a hardened, a selfish, and a luxurious age; moreover, struggling bravely and honestly with poverty, with misery, with disease—with death!

Yes, this spot, which would make a *petit maître* of the Rue Vivienne or a Regent Street coxcomb shudder, is within the gay, the elegant, the light-hearted Paris, not more than ten minutes' walk from that resort whose reputation is European, known as the "Jardin des Plantes," and yet that is only a collection of brutes, and this a village of human creatures like ourselves!

This unknown spot is called the "Cité Doré." Those who should hear its name for the first time might be impressed with the rustic notion which once prevailed with respect to London, that the streets were paved

with the precious metal; while, on the other hand, those who see it cannot but conclude that the appellation has been bestowed upon it by a mockery of antiphrasis. Its name is, however, due to neither of these causes, but simply to the fact that M. Doré, a distinguished chemist, was formerly owner of the soil.

Viewed from above, it presents the appearance of a collection of rabbit-hutches, only on a scale which admits of their giving shelter to human beings; a closer inspection reveals its actual destination. It is a town within a town, inhabited by a people who seem to have wandered into the midst of another people.

The "Cité Doré" has none of the characteristics of the mother city; it no more resembles Paris, than Constantinople resembles London. It is the metropolis of misery nestling in the heart of the native land of luxury; but, let us penetrate into its mysteries; we must be prepared to behold sights not altogether attractive, but, at the same time, we need not apprehend anything that will terrify or even shock us.

What we shall see is calculated rather to sadden than to alarm. We shall meet neither gamblers, thieves, nor assassins; we are about to enter the home of honest and laborious poverty, not the den of daring and desperate depravity. In a word, we are about to visit a colony of landowners, the poorest in the world, it is true, and living from hand to mouth, in dwellings wholly indescribable, but still "propriétaires" of the little corners they occupy.

On this spot once stood the "Château de Bellevue,"

a magnificent park, tastefully laid out and covering about 1,200 square yards. It was purchased by an individual whose idea was to turn it into a speculative enterprise by establishing there a place of public entertainment, in fact a Cremorne or a Rosherville. The attempt, however, failed; the property was put up to auction, and was knocked down for a moderate sum to M. Doré. Whatever erections remained upon it, were forthwith demolished, and this park, once so rich in verdure, in foliage and flowers, became little better than a marsh, separated from the high-road by a quick-set hedge, in which the *gamins*, finding themselves unmolested, made free to open as many breaches as their various frolics suggested, converting the whole, by virtue of "French leave," into a vast play-ground. The cultivator, who could make nothing of his land, soon became tired of planting his pot-herbs—to which the soil was not over favourable—for the pleasure of seeing them rooted up or trodden down by these ruthless trespassers, and finding that the expense of having the place watched at all hours would scarcely pay, abandoned his scheme, and the ground—neglected and waste—became little better than a common.

In 1848, M. Doré bethought himself of turning his property to account, till he should find a use for it, by letting it in small parcels or lots to the "bourgeois" of Paris, who, it is well-known, have a passion for gardening. They will often, for the sake of indulging their taste, take a piece of ground not much larger than a pocket-handkerchief, in some distant suburb, whither

their great delight is to resort every Sunday, accompanied by their families, either on foot or in any kind of vehicle they can borrow or hire, there to enjoy the balmy air, and to indulge in the delight of horticulture in their tiny pleasure-grounds.

If they can anywise find room for so proud an acquisition, they plant a tree, and construct a seat under it, or erect a summer-house, a grotto, or an arbour, where they may repose in contemplation, or exercise their busy fancy in anticipations of the day when, retiring from the dusty, wearisome, matter-of-fact life of the city, they may attain to that pinnacle of happiness which to a Parisian consists in possessing a country-box of his own.

He scarcely knows a limit to the visions which the prospect conjures up in his excited imagination; it is the *acmé* of all his hopes, the vanishing point into which all the lines of his life converge and concentrate themselves. He dreams of all he will do, and all he will enjoy, when the proud day shall arrive in which he can call himself a "propriétaire;" in which he can look down upon his present co-*employés* or fellow shopkeepers, and talk about "ma terre," and when he has got thus far, he begins to foresee a time when he can add to his "propriété" the adjoining field, and increase his consequence by the ambiguous and high-sounding claim implied in "*mes terres*."

He has for some time past been subscribing to the *Dictionnaire d'Agriculture*, he has studied the mysteries of gardening, and feels he will be quite at home in all

the new duties that will fall to his lot as soon as he takes possession of his estate and castle—in the air.

“O rus!” he would exclaim if he had read Horace, “Quando te aspiciam? Quandoque licebit discere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ?” But, as he has not, he ejaculates the aspiration in his native French, unconscious of the honest plagiarism.

Wild indeed are his visionary expectations of success in every department; he anticipates with delight the economy he will effect in eggs, poultry, rabbits, fruit, and vegetables; he enthusiastically believes that he may one day arrive at the culminating point of rural glory, and not only see, but cut and eat, a loaf baked in his own oven, from corn sown by his own fingers, and ground in his own hand-mill! Nay, why should not his coffee be sweetened with sugar manufactured on the premises from his own beet? Alas, poor dreamer! he too often wakes up from these golden slumbers only, after he has tried the fatal experiment, to groan forth his now fruitless lamentations:—

“O fortunatos nimium sua si bona nôrint
Agricolas!”—

for, instead of reposing upon the snug little competency he might have enjoyed, he finds he has squandered the hard-earned savings of his shop-life in purchasing experience which is of no further use to him. Crushed in mind and body, we next find him among the fallen poor, reduced to share their penury, and only too happy if he can obtain admission into some charitable asylum.

Calculating upon this weakness of the Parisian

“bourgeoisie,” the owner of the land in question followed the wisest course in devising the plan of offering it as building-ground, and thus disposing, with some chance of profit, of the cumbersome estate he had acquired, but he was by no means prepared for what was destined to follow.

The large painted board had displayed its notice for some time without any result, and M. Doré was inclined to despair of ever doing anything with his property, when, instead of the would-be ruraliser of the Rue St. Denis, whom he had expected, or some enterprising Melibœus from the Faubourg Montmartre, who should appear but a “chiffonnier” of the first water, duly equipped *more majorum*? The proprietor’s astonishment was great, when his visitor informed him he had “come about hiring some land.” A little further conversation elicited that his desire was to select a suitable situation to build a country-house for his family. The lease was made out for ten square yards of ground, at fifty centimes per annum the square yard.

Our “chiffonnier” was a man of business. He set to work with industry and intelligence; for the very next morning after he had taken possession, he, his wife, and his children were all busy on their new property. They dug out the foundations of their rustic villa, and, with a few truckfuls of builder’s “rubbish,” which the “chiffonnier” purchased from the demolitions then, as now, going on in Paris, at ten sous the load, he faced his task bravely. A tent was pitched, in which the family stowed themselves as a temporary

residence, and at the end of three months the new erection was ready for occupation. As the season came round, creepers were planted, which soon intertwined themselves clingingly among the rugosities of the building, and in a little while the "chiffonnier" and his brood found themselves nestled in a little perfumed bower.

This wonder was soon talked of in the "Chiffe." It was visited by members of the profession, and each spectator began to envy the position of the man who, for a ground-rent of five francs a-year, and an expense of a small sum further, once for all, could call himself monarch of so proud a domain. The thought was inspiring; everyone must needs follow in the wake. The ground soon came into requisition; competition soon sent it up to a premium, and, before long, the once deserted park of "Bellevue" was teeming with life and activity. A new town began to spring up, remarkable for a class of architecture in pure nineteenth century taste, and presenting a phase in art wholly unknown till that moment. The rapidity with which these curious residences rose from the ground might in some measure account for the peculiarities of style, and the bantering emulation among these amateurs in brick and mortar, which urged on that rapidity, scarcely left leisure for matured consideration. Be that as it may, the miniature city—so utterly contrasting its diminished growth with the many-storied houses for which the rest of Paris is remarkable—soon exhibited streets, avenues, squares, passages, galleries, "carrefours" of its own, and even boasted its "Rond-point!"

By the end of the year 1849, everything announced the success of the movement; most of the houses were roofed in, but we must have a word about these roofs, for this part of the business had, for a time, presented an obstacle. Various experiments had been tried to discover some sufficient substitute for tiles or slates, which, of course, were out of the question; a period of discouragement followed, for no expedient suggested itself. It was at this moment that a "chiffonnier" came forward, inspired with a sublime idea.

At Paris every article finds a market except old sheet tin. *This*, then, was the substance which must serve the purpose. For some time past it has been the custom in Paris to line packing-cases with this material, and it was consequently to be picked up in considerable quantities, as it rarely serves twice. Every damaged sheet of tin, therefore, which could be seized upon and cut into sound squares, was eagerly transferred to the *hotte*, and thence found its way to the new constructions, the majority of which were finished off according to this ingenious invention. At first the effect was striking, for, as they lay basking in the morning sun, you might almost imagine the roofs of the cité to be "dorés," but after a while, unluckily, exposure to the baneful influences of smoke, time, and weather began to destroy this bright illusion; the glittering surface was shortly defaced by a dingy tinge of rust, and the diminutive dwellings soon assumed the appearance of dog-kennels.

So far so well; however humble, all was peace and

tranquillity in the little community, when lo! an adventurer came into the field, and fixed his eye upon the spot.

He discovered in it promise of a future harvest, and resolved to invest money in the speculation. His first step was to hire a piece of ground, parcelling it out, and building upon it; he hired more at a low ground-rent, and under-let it at twice the amount. He charged five-and-twenty francs a-week for a house with a small yard, and finally succeeded in raising the value of the whole property, and with it, of course, the rents, which had hitherto been moderate and easy to meet. Building—if it can be so called—did not, however, go on less rapidly, and in less than four years a suburb of no inconsiderable dimensions had been raised, peopled, and organized, without having cost the city of Paris a single sou. The population, formerly pent up in narrow, pestilential streets, confined in close rooms, in which, notwithstanding the heavy rent, they could neither move nor breathe with freedom, had now become leaseholders, and even the “chiffonniers” were loosened from their former habits of life, being well enough off, in point of space, to admit of their having, apart from their sleeping-place, a shed wherein they could deposit their rags, bones, and other infectious objects, indispensable to the nature of their calling. They had obtained, if not comfort or luxury, at least fresh air, an open country, and, therefore, a wholesome situation.

The children no longer presented the pallid and unhealthy appearance of the sickly little beings who

swarm on the Montagne St. Geneviève, and the parents soon began to derive moral as well as physical benefit from the change. A good understanding seemed to spring up between the inhabitants; and those scenes of ferocity, of misconduct, and especially of drunkenness, so frequent in the crowded and poverty-stricken courts, have never been witnessed here.

It is an axiom that sanitary measures are conducive to mental as well as bodily salubrity, and the "Cité Doré," though exclusively inhabited by the poorest of the poor, affords practical evidence of its truth.

It is much to say that since the "cité" first existed there has never been a brawl, or even a single combat,—and the police have never been needed within its precincts.

These good people may be said to conduct themselves with propriety and respectability as fathers of families, and as men who feel that they have responsibilities. Nothing can be more peaceful and orderly than the tone of the whole population. The feeling that, however poor, they are, in a manner, "propriétaires," elevates them in their own eyes to a position which they seem instinctively to feel they are bound not to disgrace, and this contributes, perhaps, as much as any other cause to the habits of order and decency which distinguish them.

Yet, among these honest "ouvriers," how much misery, how much struggling with the ills and adversities of life, may we not detect! In the practical details of their honest industry, they are found to have

recourse to inventions and "shifts," which not only show a real, earnest desire to be independent of charity, but an ingenuity of invention of which we have little idea.

Some of the trades by which they maintain themselves have not even names in any existing vocabulary; and when they have *told* you their profession, you are no nearer knowing its signification than you were before. For example, a poor fellow informs you with great *naïveté*, that the trade by which he lives is that of a "bruleur de mottes." You never heard of the expedient before, I will answer for it; nor I either. It is, however, a means of existence; and the proof is, that one of the inhabitants of the "cité," a superannuated "cantinière" of the "great army," has been appointed to supply the fuel she thus manufactures to the old pensioners of the "Salpêtrière." The "mottes" are nothing more nor less than blocks of peat, which are carbonized in an oven, and thus become in a fit state to be burned in the "chaufferettes," so much used on the Continent. Perhaps one of the most touching sights the "cité" affords is that of this unhappy creature, doomed, from one end of the year to the other, in order to secure her scanty gains, to live in an atmosphere to which the climate of Senegal would be a perpetual spring, and yet executing her functions with the most uncomplaining equanimity, not to say cheerfulness. Alas! there are more things in Paris than are dreamed of in our philosophy; but these same "things" are such as must be witnessed, touched, handled, to be appreciated."

Let us examine into them for ourselves; the day is fine and bright, and we shall see the "cité" under the most favourable circumstances. Let us pay it a visit. We shall have to drive to the "Boulevard de l'Hôpital," and out at the "Barrière d'Ivry," and then, after a half-mile transit, we shall arrive at the spot. We take a broad turning in the road, and soon find ourselves in a cheerless street, bordered by houses of two stories high, run up in the slightest and most slovenly manner possible. Poverty and want are not long in making their presence felt, and we may detect unmistakable signs of their ravages here. Half-clad children are playing in the road; across the street, every now and then, is a line on which hang tattered garments, drying and fluttering in the air, blown by the breeze into absurd and fantastic shapes; heaps of rubbish, broken windows, unpainted doors, dilapidated walls, choked gutters, and other tokens of disorder and neglect, impart an air of discomfort to the whole.

The friend who guides our steps is a member of the Association of St. Vincent de Paul—the President of the "Sainte Famille,"—and, as we make our way through the turnings and lanes of the "cité," he conducts us into the houses he is appointed to visit, and relates to us full particulars of the locality and its inhabitants.

We have a large timber-yard on our right; in one corner stands a shed. We follow our conductor through a crazy wicket, and enter a low doorway. Within, we find a touching mixture of poverty and

cleanliness. A tidy matron, somewhat above middle age, is engaged over the contents of an iron pot, suspended by a chain over the crackling logs of a wood fire. The habitation is gabled, and the roof is open to the rafters. The whole interior strikes us, because we have never seen anything like it before. One half of the area thus covered from the sky is paved with bricks, clean and polished. Its furniture consists of a wooden bedstead, a commode, a rough deal table, and two or three wooden chairs of the simplest construction. A few cracked plates, chipped jugs, and other domestic utensils are neatly arranged on a shelf over the bed, and above the chimney-piece, a crucifix and some prints of a religious character are the only ornaments visible.

The *other* half of the room, however, is that which imparts to the interior its peculiar character. The floor here is covered with perfectly clean litter. It is divided into three stalls, occupied respectively by two mules and a donkey; for the owner's profession is that of letting out beasts of burden. Whenever the animals are not hired, however, here they pass their days, and, at all events, it is here they pass their nights!—the good man and his wife, with the only two children now living with them, occupying the first-described portion of the dwelling.

The President, after a little conversation with the woman, inquires for her husband, and from what passes, we gather that he is repeating recommendations and counsels on a matter which has formed the subject

of many previous interviews. This couple, who have been living together for more than a quarter of a century, and have several married children, have only recently joined the Association of the Sainte Famille; and that which the President urges with such persuasive eloquence is one of the objects its promoters have in view: *the marriage of those who have been living in a state of concubinage.*

“My good mother,” says this worthy man, “don’t delay this great duty any longer; you say you *feel* it to be right—then why defer it? Life is short and uncertain,—we must not play with grace. God has been very good in giving you grace to see your past sin. You, at this moment, feel very repentant; who knows—if you resist the impulse which now leads you to desire to make this reparation—whether your heart may not harden? Death may come upon you unawares; you may never be brought back again to your present state of feeling, or, if you should again be overcome with remorse, it may no longer be possible for you to carry out the project which could now so easily be accomplished.”

The poor woman is evidently touched; the tears steal down her cheeks, and give proof of the struggle that is going on within her. She raises the corner of her coarse checked apron to her eyes, and looking up into the President’s face, she replies:—

“What you say, dear, good sir, is very true, and I have felt all that; but—but, sir—I know it is very wrong, and yet I can’t help it; I can’t get over the

humiliation it will be to appear before so many people who know us." Here she cast down her eyes, and with broken voice she continued: "Do you think, dear sir, it is nothing, at our time of life, to put ourselves—parents of fifteen children—in a position which will infallibly bring upon us the remarks, and perhaps the ridicule of our neighbours?"

"Is that it, my good woman?" answers our excellent friend; "nay, I am sure I shall show you with very little difficulty that that feeling is not worthy of you. We, followers of a humiliated and crucified Lord, we must *court* humiliation and not *shun* it. How otherwise shall we be walking in the steps of the Divine Master? Oh!" continues he, clasping his hands with energy, and glancing upwards at the crucifix on the mantel-piece, "was there ever humiliation like that! And shall we, we Catholics, with that image ever before our eyes," and he raised his right hand, and pointed to it with a gesture full of feeling, "shall *we* refuse, in reparation of our own sins, to taste of *the edge* of that cup of bitterness which for those very sins, and not for His own, He was willing to drink to the very dregs?"

This appeal is enough, and he sees it, for he is accustomed to deal with the poor, and knows that there are deeply-rooted faith and love in their hearts, and, if only the rays of charity are focused upon them, they will spring up and bear fruit.

He puts out his hand to shake hers, but the woman in her gratitude respectfully kisses it.

“Let me see your husband,” he says, “and tell him that he need not be ashamed to accompany you to the church, for *I* shall certainly not feel any shame at being of the party. *I* will be one of your “*témoins* ;” and you shall, if you please, take my arm. You must experience no sentiment of disgrace in doing an act you know to be right. It *is*, I allow, an act of Christian courage, but one which ought to *raise* you in the esteem of all rightly-thinking persons ; and, if it *should* result in disagreeable observations from others, you must bear them as a Christian woman should, and rejoice that you have thus something to offer to our dear Lord, and that you have found an occasion to take part in His sufferings.”

The man is out cutting wood ; he, however, appears, and, after a little conversation of the same character, he gives his consent and the day is fixed.

We return to the main road, and after a few minutes reach another of these retreats. At the end of a stable-yard is a small “lean-to,” protected by a patched outer wall of mud and rag-stone ; the yard is full of water, for there is no attempt at drainage, and yesterday was a wet day. The shed we are about to enter is a foot below the ground on which we stand, and the muddy liquid drips into it, and is gradually soaked up by the earthen foundation, on which there is not even a layer of bricks !

“This,” says our guide, “is where dwells an old woman who goes by the *sobriquet* of ‘La Mère à l’Ane.’”

Let us go in and ascertain how she has gained this appellation. Stay: we must stoop, for the door is low. As it is, we have knocked in the crown of our hat; there is such a complication of difficulties; we expected to find at least a little daylight, and did not perceive that our ingress blocked up the only aperture that admits it. But we are standing in a puddle, and our well-shod feet slip about in it, and then—what a disagreeable smell! It is at once musty, and earthy, and with a peculiar flavour of straw and stables. Never mind: we are not going to stay long. Yes, this is the ungenerous, selfish thought which involuntarily crosses our mind! The second, but *only* second, is the recollection that a fellow-being—a woman, too—and in many respects far superior to ourselves, passes her life within these dark, damp, dreary walls.

There is literally *no* furniture, and *no* fire-place!

What is this heap of rags for, on our right? And, what is that heap of litter, opposite? *This* is the bed of the mistress; and *that*, of her faithful, patient, and only friend and servant,—her donkey! Yes, this is a fact; thus they live, and thus, in all probability, when their hour comes, they will die. It is an indissoluble partnership; they share all they have:—

“The same their table, and the same their bed!”

The old lady invites us to enter her very humble home; but she does it with a politeness and simplicity which have a grace of their own, and are worth more to us than the studied civility of condescending and supercilious grandeur.

Her language is correct, and her expressions well selected; and we feel sure she has seen better days. She does not say so however, neither does she utter a complaint. This entire absence of cant interests us the more in her strange and woful lot; and, little by little, we draw from her the history of her life. Her father was a respectable shoemaker, living in a large provincial town, and sent his children to school. Unfortunately for her, he died while she was young, the family was broken up, and she remained alone with her mother. They supported themselves by shoe-binding, and lived very comfortably, till, in an evil hour, she was induced—by a fellow who turned out thoroughly worthless—to marry. After this fatal step everything went wrong; the husband gave up his work, and not only lived upon the earnings of his wife and mother-in-law, but was scarcely ever sober. The mother died of starvation, and her husband at last absconded, leaving his young wife with two children to provide for. Alas! of how much misery are not these early marriages of the poor the source! Once rid of the man who, so far from being her support, had become her burden, she managed, with great frugality and hard labour, to pay her way during two years; when, to her dismay, the wretched man returned, but so broken in constitution by the disorderly life he had led, that he became a heavy charge. He was now really incapable of work, being constantly subject to epileptic fits, during one of which he fell, and crippled himself so as to become totally helpless. During eighteen years this poor crea-

ture bore the whole burden of the family, when the man was found to have gradually sunk into a state of mental alienation, which procured his admission into the insane ward of "Bicêtre." There she still regularly visits him, always carrying with her some little delicacy, procured at the expense of her own necessities.

Meantime, her son died, and her daughter married, but too poorly to be of any assistance to herself. She, therefore, came to Paris, where, with half of all she had in the world—three francs—she purchased the interesting animal before us, and with the remainder a small stock of pottery which she got at a cheap rate, in consideration of certain trifling flaws and defects. These, while they render the vessels unfit for the shop trade, do not prevent their being available for the poorer classes; and economical housewives are glad to meet with articles which they thus obtain at half-price. She, therefore, continues this traffic as her last and only resource.

She, at first, hired a cart to carry her wares, but, by laying by two sous daily out of her earnings, she at length succeeded in becoming its owner, and is now quite happy in her honest independence!

What a pity such scenes as these do not come under the cognizance of the luxurious and the fashionable! They must be witnessed to be understood.

The next habitation we visit is that of a "chiffonnier." In the single room they rent, we find a father, mother, and four children occupying a space nine feet square!

The furniture — one bed, two chairs, a few shelves, and pegs. All are in rags, and yet the mother appears to be an active, managing body. The man is a cripple, and unfit for any other occupation, or he would not follow his present calling, for he was not born in the “Chiffe.” He was formerly a mechanic, but met with an accident, which deprived him of the use of an arm, and has no other means of turning an honest penny. He has just returned from his round. One corner of the room is strewn with the contents of the *hotte*; these he is engaged in sorting before disposing of them for their different destinations.

Occasionally the woman goes likewise. If they can make between them thirty sous a-day, they consider themselves in luck; the average gains are one franc per day.

They tell us that they send their children to school, and hope to keep them there till after their First Communion, when they desire—through one of the numerous associations with which Paris abounds—to get them apprenticed to some trade, in order that they may not be obliged to join themselves to the “Confrérie de la Chiffe.” These cases, however, are rare, as the taste is generally hereditary.

A considerable proportion of the inhabitants of the “cité” are “chiffonniers.” Next door to this was a family of the same calling. They had had ten children, and were now supporting seven on the produce of the *hotte*.

That there should not be a great mortality among the

children is scarcely surprising, for although very insufficiently fed, owing to the small gains of the parents, the air is salubrious and the inhabitants are spared many of those disadvantages which are so fatal in the crowded quarters of Paris itself.

One woman among those we visited had had three children at a birth on two occasions. They all died, but she has still five living—a tolerable number of mouths when there is nothing to put into them.

This incident and its results will serve to illustrate that feeling of sympathy which exists among the poor. The event, being, comparatively speaking, extraordinary, got talked about, and found its way into the papers. Private charity came forward on the occasion, and numerous were the *largesses* sent and brought to the poor woman; but not only had she been already provided with all she needed, but other mothers had offered their services to assist her in suckling her numerous progeny. The “Administration de l’Assistance Publique” sent two goats to the poor mother to aid her in bringing up the children. When these died the mother naturally came into possession of the goats, and found them a great help in enabling her to supply goat’s milk to several invalids in the neighbourhood. But the most touching part of the story is the way in which she relates the circumstances and dwells upon the kindness of her poor neighbours, who, she says, never came to visit her empty-handed.

A great number of persons, seeing us pass, came out

of their houses, and addressing the President, asked him to enter their names as members of the "Sainte Famille." The conditions were explained to them, but they readily assented to them, and indeed these appear to form an excellent test of the sincerity of the candidates.

Building still goes on more or less rapidly in the "cité," but though there is no lack of occupants, now that so many of the poorer streets in Paris are being demolished, these miserable tenements continue to be run up in the same hasty and defective style. Under these circumstances, the wretched inhabitants are exposed to the inconveniences of cold and damp, and must either suffer from the asperities of the season or spend the greater part of their earnings in fuel, which in Paris is very expensive. All these disadvantages, of course, add considerably to those trials and sufferings which are inseparable from their condition.

One poor creature, who yet was about and at work, had frightful ulcers in one arm and one leg from varicose veins. She had no ostensible means of support, and yet contrives to pay thirty sous a-week for her miserable room.

Another pays one franc a-week for a room certainly not nine feet square. She is a childless widow, and too infirm to work, but supports herself by taking care of the children of women who go out charring. She had one in her arms, and two more were sleeping peacefully on her bed. In the window was a small stock of sweetmeats for sale. She seemed an honest, simple old body,

and her great aim is never to be in arrear with her rent.

One house larger than the others is let to many separate families. The couple who, with their eight children, occupy the ground floor, get this rent-free, in consideration of looking after the other lodgers. I should imagine the principal duty performed towards them consisted in seeing that they do not run away; perhaps also in collecting their rent *when* they pay any.

Connected with the Association of the "Sainte Famille" is another Society for the benefit of the same class, called "L'Œuvre de Nazareth," which shall be described in due course. If we mention it here, it is in order to say that a considerable number of the inhabitants of the "Cité Doré" avail themselves of the privilege it offers to members, and indeed really seem to value them. These and a variety of others, having in view the relief of particular classes, are all set on foot by the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. The Brotherhood of this magnificent association interest themselves personally in all who are thus cared for, and are indefatigable, not only in behalf of such as are already under their protection, but in inducing others to join them.

Although most of the houses which compose the "cité" are of one and two stories, there are some which boast four, and one visit we paid was "au 4^{me}." The stairs were dirty and uninviting, and the exhalations which greeted our olfactories were far from encouraging; however, we pushed boldly on, and reached a loft lighted from the roof, in which sat a poor German,

who speaks scarcely a word of French, and who in a foreign land is doomed to support herself, her husband, who is ill, and four children. Her occupation is sewing dolls' arms! A pile of pink kid limbs, ready cut out, lay on the table; each may be six or eight inches long, and requires to be sewn rather closely, that the bran may not escape. The duties of the "ménage" do not admit of her getting on with them very rapidly, and she has only earned *six sous* by the time she has manufactured twenty-four pairs!

But our acquaintance with the "Cité Doré" was not completed in a day. On the occasion of a visit we made, in company with a worthy member of the "Société de St. Vincent de Paul," we were taken to see a quiet, orderly family, consisting of father, mother, and four children; these were lodged in a portion of the "cité" built by a charitable man at his own expense, and let to the poor at a very moderate rate—say half of what the accommodation would cost in the ordinary way. These lodgings are consequently better organized, and more wholesome; still, the poverty is great. When this family first came to the "cité," they lodged in another quarter, and the man was a thorough-going republican, leveller, and rebel. The first time the visitor entered his doors he was simply rude and sulky; the second time he was violent, declaring he meant to assassinate every rich man he could find, and, if he came prying into his affairs, he should begin with *him*.

At his next round he was told the man was ill; availing himself, therefore, of the opportunity, he went to

see him. He found him not only considerably subdued, but even touched by his kind attention, and willing to receive all he had to say in good part.

A friend who accompanied this gentleman, seeing the misery with which the poor man was surrounded, slipped a ten-franc piece into his hand. This completely overcame him; he threw himself at their feet, and his gratitude knew no bounds. He became from that day a reformed character, and, in consequence of this promising state of things, it was thought advisable to move him into his present lodging, which is advantageous to him in all ways. His trade is that of a maker and repairer of wind-instruments, and by this he maintains his family.

He now belongs to one or two societies, attends Mass regularly, sends his children to school, and sets a good example to many of his neighbours.

Next door to this, was an old couple—the man ill and nearly blind, the woman too aged and infirm to work. They have a grandson of seventeen, an orphan, who has been a charge to them for some time, owing to the death of his father, who was run over a few years ago. This lad picks up what he can by any chance service he may be able to render in the streets, but he, too, is half-blind and not capable of much. She has lost altogether five children, but, notwithstanding their poverty, she cannot make up her mind to part with their clothes, which she keeps hung up in a row, on five pegs, and which she pointed out to us with streaming eyes.

She also showed us a handsome commode and a

chimney-clock, which, as they were the property of this lad's father, she says, must come to him, and therefore she cannot sell or dispose of them in any way.

In another tall house the "cité" boasts, we visited "au 3^{me}," a shoemaker, who manufactures *new* shoes out of *old* materials. He buys these of the "chiffonniers," strips them all to pieces, and, having extracted from each all that can serve his purpose, the rest is thrown into a corner, where it accumulates, and is ultimately sold to the rag-merchants, or "chiffonniers acheteurs." He also makes new shoes, but, whereas he charges ten francs for these, the others he can offer at five francs. There was a great deal of misery and destitution in this family, as in others.

A strange and sad case was the next. A ground floor, paved here and there with broken tiles, drainage in a frightful state, a room of most inadequate dimensions, the husband and one or two young men in a state of semi-nudity, with several children, all apparently busy in various callings, which it was impossible to make out; broken furniture, bits of wood, a few coals and potatoes, old iron, dilapidated chairs, and Heaven knows what besides, piled up against the wall, or scattered about the ground, and, in the midst of all this, stretched across a bedstead, covered with bedding of a heterogeneous character, lay a middle-aged woman, mother of this family, on whom an operation was to be performed on the morrow. "Ce sera la vie ou la mort," she said, with an expression which betrayed all her apprehensions.

A medical man who accompanied us examined the affected limb, and joined us in persuading her to let herself be carried to the "Hotel Dieu," but no entreaties, no arguments were of any avail. The doctor, under whose care, or rather under whose neglect, she was, had told her that hospital-patients were always subjects of experiment, and had no chance.

"On y assassine les pauvres pour faire vivre les riches," she said; "et comme j'ai là mes petits enfans, je tiens encore un peu à la vie."

"C'est une femme perdue," whispered the doctor to us, after vainly urging his persuasions.

The husband, who was eating his dinner of bread and cheese, seemed very unconcerned about the matter, and, pointing to some rag she was tearing, said, with an unfeeling laugh:—

"Elle se fait de la charpie pour demain!"

He gave us his version of how the accident had happened. He said that, about five years ago, his wife was standing at the door during a thunder-storm, and that suddenly she was struck by a *coup de tonnerre*, that she fell with her leg bent under her, and was unable to put her foot to the ground for some days. At last it got better, and she then went about her duties as usual, although she continued to limp. It soon began to grow worse, and at last she was forced to lay it up altogether, and it was now between four and five years since she had moved off the bed. It was frightfully swollen, and had evidently been tampered with, probably "for the sake of experiment," by the "ignorantin," in whom she had so much faith.

One could scarcely fancy the possibility of a woman recovering, after an operation, in the midst of the noise, the smell, the turmoil, the dampness, and want of every accommodation, too apparent in such a hovel, to say nothing of the anxiety and preoccupation which must exist in the presence of so much misery.

Having felt greatly interested in the poor woman's fate, we returned the following week to learn the sequel. The story was soon told; we stood on the same spot as before; the noise, the dirt, the smell, the confusion was precisely the same; the bed as untidy and tattered as before; there was only one difference—the poor mother was no longer there! Had she been persuaded to go to the hospital? Alas, no! and her life had been sacrificed to ignorance and prejudice; the wretched quack, to whom she had preferred to trust the life she was so anxious to preserve for her young children, had finished the work begun by hunger, cold, and want. All was over! The widower seemed downcast and softened since we saw him last; his poor wife had only survived the operation a few hours. He told us the story with tears in his eyes, and followed it with a simple, but fervent, eulogy of her virtues. We were glad to have seen it, for we perceived that the tone we had mistaken for brutality and indifference last week was the result of ignorance as to the gravity of the case.

A “rez-de-chaussée” in the next street is occupied by a family of father, mother, and six children. The father, sinking under a rapid consumption, has but a

short time to live; the mother's whole time is given to her attendance on him, and two of the children, who are too young to be anything but "a cumbrance;" two boys of nine and fourteen go out to pick up what they can, and two girls of eleven and thirteen work hard all day at shirt-making. If they can make a shirt each in the day they think themselves well off, and receive ten sous each, out of which they must find the cotton to sew it with.

Two families we visited support themselves entirely, and sometimes contrive to make as much as forty sous a-day by the sale of old shoes, which they either pick up in the streets or buy of the "chiffonniers," into whose *hotte* they fall as a matter of course.

There are several working shoemakers in the "cité," who have plenty of use for these second-hand soles, pour "refaire le vieux," and there is, therefore, no difficulty in disposing of them. Some have little shops for greengrocery, others even manage to keep a "crêmerie," and there are several retailers of beer, tobacco, and spirits.

The rent they pay for a couple of rooms now varies from 100 to 150 francs a-year, but all speak well of M. Doré, and say that he is never hard upon them, though, with the general rise in prices, he too has been obliged to raise his rents. He has other land beyond and besides that on which the "cité" stands, but, as may be supposed, being a merciful man, he has not grown rich upon the rents of his pauper tenants.

A poor old creature, aged sixty-five, but looking ten

years older, from the hard life she has led, whom we visited in a queer little cabin up a steep stone staircase, lamented she was not five years older, in order that she might be admitted into the "Salpêtrière" which requires that its inmates shall have reached the age of seventy.

She was occupied in chopping pods of haricot beans, picked up in the heaps in the street, for she had no other means of existence than "chiffonnage." On a shelf behind her was a piece of bread, one side of which was green with mould; we asked her what it was for; she said it was a *lucky* find that she had made that morning, that the larger part of it was still sound and would go into the soup with the rest!

She had followed the army as *cantinière* for many years, until her husband, who was a soldier, was killed, when she "left the service" with her papers all *en règle*, for she preserved them still in the hope of getting into some asylum in her old age! She had led a hard life, and it seemed doubtful if she would live to reach the limit prescribed by the rule of the "Salpêtrière," which, despite its ample dimensions, is always full. Her admission there, however, is now the highest pinnacle of her ambition!

Notwithstanding the bad drainage of most of the streets, the air of the "cité" maintains its salubrity to a certain extent, and the children look fresh, rosy, and intelligent. This drawback falls most heavily on those condemned to sedentary employments, to the cares of the house and family, which naturally confine them to

the interior of their dwelling, and thus the infirm and bed-ridden are those who are worst off.

In every case where the houses have stairs, that is where they are of more than one story, and let in flats, the staircase seems to be disowned by everyone, and is always in a deplorable condition, but when the inhabitants have passed through this ordeal, they are decidedly better off in return for the degree of elevation they enjoy.

Another family is supported by an ingenious *industrie* which would puzzle most of the uninitiated; it is simply scraping horn! "*Scraping horn!*" you repeat. What on earth can that be for? Is it to make hartshorn? Nothing of the kind; look again at that fine white heap of shavings. What! no idea of their destination? Nay, you will probably never discover the secret. Well, then, we will tell you. It is to make those pretty-looking, fluffy, white crowns, twisted round with sky-blue and silver, that we see upon the graves of little children, inscribed with the touching words, "A notre enfant," or "Petit ange, prie pour tes parens." This singular occupation brings in five sous a-day! The manufacture of the crowns of *immortelles* only produces three sous per diem, clear profit after the material is paid for, in both cases!

The President related to us, among others, a striking adventure which had happened to him during one of his periodical visits to the poor of his district.

He said that one day, coming downstairs after a visit in a garret, in one of the worst streets in Paris,

he was met by a man who came hastily from one of the lower floors, and in an earnest and respectful, though hurried, manner, begged him to come into his room for a few minutes.

"What do you want with me, my good fellow?" said he, eyeing him at the same time from head to foot, for the man was not prepossessing in appearance, and a second and more scrutinising glance made him appear almost ruffianly.

"Pray, sir, do not refuse me," replied the petitioner, with increased warmth. "I will detain you but a few minutes."

Thus pressed, the President yielded; he followed his conductor into a most uninviting chamber, but scarcely had he entered, when, to his dismay, the latter locked the door, and, putting the key into his pocket, looked fixedly at him and said in a deliberate and almost desperate tone:—

"Sir, I am a robber."

Aghast at the disclosure, but without losing his presence of mind, the President answered in a calm and conciliating manner:—

"Well, my friend, in what way do you consider that I can help you, for I suppose you must have had some idea I could serve you, when you called me to you."

"Sir," answered the man, and his accents were broken with the emotion of his better feelings as he spoke, "I have not always been what I am now; nevertheless, my present position is appalling. A reward is at this moment offered to anyone who will

discover and deliver me up, and sorry I am to say that I deserve any punishment justice may award me. I have for some time past resolved to give up my evil courses, and to return to a more respectable way of life; but, sir, you can scarcely believe how difficult it is to break with evil habits. Several times, when you have called at this house, I have been on the point of stopping you, and getting you to come and listen to me, as I have to-day; but, somehow, my heart always failed me, and even now I hardly know how to make known to you a request which I hope you would be disposed to grant, if I could make up my mind to trouble you with it.

Our worthy friend was by this time greatly interested in the case, and in order to encourage his interlocutor to proceed, he said all he could to reassure him, and promised to do all in his power to aid him, and to bring him out of his present unhappy condition.

“Well, then, dear sir,” continued the poor fellow, “my case is this. I have been living for two years in a state of unlawful connexion with a most excellent little woman, whom I persuaded to leave her home under a solemn promise of marriage. I assure you, sir, at the time, I intended it; but since then I have fallen into the worst possible society. I have neglected my duties, I have despised my religion, I have pushed aside thought and care, and whenever better feelings came over me and made me see the wickedness of the life I was leading, I have been in the habit of drinking deeply, till I forgot my degradation, but it was only to wake up

more miserable than before, and, oh, sir, indeed I shall be lost if you do not stretch out a hand to me."

As he thus unbosomed himself, his countenance assumed a more humanised expression, and his features seemed gradually to divest themselves of that aspect of ferocity which had at first been their principal characteristic.

"And you wish to end this life of sin?" said the President, by way of helping him to finish his story.

"Indeed—indeed, I do," answered he, eagerly; "and I have been told that you would—oh! is it true?—that you would put me in the way of being married to the woman whom I dare not as yet call my wife. Yes, that *must* be my first step; but how—how can it be done, for my name is proscribed, and if it appears at the "Mairie," and is read in the bans, how shall I escape the hands of justice?"

The President considered a little; at length he said:—

"You seem to me to be sincere—I wish to think you so, and I am going to treat you not only as if I *thought* it, but as if I *knew* it. I will take the matter upon myself, and you may rest assured not only that your secret is safe with me, but that I will arrange all things so, that you may be under no apprehension as to the result."

To describe the poor fellow's gratitude would be impossible. He promised no longer to frequent the "estaminets," to give up smoking, drinking, gambling, bad company; in fact, to turn over a new leaf, to return

to his duties, to go, at the earliest opportunity, to confession, and, in short, to fulfil all the conditions required by the Society. The "Curé" of his native village was written to. The history of his early life was found to be correct, and that of his wife highly creditable to her up to the period of her acquaintance with the man. The necessary papers were obtained in the most private manner possible, and the couple having been removed into a distant and obscure parish, their names were given in at the "Mairie," where there was no great difficulty in placing them so as not to be mischievously conspicuous. Many people possess the talent of crippling proper names. In this case the indistinct pronunciation of the worthy old priest, who published the bans, was not complained of, and the marriage was solemnized without accident.

We have digressed from our researches in the "Cité Doré;" we will now return thither for a very good reason. We are before the door of a neat house; not richer, not handsomer, but decidedly cleaner than the rest; we will go upstairs and look in the back room on the first floor. We have opened the door, and we gaze in gratified surprise on the scene before us. The floor is of deal boards, uncarpeted, but as clean as our own well-scoured kitchen-table; a bedstead, round which, clean but patchy curtains have been drawn, occupies one corner; a deal table and two or three equally simple chairs constitute the whole of the furniture.

On the fire hangs a bright saucepan containing the mid-day meal, and before it are heating several irons.

The wife, a young and tidy little woman, is industriously engaged in ironing some snow-white linen, and the husband, whose good-tempered face proclaims him about two-and-thirty, seated before the open window, on the edge of which is a little garden of flower-pots, is engaged at his trade of shoemaking, his tools neatly ranged on a shelf within his reach. While he plies the awl, two curly-headed children at his feet are repeating hymns which he teaches them from an open book before him. As they sing the holy words with their young and artless voices, their hands are not idle; but what is it they are doing? We are obliged to ask, for this is our first introduction to the ingenious device which poverty has suggested. The heap from which they take the article they are manufacturing, consists of the cuttings of woollen and cotton shoe-lining, the refuse of their father's trade. They are pulling it into shreds; these shreds are to stuff a small mattress destined for the use of the children, that they may have a separate bed in another corner of the floor.

An air of serenity, of good humour, of cheerful happiness and harmony that a king might envy, reigns in the place; husband and wife are equally delighted at the visit. The good President asks whether little Marie can now say her *Pater*, her *Ave*, and her *Credo*, as her elder sister.

"Oh, yes," says the man, looking proudly at his wife; "Mother has taught her that!" she bids her stand up and show the gentleman how she had learned them. The child obeys promptly and pleasantly; crosses her

little hands on her breast, having first reverently signed herself, repeats the holy words, and stops as soon as the father, unwilling to presume, bids her cease.

The wife, no less proud of her husband, whose swarthy arms mainly support the family, exhibits the last work he has finished and tells us he now regularly earns four francs a-day, and occasionally more when he does extra work.

They receive their bread-tickets with gratitude; but when a further gift is offered them, they seem loth to accept it, and, after a short consultation together, the wife takes courage and says she had been just going to appeal to the charity of her visitors, but their unexpected generosity checks the impulse, as she would not be thought to take advantage of it. We bid her say on and fear nothing, admiring all the while the delicacy of the sentiments which she can feel, though she expresses them in homely language.

She then begs we will look in upon a poor couple occupying the next room; and truly the case is one of great distress. We find there a young German and his wife beside the corpse of their only child, whose feeble strength and tender age were unable to resist the hardships of poverty and hunger. It died yesterday, and must now be carried to the grave. The parents can speak no language but their own, and it is a marvel how the poor shoemaker and his wife have been able to communicate with them; but charity can overcome greater difficulties than this, and the heart speaks and understands all languages. All this they have contrived

to learn and have told us, but *we* have learned something they have *not* told us; namely, that *they* have been the only friends of the distressed foreigners, sharing not only their employment, but their food with them. The shoemaker has been giving the German's wife shoes to bind, and they have made these destitute wanderers guests at their own scanty table. Surely the blessing of Him who tells us He is represented in the persons of the hungry that we feed, will be upon them.

But, what think you, reader? Have you recognized in the honest, cheerful, orderly, industrious, and humane workman—whose home is so holy and so happy—the ruffianly, drunken, skulking vagabond who, two short years ago, was pursued as a highwayman?

It is even so—we are no sooner out of hearing than the President whispers to us—"That is the man!"

CHAPTER V.

THE CHIFFONNIERS.

THEIR PHYSICAL ASPECT—THE IMPRESSION IT PRODUCES—
THEIR ATTRIBUTES—NATURE OF THEIR TRADE—AMOUNT
OF THEIR EARNINGS—DIVISION OF CLASSES IN A COMMER-
CIAL POINT OF VIEW—CONTENTS OF THE HOTTE—MODE
OF THEIR DISPOSAL—HABITS OF LIFE—LAWS AND REGU-
LATIONS—DIET—A CHIFFONNIER'S DWELLING—THE CHIF-
FONNIER'S RESTAURANT—PUBLIC MEETINGS—SOCIAL DIS-
TINCTIONS—PLACE OF RENDEZVOUS—L'AZART DE LA
FOURCHETTE—THE QUARTIERS THEY HAVE APPROPRIATED
—LA MÈRE LA RUE—CURIOUS ADVENTURE IN THE
GARRET OF A CHIFFONNIER—LES RICHES D'AUTREFOIS—
PAUVRES HONTEUX—INSTANCES—THE COMTE DE M—
—THE WOMAN OF PLEASURE—THE CHIFFONNIER PHILO-
SOPHE—THE CHIFFONNIERE IDEM—THE CHEVALIER DE
R— —ŒUVRE FOR THEIR AMELIORATION—PECULIARITIES
AND IDIOSYNCRASIES OF CHARACTER—ANECDOTES—THE
LAST DAYS OF CHIFFONNERIE.

CHAPTER V.

THE CHIFFONNIERS.

“But who are these who make the streets their couch, and find a short repose from wretchedness at the door of the opulent?”

GOLDSMITH.

“Come ye who live for Pleasure, come behold
A man of Pleasure when he's poor and old.”

CRABBE.

“Qui compte sans sa *hotte*, compte deux fois.”

PROVERBE TRAVESTI.

IN the mode of life, habits and pursuits, costume and personal features of this class, there is something so peculiar, so original, so distinctive and idiosyncratic, that they must be treated of in a separate chapter.

Of all whose appointed—we might say dis-appointed—lot it is to struggle with want and misery, during the period of their earthly pilgrimage, there is scarcely a class whose special phase of wretchedness seems more calculated to engage our interest and to invite our investigation.

During each of many visits to the great capital, and,

so to speak, metropolis of civilization, we never remember to have passed one of these human glow-worms, perambulating, with philosophical abstraction, the busy streets during the evening hours—his downcast, searching eyes guided by the flickering lantern, his capacious *hotte* and active *crochet* indicating the nature of his strange and incomprehensible calling—without arresting our progress to gaze at his singular figure as it slowly disappeared into the dusky distance, and to wonder what could be the attractions which bound him to his vocation, and what the value of the scanty profits realized out of his questionable and precarious gleanings.

We have never, therefore, lost an opportunity of obtaining and collecting information respecting the “chiffonniers,” which, as it will be found extremely curious, and has never been published elsewhere, we will gladly impart to our readers.

We imagine that, generically, the type of the “chiffonnier” is sufficiently well known to most of our countrymen, though few would be competent to classify the various species with Linnæan accuracy.

The “chiffonnier” may be said to be of all genders—“*neutrum modo, mas modo, vulgus;*” and, if we were to judge by habiliment, feature, complexion, voice, or even beard, we might occasionally find it very difficult to determine the age or sex of any given specimen.

The number of “chiffonniers” in Paris is estimated at 2,500, of whom 1,270 are men, and 1,130 women. Three-fifths of these are between the ages of seventeen

and thirty-six, and scarce a sixth between fifty-five and sixty-five.

The distinguishing characteristic of the profession is the *hotte*, which is worn by all indiscriminately, and seems as much to form a part of the biped who carries it as a snail-shell belongs to the reptile whose back it adorns.

When we say it is "worn" we must not be understood to signify that the *hotte* is a garment—no, it is the receptacle which serves to contain their multifarious wares, being suspended at the back, and thus offering facilities of position for receiving each object jerked into it from the iron point of the *crochet*, its indispensable companion. This basket is shaped like those we see borne on the shoulders of Italian peasant-girls during the season of the vintage, overflowing, like a rich cornucopia, with the golden or purple clusters as they peep out from between the verdant foliage and graceful tendrils which mask them; but there is this slight difference in their condition: whereas, the luscious beauty and fragrance of the grape-basket delights at once all the senses, the "chiffonnier's" *hotte*, when garnished with a good day's earnings, is to be seen steaming and teeming with all the incongruous refuse of a Paris dust-hole, and presenting an aggregate, the component materials of which we will not too minutely investigate.

Drawing a veil over the too highly-seasoned *pasticcio*, we will only observe that whatever can be picked up by the *crochet* is instantly transferred to the *hotte*; whence, as soon as it reaches home—we cannot add

sweet home—it is emptied on to the middle of the floor of the only room, and is then separated into carefully-sorted heaps, each of which is disposed of at its own price per pound to the *chiffonniers-négociants*, who are said often to make fortunes by this traffic.

In most cases the sale must be effected before the “chiffonnier” and his hungry family can dine.

Occasionally, it is true, he brings home a dainty morsel, such as an unpicked bone, from which he scarcely stops to wipe the mould or dust—feet, wings, or necks of poultry, which, with equally revolting vegetable refuse, are converted into a *ragoût*, and this is now and then varied by a *lièvre (de gouttière)* which we understand is a frequent dish at the table of the “chiffonnier.”

Our readers may be curious to know the average earnings of these ingenious adventurers, and when they learn the prices at which their wares are disposed of, they will scarcely be surprized to hear that they rarely gain more than 1f., or 9½d., and from that to 1s. per day. Only consider the quantity of paper, rag, fragments of bread, bones, glass, wood, china, cloth, carpet, iron, &c., which must be disposed of at five centimes per pound to produce even this trifling sum !

Of the two divisions of industrials into which the trade of the practical “chiffonnier” is separated, the first may be considered as *professors*, the second as *amateurs*.

The professionals are those who understand the business “in all its branches,” and know how to make the

utmost of its resources. The *amateurs* are those who have never applied themselves to the study of its arcana, and who walk listlessly over the ground, taking their chance of whatever *seems* to be available, in order to make a trifle by their day's work.

Both are tributary to a third class, consisting of shrewd fellows, who, although they have the command of considerable capital, are not above descending to small means whereby to increase it, and who know to a fraction the value of everything.

These last may be called rag and bone merchants; their dealings may be small in detail, but they are large in the aggregate, and it is even believed that many of the speculators who compose this category are nothing less than wealthy bankers, who are not above adding to their hoards by the traffic of hare and rabbit skins.

“ . . . sicut

Parvula, nam exemplo est, magni formica laboris,
Ore trahit quodcumque potest, atque addit acervo,
Quem struit, haud ignara ac non incauta futuri.”

At first sight it is difficult to believe that a commerce of so paltry a nature can be worth pursuing, much less that its various branches have been reduced to a system, and that it is made so immensely profitable.

One is led to suppose that Paris amuses itself by throwing wealth out of the windows, to be picked up in the gutters. Let us ascertain in what it is these investments consist: the *hotte* of the “chiffonnier” will inform us. In order to make ourselves masters of the subject, we must be present at the *triage*, or sorting of its con-

tents. And here it is that the technical enlightenment at which we hinted just now, is called into action. A well-executed *trriage* is not only a work of patience and care, but can only be effected by those who have extensive and practical acquaintance with the articles they have before them, their manufacture, quality, condition, and the uses to which they can be turned.

There are primary and secondary divisions. Thus:—

LINEN is classified according to its colour, its quality, its age. Cotton materials form another sub-division.

PAPER is variously appreciated, according as it is white, glazed, soft, brown, grey, printed, or blue, and, in that case, the colour is extracted from it.

CLOTH is divided into two categories: if blue, the colour is likewise drawn out of it, and woollen goods of other textures are similarly dealt with, the material itself being afterwards carded.

OLD SHOES are put to various uses; the soles serve to “double” other soles, and the uppers go for old leather.

BONES are a very precious material; from some, grease can be, and is, extracted; others are employed in the manufacture of bone-ware—such as little boxes, backs of brushes, toys, handles for knives and other instruments; and those of which nothing else can be made, are burnt, and converted into *ivory* black!

GLASS has several appliances.

OLD METALS, especially IRON, represent so many lingots. They have a value easily realized, and the

sharpest traders warehouse this material, certain of being able to dispose of it whenever they please, and waiting for the highest price.

CORKS are sent straight to the wine-merchants, outside the Barrières, who always have a demand for them, and, as the counter-demand is equally brisk, they become the object of an immediate exchange, effected in kind, and never pass through the standing account.

PIECES OF BREAD, too mouldy for food, are collected, and boiled down to make glue.

Bits of WOOD go for fuel, and, in short, there is nothing which does not pass through some ingenious process to come out in a new and available shape, after which the veriest refuse is heaped together, and sold for manure.

Most of those of the lowest class—those who have taken to the *chiffe* because they have no other means of existence, are very poor, and undergo great privations; insufficiently clad, they are necessarily out in all weathers, and at most unseasonable hours; they live *au jour le jour*, from hand to mouth, and, as their utmost gains seldom reach 1f. 20c., or 1s. per day, they are never able to lay by.

If the “chiffonnier” be lucky enough to touch the heart of some charitable cook, or good-natured housewife, he sometimes finds, in the midst of his heap, a little parcel of broken meat, vegetables, remains of fish, or other dainty, wrapped in thick paper, and this is, of course, a great treasure.

The physiognomy of the “chiffonnier’s” home is not

one of the least curious objects among the curiosities of Paris—it is, perhaps, not the most brilliant.

Let us now inquire into their habits and daily routine. The hours they keep are such as are unknown in the civilized world; theirs is neither a working, nor yet an astronomical day. It is an anomalous period, which, so to speak, has neither beginning nor end, and we can only describe it as a *cercle vicieux* in which they are constantly moving. The “chiffonnier” makes two circuits daily, of which it is difficult to say which is the first. He starts at 5 P.M., and returns from his voyage of discovery at about eleven at night. He throws himself down on the floor in *statu quo*, for a “chiffonnier” never undresses, and his clothes, once on, remain on until they drop off. There and thus he reposes until two or three o’clock A.M., when he gets up, and shakes himself, to set off again on his long and weary round. This is only put an end to by the carts employed by the “ville,” which pass round at nine o’clock, and take up the refuse of the *crochet*!

Each “chiffonnier” has his own particular beat, and they deem it a point of honour never to poach on each other’s grounds. If, however, two “chiffonniers” happen to pass simultaneously near a *tas* which has been overlooked, it is an understood thing that it becomes the property of the one who first touches it with his *crochet*. We once witnessed an incident illustrative of this practice, and shall not readily forget the look of proud defiance with which the victor, having stepped out lustily to secure his prize, raised his head and turned

about in dignified triumph, as he kept his *crochet* fixed in the middle of the rubbish-heap which, at that moment, represented his conquest.

The same faces may be seen in the same streets morning after morning. One old fellow used especially to attract our attention as he paced up and down before a large and important *porte-cochère*, waiting in patient endurance of cold and hunger and suspense until the servants should shoot into the street "the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table."

One morning, however, when it was freezing hard, he was provoked into something like a murmur, for, as he trotted backwards and forwards with his poor shivering fingers in his pockets, we heard him mutter, "On ne finira donc jamais de se lever dans cette satanée maison."

The *hotte* once filled, the next process before returning home is to procure breakfast, and this is generally accomplished by paying a visit, in the first instance, to the baker, where, having left his load at the door, the "chiffonnier" purchases a few sous' worth of bread; with this he proceeds to the wine-shop, generally the rendezvous of the fraternity, and moistens his meal with a beverage conventionally mis-called "eau-de-vie," being, in fact, nothing more than a mixture of water, cayenne, and alcohol, but making up in quantity for what it wants in quality.

This is the first stage, and perhaps not the shortest. Arrived at home, he proceeds to the *trriage* of his morning's collections.

The family assemble, and make a circle, squatted on the floor, the *hotte* being turned out in the midst of them; each one then selects the various specimens of each genus, and makes a distinct heap of it, till all is thus separated and classified, to be distributed according to its nature.

How can a room, never more than twelve and often less than nine feet square, be kept wholesome or clean with such a daily occupation? Furniture there is none; there would be no room for it if they had it. Sheets are to them an unknown luxury; and as for a mattress, it would be a sign of nobility which the "chiffonnier" would not perhaps altogether repudiate, but with which he knows perfectly well how to dispense.

Those who have no families have no home. They make their *trriage* in a loft, to which several of them hire the privilege of resorting for that purpose; having made up their lots, they carry them to the merchant, and then are free till it is time for the next round.

They hire a sleeping-place, for which, as they do not generally inspire much confidence, they must pay in advance, and often are compelled to leave their shirt, such as it is, in pledge for the rent; the *aristocratie* pay six or eight sous a-night, and have a miserable bed with sheets (as they are called) in a common lodging-room: the *bourgeoisie* purchase the privilege of sharing a sleeping-room with a number of others, but nothing more. They throw themselves about the floor, and sleep, as best they may, on the straw with which the place is strewn. This costs two or three

sous, and this sum is set apart for the purpose out of their earnings, together with that which is to secure their morning's breakfast and tobacco; the rest they spend in drink.

They do not trouble themselves about fuel; they generally contrive to pick up a sufficient quantity in the streets, or they get a warming at their *restaurateur's*, who is wise enough to heat his *salle* for their use by means of a stove below, from which the hot air ascends through pipes having apertures in different parts of the floor.

This hall must necessarily be of tolerable dimensions to accommodate twenty, thirty, or forty of these individuals, laden with their *hottes*. There are, however, not seats sufficient for so many; frequently, they are not particular, and when the number of guests is considerable, those who cannot find sitting-room avail themselves of their *hottes*. Here they loiter some little time, relating their adventures, and imparting to each other their notions of things in general. Others read the papers, and pass their commentaries on the events of the day, discussing the foreign and home news, the policy of the Government, the prospects of the country, no less than accidents and offences, scientific discoveries and inventions, and, above all, such agricultural intelligence as relates to the corn and wine crops—a subject of momentous interest to them.

These, alas! are the divinities they chiefly worship.

“ Vos, O clarissima mundi
Lumina! labentem cœlo qui ducitis annum.
Liber et alma Ceres! ”

There is generally one who constitutes himself the orator of the company, and we can assure our readers that this scene presents a "reality" as curious and as unique as anything that can be seen and heard in Paris, or indeed anywhere.

On solemn occasions, such as the day following any grand review, military ceremony, or other national event, it is he who reads the report in the morning papers, calls for the suffrages of the learned assembly, listens with urbanity, applauds with frenzy, and criticises with the most grotesque and ludicrous gravity.

The "chiffonniers," although noisy sticklers for equalization, are, among themselves, strangely exclusive in their ideas of rank and class.

Their aristocrats would perhaps have no objection to "levelling downwards" as far as themselves, but would demur to any proposal which worked upwards to their own standard. Be that as it may, nothing can be more distinctive and inexorable than the laws of their own polity as regards classification. They are divided into three ranks, and, as there is no hope of any concession being made to favour any individual of a lower grade, however meritorious, the lower classes show their good sense—would it were imitated everywhere!—in avoiding all attempts to mix with those pronounced above them.

They are thus distinguished:—

Those who possess a *hoteriot* in good condition, and a *crochet* with a polished handle, form the first class, and are called in their own *argot* "Les Sans Beurre," or aristocrats. To entitle them to belong to

the second class, they are expected to carry a *mannequin* which has not seen too much service ; while those who compose the third class are such as can only afford an old broken wicker receptacle, contemptuously denominated a *serpillière*, which is usually accompanied by a rusty old *crochet*.

It is not only in the exercise of their functions that a distinct line of demarcation is maintained between them. They hold no communication of any kind, and that *esprit de corps* which is characteristic of the habits of the "chiffonnier" is confined to his sympathy for the class to which he belongs, and *not* to the whole fraternity. Inside the Barrière de Fontainebleau is a *cabaret* known by the name of "Le Pot de Ferblanc," which is the rendezvous of the "chiffonniers." Here the three grades maintain their relative positions with the strictest etiquette. The best room is that appropriated by the owners of the *hoteriot* ; they alone have the privilege of entering its precincts, and, in order that its destination may not be mistaken, it is distinguished as "La Chambre des Pairs." The "mannequin-bearers," in their turn, have named *their* hall "La Chambre des Députés," while the third class, necessarily obliged to content themselves with the leavings of their superiors, have called theirs "La Réunion des Vrais Prolétaires."

These definitions are so completely understood, that one of either category would never think of intruding into any room but that of his own circle ; indeed there is no doubt such a breach of decorum would be severely

visited as an outrage on good taste, as the "chiffonnier" is punctilious "to a fault" in these matters. At the entrance of each assembly-room are ranged respectively the "hoteriors," the "mannequins," and the "serpillières."

As may be supposed, the wine of the "Pot de Fer-blanc" is not of the finest grape; nevertheless, it is of a quality suited to the palates of the consumers. It is served to them in an earthen pot, which they call "petit père noir," and the larger vessel from which it is drawn is yclept "Le Moricot."

The *garçons* are women, and wait upon the guests, not only with this beverage, but serve up to them, at command, plates of *bœuf à la mode*, hashes and stews of somewhat equivocal aspect, but they place nothing on the table until they have received the value demanded. There is a deposit required even upon the crockery which contains the solids and liquids supplied!

In the Place Maubert, there stood, till recently, another establishment devoted to their service; this was the "Café" or "Restaurant des Chiffonniers," and had for its sign a board, on which was painted a conspicuous knife and fork, with the legend, not exactly in academical, but perhaps, therefore, more comprehensible, French, "A l'azart de la fourchette,—ici l'on dine pour un sou." The *diner d'un sou* was, however, rather a matter of chance than of certainty, and in this consisted the "fun" insinuated by "l'azart." The excitement must have been worth all the money.

The plan of the entertainment was this: in the first room of this sorry refectory stood a huge stock-pot, seething like a witch's caldron over a flaming stove. Into this pot had been thrown—if not the ingredients of viper-broth—almost the next thing to them, in the shape of what we should call “cag-mag” (Gallice, “arlequins”). By way of occasional prizes, among many blanks, were added split sheep's heads, slices of ox-liver, pigs' hearts, &c. &c., the whole swimming about in a vast ocean of hot water, on the surface of which floated no inconsiderable quantity of scum and grease. In a smoky corner, chained to the wall—for precaution was the order of the day—hung a smutty trident, destined to fish up the contents of the vessel.

Near the door, and arbitress of the incantations, stood a stout and sturdy dame. Had you been inclined to observe the proceedings, you might have seen a lean member of the *Confrérie de la Chiffe* approach the spot with cautious steps, but scarcely did he venture to eye the “dainty dish,” before a peremptory and uncompromising voice demanded, in accents not to be mistaken, “*votre sou?*”—paying before-hand was the fashion here. The *sou* was laid down with the desperate resolution of a gambler risking his last stake and with little chance of a *steak* in return. “Piquez,” added the laconic dame, when her claim was satisfied, with a patronizing nod.

The adventurous diner-out, secretly invoking his Penates, struck the fork into the pan with quivering hand, at all hazards, but, alas!—“*Passibus ambiguus Fortuna volubilis errat!*”—nine and a-half times out

of ten the ill-omened instrument (in this case, of torture) returned to the surface, if charged at all, most probably with an unwelcome lot. Occasionally its prongs might be graced with the neck of a hen, the ear of a rabbit, or the paw or tail of some very questionable quadruped, and nothing remained but to swallow the morsel and the disappointment together with a good grace, doubtless the *only* "grace" by which it was accompanied. The best motto to adopt under the circumstances would be, "*Il ne faut croire que la moitié de ce qu'on dine.*"

The *Quartiers* inhabited by the "chiffonniers" are almost exclusively their own, and the streets which they may be said to have appropriated, comprising the Faubourg St. Marceau, with its close and unwholesome alleys, narrow, uninviting courts, and dismal, noisy *impasses*, have been not inaptly termed "*Le Royaume de la Chiffe.*" There are others of the fraternity who have removed to the *Cités*, and occupy out-lying positions, but the bulk of them are here, where they herd together in compact masses.

The scrutinizing eye of power has, however, looked upon this thickly-peopled and repulsive, not to say suspicious, rookery, and the imperial fiat has decreed the term of its existence. Already have the Clos Bruneau, the Rues Traversière, Judas, and others, partially experienced the effects of the inexorable mandate, and the teeming population, till that period exclusively lords of their domain, have been driven forth in melancholy desolation, like Boabdil and his Moors from the closed

courts of their Alhambra, to wander in the vain search after a new Granada, where they may be equally secure from prying and *detective* invaders.

This stronghold alone was said to contain 1,500 families, many of whom are in the "chiffe," and the other localities which they help to occupy are peopled as densely.

Many details of their domestic habits are curious; they may be said almost to live in the streets, and it is not without reason that they affirm "La Mère la Rue" is their best friend. When the weather permits, they literally eat, drink, and sleep in the street in which they dwell, and may often be seen working, cooking, washing, and dressing their children before their doors. The women lead the same life of privation and hardship as the men; they need, and they employ, the same stimulants. Both sexes generally end in becoming besotted by privation on the one hand and drink on the other, and the women generally fall into this state at an earlier period than the men: in most cases these women have begun by leading disorderly lives.

Sometimes, but not often, they carry on little trades, and work when not on their roads. One man we met with makes the "cure of soles" his *specialité*, not fried soles, though soles "au gratin" they might be termed, as scraping is the process. He drives an active trade by converting these soles, not to a new religion, but to a new use. He collects all the old shoes he can pick up in the streets of Paris, and, having removed the "uppers," he shaves and trims the remaining portion

into neat strips which serve as "betweens" to double-soled shoes, and are readily bought up by cobblers and third-rate shoemakers.

A curious story, which gives one an insight into the interior life of the "chiffonnier," was related to us by one well known as the friend and advocate of the poor, too early snatched from them by death.

"I had gone one day," he said, "to the *Cité Doré*, to visit a family of 'chiffonniers.' I found the whole of them occupying a single room, together with dogs, cats, rats, and mice, to say nothing of spiders and yet smaller insects. These varieties of animal nature were all living together in perfect harmony, notwithstanding Buffon's opinion of their attributes; the fact I believe to be, that the cats and dogs were so surfeited with the game they are usually so fond of hunting, that, with true sportsmanlike taste, they preferred any other food, and they were, therefore, all on very good terms with each other. The mother of the family hospitably offered me the single chair the room afforded; it was rickety, and the seat was nearly through, but I took it without ceremony, and sat about half an hour talking to them. When I rose to take leave, it seemed to me that my pocket felt,—not, as might have been expected, lighter,—but very much *heavier* than usual. I mechanically thrust my hand into it to ascertain the cause, when an enormous rat, one of the finest I had ever seen, jumped out, and, running away across the floor, disappeared."

Among the most harrowing impressions which our investigations of the peculiarities of this class produce

are the instances we meet with every now and then of fallen fortunes. Persons of birth, of rank, and of wealth, who by those sad reverses which political troubles and social revolutions have rendered more common in France than in any other country, we often find vegetating among the lowest.

Quitting the scenes of their former prosperity in the provinces, where, as descendants of a time-honoured race, they were recognised as lords of the soil, they take refuge in some corner of the vast city, there to bury their poverty, and to eke out in oblivion and obscurity the remainder of their shattered existence.

This last resource of the *Pauvre Honteux* is, they know, only to be secured in the giddy and busy metropolis, in which every individual, absorbed in the pursuit of his own object, takes but little notice of the concerns of his neighbour.

Pauvre Honteux ! Alas, the name is full of significance, and it is not diminished by the fact that the term finds no translation in any other language. This phase of life is a "reality" which affords us a silent but instructive lesson.

It is not easy to picture to ourselves the various stages through which the mind must have passed before it reconciled itself to drop into a state of degradation which has no parallel, and, but that we know it to be a fact, we could scarcely bring ourselves to believe that—struggling in this mire—have passed out of the world some of the noblest families of the French aristocracy, once the proudest in the world ! That

their representatives should, at the present day, be living and dying mingled among the very abject, is saddening, but it can be comprehended, because there were they born, and, unless by the instinct of race, can have no ideas but those they have acquired among their fellows: they are, therefore, less to be pitied than those who have seen brighter days.

It is not *very* easy for a man, born to poverty and suddenly raised to fortune, to wear his honours with dignity and ease, to exercise his newly-acquired authority with moderation and grace, or even to rule his wealth discreetly. The *parvenu*, however well got up, always smells of the shop; he is sure to betray himself sooner or later, and *parvenuism* is usually accompanied by inconsistencies so irrational, and breaches of taste so ridiculous, that it cannot fail to inspire contempt. On the other hand, in fallen greatness there is always something which calls for respect and admiration; and if it be difficult for a poor man to school himself to a practical acquaintance with wealth, how much harder must be the task of the rich nobleman, who, nursed in affluence, enervated by luxurious ease, and spoiled by universal homage, must tutor himself to endure neglect and contempt, to bear the privations of poverty, and to subject himself to the hard laws of want!

We who have never known the cruel sacrifices exacted by penury, who have never undergone the severe penances it imposes, who have never even guessed at the fierceness of the struggle between self-

respect and starvation, when they stare each other in the face, can scarcely appreciate the position of the “riche d'autrefois, aujourd'hui chiffonnier!”

Indeed, we are scarcely competent, unless we have observed closely, and pondered the subject very deeply, to pronounce, as do some, *ex cathedrâ*, upon the condition of our poorer fellow-men. Those who have made this phase of human nature their study are not the people who expect so much of the poor, and who point out so cleverly how much more they might do, and how much better, and better off, they would be, if they did otherwise, &c., &c. We will add our conviction that, in nine cases out of ten, these very persons are those who—were they to change places with the poor they censure—would do the least to help themselves.

One or two instances of change of circumstances with which we have become acquainted are striking.

Everyone in Parisian society, a few years ago, would have remembered a distinguished officer whose lofty and intelligent air, and noble demeanour at the head of his regiment, were at that time the theme of general admiration.

A few years more, and he was to be seen divested of every trace of external distinction; his frame bent, his gait listless, his step tottering, as he walked feebly along with the help of a stick. His cheek was pallid and sunken, his brow furrowed, and only shaded by a few straggling grey hairs, while his eye, once so quick and beaming, was now hollow and meaningless. His garments—evidently never made for him—were tattered

and dirty, his hat was bent and brimless, his feet were seen through his torn and shapeless boots. How could so sad a metamorphosis have come about? Alas! it was the old story—general revolution and individual ruin. Adversity had been at work; discouragement followed loss of position, self-respect was annihilated, and, little by little, he became what he now is—a wandering “chiffonnier.”

Among the families of the *ancienne noblesse* who have sought in Paris a hiding-place in these hovels is one which must be known to many: it is that of the Comte de M——, one member of whose family was an “avocat-général,” under Charles X. This portion of it consisted of father, mother, son, and daughter, and the wife’s brother, also of noble lineage. When they first left their province to come to Paris, they still possessed, from the wreck of their property, some few relics of their original splendour, which they brought with them to the great capital; and nothing, perhaps, could be more mournfully grotesque than the appearance of their poor room, decorated with these reminiscences of departed magnificence. They seemed to stand around them in gloomy and silent mockery. This anomaly was, however, not of long duration; little by little these articles disappeared. Some were sold to meet the demands of daily expenditure, others were seized as security for rent they were unable to pay. Their destitute owners were driven from lodging to lodging, each being of inferior calibre to the last, and were, at length, compelled to take up their abode in a cellar to

which access could only be gained by a ladder under the street. In this subterranean cavern lived this once honoured family. Misery and despondency the most profound, and demoralization of a character scarcely conceivable, poisoned the very air they breathed. The interior of this den was calculated to strike consternation into the hearts of those who visited it. The men had a wild and alarming expression, which was not diminished by the unshorn and unkempt state of their beards and hair. Their countenances appeared surrounded with bristles, from the midst of which their eyes glared with ferocity.

The appearance of the boy was deplorable; at his age energy could not be altogether crushed, and accordingly, from a feeling of shame for the degradation of his parents, he would hide himself in a corner at the approach of a stranger. All of them appeared to be brutified; kind words touched no responsive chord in their hearts, and they seemed almost to look upon those superior to them in fortune as their natural enemies, or usurpers occupying a position to which *they* had a better title, and in some way responsible for their misfortunes.

The little daughter, frightfully scrofulous in constitution, dwarfed in her growth, crippled in her limbs, and, at twelve years of age, hardly so tall as a sickly child of six, we have seen supported, or rather dragged, through the streets between her mother and brother—himself nearly in the same condition—for she had not strength to bear the light weight of her own fragile frame.

But matters were not yet at the worst with them, and their next abode was even more wretched than this. We renounce the attempt to describe it; suffice it to say that the kennel of a "chiffonnier"—as regards comfort, cleanliness, and perfume—would be a *boudoir* compared with the last resort of the ruined nobleman's family.

At length the father betook himself to the *hotte* and the *crochet*; he lived the life, and ate the fare, and kept the hours of the Paris "chiffonnier." But he grew rapidly old under the effort; his senses became more deadened, and he seemed to be reduced to a mere living machine. One day he was picked up as he returned from his day's work in a state of complete stupefaction by the *Petites Sœurs*, who conveyed him to their asylum. Under their fostering benevolence he partially regained his senses, and with them some faint traces of his once refined features. He died under their care, reconciled to his fate, and to God.

We might add other similar details, and among them the no less touching history of the Chevalier de R——, but those we have already offered to the contemplation of our readers will suffice to show that we may err in coming to too hasty a conclusion in the judgments we pass upon the poor, and that under the unclean rags of the "chiffonnier" may be concealed the scions of many an ancient house, themselves unconscious of the gentle blood which flows in their veins.

Evidences of delicacy of feeling in the lower classes

are always pleasing to record, and it is a gratifying fact that the poor and aged inmates of this refuge not only treated their fallen companion with the civility and respectful attention his rank might have claimed, but, respecting his great misfortunes, they always addressed him by his title, and vied with each other in performing for him those little acts of personal service which they supposed a gentleman ought not to be expected to execute for himself. One would black his shoes, another would brush his coat, a third would attend him when he walked out, and so on; and yet there was no other reward to be hoped for, but the satisfaction they found in the act itself.

We were once visiting a poor woman, in a cellar in the Rue Place St. Médard, in the very kernel of the "Faubourg Souffrant." She told us that a neighbour in the same house was seriously ill, and at that moment waiting for a litter on which she was to be carried to the hospital. We threaded a dark, damp passage, and reached the cell in which the poor woman lay; she was in the last stage of poverty, as well as disease. Her bed was a heap of rags, and there was no other furniture in the room. She told us she was eighty-four years of age, and had not a relation in the world.

"And are you very ill?" we said.

"Indeed I am, sir; I have not been able to leave this corner for some time."

The tone in which she spoke at once aroused the suspicion that she was in a false position, and a little further conversation elicited the fact.

“Have you been long in these needy circumstances?”

“Nearly forty years. Yes, forty years,” continued she, observing our astonishment.

“And how did this come to pass?”

“It would be a long story if I were to tell you this; nevertheless, if you wish it, I will try.”

We assured her we should listen with great interest, and she then related to us briefly the circumstances of her past life.

“I was born,” she said, “at that sad and distressing period when all principles of religion and morality were scouted; my father, who belonged to the upper rank of society, gave himself up to excesses worthy of the most furious demagogues, and soon became one of the leaders of a revolutionary party. My mother died of grief, and I, not long after, became an orphan by the violent death of my hot-headed father. Abandoned to myself, I soon forsook the few ideas of religion that I had retained, and, unfortunately, was taken up by a young and wealthy officer, whom I had known when I occupied the position in which I was born. As I was still young, he sent me to school, and when, a few years afterwards, I was removed thence, he placed me in a handsome suite of rooms, luxuriously furnished, where I had every variety of toilet I could desire; servants at my orders, and carriages and horses at my disposal; he treated me in all respects as his wife, except—that in giving me everything else, he did not bestow upon me his name. At length there came a change; he had

reached a high military grade, and was desirous of settling himself in the world. I had been very handsome, but either my beauty was gone, or he had become tired of me, and one day, without any previous intimation, he withdrew from me his protection, and cast me, friendless and penniless, on the world; that is, I had no resources but in the articles of furniture and dress which he had given me.

“Accustomed as I had been to this idle and luxurious life, I found myself incapable of undertaking any kind of labour by which I might earn even a frugal subsistence. Little by little, my small stock was exhausted, and, hiring an humble garret, I gave myself up to the only course I could devise to save myself from starvation; I was at this time thirty years of age, and the fifteen following years I passed in this frightful way of life. All that I endured during this time I cannot describe to you: old age overtook me prematurely, and my only resource then was to take to the ‘*chiffe*.’ My repugnance was great, but I contrived to overcome it, and you here see me, sir, infirm and utterly without means, an object of repulsion to everyone, perhaps even to you, sir, now that you know my story.”

We consoled and reassured her as best we could, reminding her that heaven was still open to her, that she was one of those specially invited to enter there by Him who came to call the sinner, and not the righteous; that He had eaten with publicans and sinners; that He had committed such to those of His followers who

loved Him best, and that He had even promised to accept, as offered to Himself, all the kindness we should show to the poor and the fallen for His sake.

The poor woman shed tears of penitence; we sent a little neighbour to fetch the good curate of St. Médard and awaited his departure, and the arrival of the vehicle, which was to be the last she would require before the parish "corbillard."

We saw her carefully removed to the hospital, where she lingered a few weeks, during which we visited her several times. One day, however, when we called, we found the little bed empty! The patient and repentant sufferer had reached the end of her troubled life, and had gone to her long home, fortified by the sacraments of the Church, and in the happiest frame of mind.

Among those who have been better off, born to wealth, and having led an easy and even luxurious existence, we on another occasion met with an old "chiffonnier," who had long had the reputation among members of the profession of being a philosopher, and indeed he *was* very like one. He had once been professor of one of the colleges, but reverse of fortune arising from misconduct had reduced him to the lowest level; ill-health came upon him, and it was as much as he could do to pick up a scanty livelihood in the streets. One day, when he was ill, we went to see him.

"Well, my good fellow, how are you to-day?" said we, addressing the miserable object before us.

"Very well, I thank you, sir," answered he, in a perfectly natural and—to our surprise—cheerful tone.

"But you can't be very *happy* here?" said we.

"Nay, I don't remember *ever* to have been *unhappy*."

"You can't have got all you want?"

"Sometimes I have; sometimes I haven't; but it doesn't matter the next day, when I have been ill-supplied the day before:—*le mal passé n'est rien*."

"Doubtless you sometimes regret your past life and the position you once enjoyed?"

"Never. How can I regret time so ill-spent?"

Our further conversation continued in the same strain, and it was impossible to bring him to own that he was, or ever had been, unhappy.

This apathy—or philosophy if you will—is common to many of them. One meets them returning home laden from their rounds, worn and weary, but with a pipe in their mouths—generally a broken one they have picked up, and so short that it goes by the name of *brûlegueule*—or singing and chattering as if their hearts were light and free from care.

This *insouciance* is shared by both sexes. A wretched looking woman with whom we spoke, seemed determined to make us believe *she* was quite happy, and it certainly is possible that their sensibilities are so blunted by hardship and by drink, that they cease to feel as we should suppose human beings must.

She said with a sort of pride:—"And to think that I began life with *nothing*!" as if she thought herself now, a rich person. She explained the difficulties

under which she started in her career. The acquisition of the necessary apparatus involves an expense which few are able to incur at first; they therefore begin, not on their own account, but on that of a speculator, who supplies them with a complete equipment, the value of which is 2 fr. 25 c., or about 1s. 9d. A long period of patient labour is required to put them in a condition to purchase these articles, and to commence operations for themselves.

They certainly possess the secret of reducing their wants to the most phenomenal simplicity: this woman spends twenty centimes a-day—twopence!—on bread and cheese. But then she indulges in the extravagant luxury of fifteen cents' worth of coffee—one penny half-penny more!

We had better not inquire into the amount of fluid they imbibe; indeed, spirituous liquors and tobacco are the chief items in the "chiffonnier's" budget.

An *Œuvre* for their benefit has been recently set on foot; it is one which requires charity of a most courageous description, and must be undertaken with a "cœur de lion," for it is a moral crusade. Priests, ladies, sisters of charity, distinguished men, have enlisted themselves in the cause; the rough stairs which lead to their garrets have been scaled, the damp passages which conduct to their cellars, the narrow and insalubrious courts, the noisy and repulsive alleys have been penetrated by these messengers of love. Elegantly dressed women, wrapping themselves in a large cloak, and leaving their equipages at a distance, enter these

dirty dwellings, seat themselves on the rickety stool; they will even take one of the not less *rickety* infants on their lap and caress him to win the rebellious and sullen heart of his parents, knowing that often this is the only means of effecting an entrance into that well-fortified citadel. It is a strange peculiarity in this class, that the men are more accessible than the women, who, sad to say, are generally more corrupt. Alas!—when this is so—for their offspring, whose only chance, among the lower orders, lies in that piety which, however deeply hidden, is generally to be found somewhere in the heart of a mother.

Amidst all this abject degradation, it is a curious fact that, of all classes, the “chiffonniers” have the highest idea of their social position; in fact, as is vulgarly said in France, “Ils ne croient pas même le Roi leur maître.” At the same time we must give them credit for an uncomplaining acceptance of all the trials of their chequered life, with a contentment and a cheerfulness which are inexplicable.

As we have no “chiffonniers” in England, we cannot entertain any comparison between the national character respectively under this particular phase, but we cannot picture to ourselves an Englishman resembling a Frenchman under similar circumstances. The peculiar facility with which the latter can dispense with all but the most absolute necessities, and content himself with food coarse in quality and insufficient in quantity, is essentially French. We had an opportunity of observing this characteristic and its contrast in the Crimea.

It is a remarkable fact, that though there are often Germans and Italians in Paris reduced to the greatest difficulties, they never think of applying to this resource. To the Parisian poor, it presents a means of escaping the "Dépôt de Mendicité," and reduces by so many the number of paupers.

In the obituary of the *Pays* we read an account of the death of the "Doyen des Chiffonniers de Paris et St. Denis:"—"Charles Louis Dronville, at the age of ninety-one, of a stroke of apoplexy, at a wine-shop. This man had been born to a much higher destiny, and had occupied a very respectable position; he was well-informed, and was much looked up to by the fraternity.

"The association of the 'chiffonniers' had exempted him from all contributions, while it accorded him all the privileges of the order. He was invited gratuitously to all their banquets. It was an understanding among the rest that a certain number of streets, over which he should have the exclusive right, were to be appropriated to him. Besides all these marks of good-will, a small monthly sum was allowed him for snuff, of which he consumed an extravagant quantity. A considerable number of 'chiffonniers' followed him with profound devotion to the grave."

These traits of feeling, in a class so cut off from the rest of humanity, are gratifying, and go far to redeem them in our estimation; we often find a degree of honesty about them which, when we consider the extreme hardships of poverty by which they are tempted, speaks well for their principles.

On the 16th October, we again read of a "chiffonnier" named Augustin Simian, who, having picked up a silver spoon among the rubbish, hastened to place it in the hands of the "Commissaire de Police."

A similar instance occurred a few days later, when a silver snuff-box was likewise handed over to the police by the finder, a "chiffonnier."

Together with the new projects for the enlargement and embellishment of Paris, a scheme is under debate which will materially interfere with the long-established habits and privileges of the chiffonniers—we have no doubt *they* would say "rights,"—for they certainly have the claim of ancient and uninterrupted enjoyment. According to this proposal, each householder will be obliged—more Anglicorum—to have on his premises "un vaste panier," alias, "dust-hole," wherein must be deposited all the refuse, which is to be called for each morning by "voitures accélérées." Upon condition of obtaining what they collect, those who undertake to remove it, agree to take charge of the streets and roads without charge.

Without absolutely suppressing the chiffonniers, they will be submitted to certain modifications. Instead of being, as at present, merely nomad, these birds of the night, vultures of the streets, would become street *employés*, or scavengers, whose occupation would be to sort the refuse and to search for gold in the midst of the dunghill—of course upon the *vos non vobis* principle—for Paris mud, besides giving its name to a fashionable colour, "couleur boue de Paris," presents a miniature

California. Something of everything may be found in it. Who would believe that old nails are picked up there annually to the value of 40,000frs.! and bits of string to the amount of 25,000frs., without reckoning "finds" of intrinsic value.

The mysterious legislature which rules these industries, and to which they are religiously faithful, will be suppressed, and with it certain remarkable abuses which have existed for centuries. The corporation will thus be replaced by the system common to all the municipal administrations.

Alas! then for this interesting relic of olden times! The "chiffe" will soon be a thing of the past; it will live only in tradition: the chiffonnier has been too long wedded to the peculiarities of his own idiosyncratic existence to submit to laws not of his own making; "at sight of *municipal* ties" the characteristic of his type will take flight. A few short years, and the streets of Paris will have lost one of their distinguishing features. The *hotte* and the *crochet* will only exist in antiquarian museums; the ambulant lantern will be known as the "light of other days,"—the "Chiffonnier" will be no more!

CHAPTER VI.

THE BLIND POOR.

THE BLIND AND CRIPPLED THE ONLY MENDICANTS ALLOWED IN
PARIS—THE BLIND MAN'S DOG—MONSEIGNEUR DE * * *
—HIS WONDERFUL RESIGNATION—ANECDOTES OF THIS
DISTINGUISHED MAN—ST. LOUIS, THE PATRON OF THE
BLIND—HIS FÊTE—LES QUINZE VINGTS—ITS INMATES—
MONSEIGNEUR SIBOUR'S VISIT THERE—THE BLIND SISTERS
OF ST. PAUL—THE JEUNES AVEUGLES—AVEUGLES OUVRIERS
—THEIR STATE OF MIND—THE STREET BLIND—VARIOUS
CASES—BLIND ARTISTS—THE RIVAL PLAYERS—THE BLIND
MAN'S SUPPER—PÈRE COLAS—THE BLIND SINGER AND
THE PRÉFÊT—A LOUIS D'OR FOR A SOU.

CHAPTER I
THE BLIND BOOB

THE BLIND BOOB

CHAPTER VI.

THE BLIND POOR.

"Deus illuminat cæcos."—Ps. cxi. 6.

"Ye that have eyes and cannot see,
In darkness and in misery,
Recall those mighty voices three :—

‘Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με ;’

‘Θάρσει, ἔγειραι, ὕπαγε,

Ἡ πίστις σου σεσωκέ σε.’”

LONGFELLOW.

THE poor, who are besides afflicted with blindness, are generally met with sympathy and kindly feeling everywhere, and if any misfortune has a claim upon the adage "*res sacra, miser*," it certainly appears to seeing persons that blindness may assert its rights to the privilege. It has been very often remarked, that of those deprived of the exercise and use of any of the senses, the most contented and cheerful are the blind. When we hear the observation made, we all agree in its justice, and we can most of us bring our personal know-

ledge of cases which bear it out, to strengthen the assertion. It does not seem, however, to have struck us that we must not thereby argue that blindness is a more bearable, or a less distressing calamity, than any other deprivation, and our surprize may be easily explained thus : we can, of course, only speak of such persons as we have ourselves seen them, and therefore as they are *in society* ; we cannot tell how weary or how gloomy are the long hours they must pass in solitude and in darkness. It is quite natural that after a period of isolation, the presence of a fellow-being, and one most probably who is there for the express purpose of a friendly, cheering visit, should relieve the sadness and raise the spirits of a blind person. We, therefore, see them and judge them at their best, whilst a deaf person is seen to greatest *disadvantage* when in company. He beholds others in cheerful conversation ; he knows they are enjoying a joke, or listening to an entertaining speaker, and that he is, as it were, cut off from participation with them in matters with which he is vainly longing to be made acquainted. In mixed society, however well disposed, it is, of course, impossible to repeat every remark or every *bon mot*, and the deaf guest has, therefore, everything to make him discontented and unhappy while all are gay and amused [around him.

As it is of the blind *poor* we purpose more particularly to speak here, we shall begin by observing that in Paris, though mendicancy is forbidden, the blind are not included in this prohibition ; as a further

concession, their dogs are exempt from taxation, and, besides these official privileges, there is a general goodwill manifested towards them from all grades and classes of society, which it is but just to say they appear heartily to reciprocate.

As a proof of the *entente cordiale* which subsists between them and the public, we may always observe among all, a readiness to help a blind man who has lost his way, or who fears to attempt crossing the road alone; if he be embarrassed in a crowded thoroughfare, or if any little misfortune have befallen him, a kind soul is always there, under some form or other, to help him through his troubles. Indeed he seems to look for this aid as a tribute to his afflicted position from those more favoured, and there is something touching in the confidence with which he throws himself on the charity of the first passer-by. Even the most roguish *gamins* would be incapable of abusing the trust thus reposed in them, though it would appear that tricks are sometimes played with the coppers thrown into their little baskets: we have seen a good old man with the following simple distich chalked on the pavement before him, marked, it is true, by great freedom of orthography:—

“ Qui pour moi demanderé,
Vous et moi nous tromperai.”

which might be supposed to have been inspired by unfortunate experience.

Those who frequent what may be called the religious

world in Paris must be acquainted with an instance of resignation under this most trying of all earthly visitations, which, perhaps, has no parallel. There is everything here which can aggravate the position. The man who bears his cross with the courage of a Christian hero is young and noble; his mental attainments are of the highest order, his manners are not only polished and courteous, as becomes his high birth, but every gesture is marked by that consideration for others, and forgetfulness of self, which reveal his own particular character. We must add to this the yet more remarkable fact, that the distinguished prelate of whom we speak was not only a *connoisseur*, but an artist of the highest order. A picture of great merit, being a very correct portrait of the Holy Father, supported by two angels, in the "parloir" of the "Séminaire de St. Sulpice," is at once a silent and a speaking testimony to the power of his pencil.

Since the loss of his sight, his occupations have not diminished in number, but his activity of mind and body are devoted to the service of God, in good works. His placid and cheerful resignation is one of the most beautiful and edifying instances of the power of religion to sanctify, and to reconcile the human mind to the severest privations, while his continued interest and unceasing labour in behalf of suffering humanity are a proof of the generosity of his nature. The blind are naturally objects of his sympathy and his benevolence, but his liberality is by no means confined to these; the soldiers, the foreign missions, the "ramoneurs," little children, the orphan, the destitute, all in their turn,

come under his notice. He not only visits schools, hospitals, and asylums, but teaches the ignorant, consoles the afflicted, and preaches for various societies in aid of their funds; he writes controversial and devotional books, expressly adapted to the comprehension of such as need them most.

Two anecdotes we have heard of this great and holy man, will help our readers to appreciate his character.

After he lost the sight of one eye, and the other began to fail, he consented, at the urgent request of the nearest and dearest of his relatives, to allow an operation to be attempted which had been recommended by an eminent oculist, as the only means of arresting the progress of the disease.

The day before that on which the event was to take place, Monseigneur de —— wrote to the superior of a large seminary, to this effect:—

“I am to undergo, to-morrow, an operation which is to decide the fate of my remaining eye; I beg your prayers and those of the community that I may or may not recover the sight of it, according as it is the holy will of God.”

The operation was performed, but without any success, and the patient was perfectly content!

The other trait has reference to a gold medal which Monseigneur de —— had won as first prize for a picture he had painted. Most of us can imagine the honourable pride with which the successful *amateur* would cherish a mark of distinction which he had borne off when competing with professionals; and we can scarcely

doubt the value he must have attached to such an evidence of his superiority in the art he loved.

Now, it so happened that one day when he had exhausted every centime of ready cash on which he could lay his hands, he received the visit of a brother of "St. Vincent de Paul," who came to crave a small sum in aid of a case of great distress; the brother was graphic in his description, and the heart of Monseigneur de ——— easily moved. He turned out his pockets, he searched his cabinet, every corner was ransacked; at last his hand fell upon the medal. Without an instant's hesitation he seized and handed it to the petitioner.

"There," said he, "I have nothing else I can dispose of at this moment: take that and convert it into what you can."

This is as fine a trait as, and singularly similar to, that of General Drouot and his sword.

There are, at the present time, in France not fewer than 50,000 blind persons, of whom the larger proportion belong to the lower classes. No wonder, therefore, that, in a country where charity is so actively at work, this particular phase of misery should be met by *Œuvres* calculated to relieve it.

Young girls unhappily born blind, or otherwise deprived of sight, are objects of especial care and commiseration, and there is a religious house in Paris which receives and watches over them with parental solicitude.

The sainted King of France, Louis IX., was a special patron and benefactor of the blind, and is to

this day held in affectionate remembrance by them. We recollect, one 25th of August (La Fête St. Louis), being much struck at the sight of an old man in the church of "St. Louis en l' Isle," dressed in his Sunday attire and wearing on his breast a large bouquet of flowers tied with a white ribbon, assisting at High Mass, with a placid countenance and fervour truly edifying: we could not help applauding the great King and thinking what an excellent memorial is a good action! It is the remembrance of the charity and liberality of the great monarch so long since gone to his rest which has brought this poor man here to-day; it is his beneficence which during intervening centuries has procured solace and alleviation to so many sorrowing souls; it is his piety which has contributed to render so many outcasts holy and happy. Well may they keep his festival and honour his royal name, for it must be dear to their hearts.

Before entering into details of the domestic history of the Paris blind, we will say a few words about the institutions raised by the charitable for their special benefit, beginning, as it well deserves, with that of "St. Louis," known as the "Quinze Vingts," the most ancient as well as the principal institution in Paris. It was undertaken in 1250, and the name implies the number of patients it was constructed to accommodate.

It was originally intended for 300 knights who had either lost their sight from ophthalmia in the burning climate of the East, or, having been taken captive, had

had their eyes put out by the barbarity of the infidels. Since that time, though the Hospital retains its name and continues to offer a retreat to the same number of afflicted individuals, its laws and organization have undergone considerable modifications.

Its funds still proceed from Government, but are dispensed under the supervision of the President of the Board of Trade, assisted by an administrative council of five members.

The inmates are no longer, as formerly, supplied with food and fuel in kind; this relief is given them in money. Thus, they receive 475 francs a-year each, or, 1 franc, 30 centimes per day, with a ration of two and a-half pounds of bread every two days. In the case of married couples, where only one is blind, although both are admitted, the seeing person receives 30 centimes a-day only. If there are offspring, each child under fourteen, receives 15 centimes. The blind are likewise clothed, each man receiving a suit of clothes, and each woman two gowns a-year, all of the stoutest and best materials.

Each single person has his or her own separate quarters, and each family has a little nest of rooms, varying from two to three according to the number of children; the building is on a large scale, and each department is spacious and airy; there are extensive corridors, courts, and gardens for exercise. In the summer the inmates pass the greater part of their day in the open air, being amply provided with benches and arbours. There is an infirmary within the walls,

under the care of Sisters of "Saint Vincent de Paul." A chaplain is attached to the institution, and Mass is said daily.

The number being limited, there is, of course, great difficulty in gaining admission, and names of candidates are often put down for ten years before they can be received.

Our visit to this interesting institution we purposely made on the "Fête of St. Louis," the founder, and attended vespers in the chapel. Among the congregation were a great many blind persons, besides those belonging to the Hospice. All the men who sang in the choir were likewise blind. After the office, we went over the various departments. The interior was arranged much as the Hospice des Ménages. Each individual cooks for himself or herself in their own department, but most articles are purchased on the premises from contract-dealers, who call every morning in carts, with their various provisions, which are all of good quality, and at fixed prices. There are also little shops within the enclosure. The afternoon was bright and genial, and while the adults and aged inmates walked or sat in cheerful groups, apparently on the best terms with each other, the children ran romping and skipping merrily among them. They were sprightly, happy-looking little mortals, and we do not know if it was the effect of a whimsical fancy, but we could not help thinking their eyes were even more brilliant than it is usual to observe. They were all neatly dressed, and looked particularly plump and healthy.

There is a school for them on the premises, under the good Sisters of Charity. We got into conversation with two young women, one of whom was an inmate, and totally blind; the other was a friend who had come to visit her, and was not blind. She was a "haijse," and both were natives of Limousin. The blind girl had partially lost her sight at the age of thirteen, and became totally blind some few years after; she did not seem at all to value the period of partial vision she had passed through, and even seemed to think it had been a disadvantage. She said that the result of her being able to see that little, was to induce her to rely to a certain extent upon her eyes, which often deceived her, and she received more blows, and made more false steps, while in that condition than after she had become totally blind. The friend corroborated her statement; she assured us that now she had obtained the shelter and support of the Hospice, she seemed perfectly happy, and scarcely appeared to miss her sight. She declared that her little wardrobe was kept in the neatest order imaginable, and that each separate article of clothing was folded up and laid on the shelves in piles of half-dozens, with a neatness and a precision which would almost lead one to suppose it was done by measure; that her crockery and cooking-utensils were hung or stood each in its own place, and that her little room was the picture of cleanliness and order. Her bed was made and folded down with mathematical accuracy, and such a thing as a particle of flue or dust was never to be detected.

She added, it was most curious to see her light her fire; prepare, cook, and serve up her dinner. She had never burnt or scalded herself, and was perfectly independent of assistance. She had had her name sent in nine years before she was admitted, and during that time had suffered great privations.

As we wandered about another portion of the garden, we saw a poor fellow guiding himself with his stick, but walking at a rather hurried pace: he was evidently in search of some one. He threaded his way in and out among the trees, and between the groups of other blind persons whom he passed, and walked deliberately up to the spot where it was evident he expected to find his friend. He must, however, have been guided by some sense of which we know nothing; for, after standing a few seconds, he seemed to guess that the object of his search was not there. He examined several parties of blind persons at intervals, as he met them, in the same way, and at last accosted a man sitting on a bench a few yards from him, who turned out to be the one he was seeking.

The Infirmary, which we visited last, presented a sad but salutary spectacle. What can be conceived more dreadful in the catalogue of human suffering than a dying man assailed by a complication of fatal diseases, and withal deprived of sight! Such a one we saw among the patients. But, frightful as such a position must seem, from its external accompaniments, we may yet fancy a deeper state of misery than this. The man was calm, resigned—we had almost said cheerful—but

certainly happy. It may seem incredible to some, but only to those who have never understood and are incapable of appreciating that interior peacefulness which must be far more precious than wealth, than ease, than luxury, than even sight, since it could whisper hope and consolation to one so desolate and forlorn, and shed upon his last afflicted hours a happiness which all that this world can offer would have been powerless to afford.

The late Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. Sibour, among his diocesan visits, found his way to the Quinze Vingts. He was of course received with great honour, and with a due sense of the goodness which prompted him to come among them. He was conducted first to the apartments of the "Directeur," where the principal functionaries of the institution were assembled. A blind man was brought before him, about fifty years of age, who had invented a very ingenious and complicated machine for the use of the blind. This machine was deserving of notice; it was destined, by the aid of keys, such as those of a pianoforte, each of which represented a letter of the alphabet, to enable the blind to write. The inventor, with great rapidity, produced some sheets, upon which were written, in very neat and legible characters, some compliments addressed to the Archbishop, and expressive of the pleasure and happiness his visit had caused them. He then proceeded to explain the construction of his instrument, in terms which showed him to be perfectly cognizant of the laws of statics and mechanics.

Another blind man exhibited a similar invention. The name of the first of these ingenious, although severely afflicted, persons was Foucaud, and that of the second Barochin.

After all, there is no reason why blind people should be devoid of genius and talent; rather the reverse. Blindness is calculated to induce men to look inwards, and is therefore a promoter of reflection. In literature, in art, in science, thought is the main source of discovery, and tends to the same results as meditation in matters of religion.

If blindness deprives us of material vision, it gives in return a power of sight to the soul; and the soul, thenceforward, concentrating in itself all the sight of which we are capable, condenses, intensifies, and invests with new beauty, by means of its divine kaleidoscope, the objects it contemplates.

Having examined and admired the typographical inventions of the two blind mechanics, and having gracefully complimented them on their ingenuity, the Archbishop and the directors proceeded to a well-lighted hall, where were assembled all the inmates. Here they executed in his honour, entirely among themselves, some chants and hymns of their own composition. The melodies were pleasingly striking, from their originality, harmony, and simplicity. The good Archbishop was much moved, and spoke to these poor sufferers in a tone remarkable for its paternal tenderness. He sympathised in their affliction, and deplored their deprivation of the cheering light of day, but impressed upon them, at the

same time, that religion has a balm for all the wounds of afflicted humanity, and can create hope under every misfortune.

He painted to them, beyond the horizon of this life, beyond the narrow limits of this valley of tears—in their case, moreover, a gloomy prison—a light a thousand times more brilliant than that which enlightens and rejoices the eyes of those who see.

“Yes,” exclaimed the prelate, in accents tremulous from emotion; “yes, my beloved children, this pure, eternal, uncreated light which is no other than God Himself, this divine illumination shall shine upon your souls and shall cheer your heavenward footsteps. In depriving you of its terrestrial rays, He has only taken from you the shadow; you will contemplate in an ecstasy of delight that Sun of Justice, that Word of God, which, ever since you came into the world, has illuminated your intelligence by the mysterious teaching of faith. Follow, then, the doctrines of our dear Lord; be docile to His word; practise the virtues He inculcates, and, above all, cultivate patience and resignation, for these are more especially valuable in your position—and you will then deserve to be called ‘children of light.’ God has sent you a severe trial here; but remember He is just, and if He have appointed you a gloomy pilgrimage here below, He will recompense you a hundred-fold in the abode of intuitive vision. Think often of the glories you will see there! That anticipation will help you to endure the trials of the intervening period. It is in the name and with the authority of Jesus

Christ, the Divine Master, who has always looked upon you as the objects of His special solicitude, that I, His minister and His representative on earth, however unworthy, have come to give you my pastoral benediction. Accept it as a pledge of the happiness I have represented to you. Preserve it in the midst of the sorrows of the present, and as an earnest of the joys and consolations of the future."

It would be impossible to describe the strange and profound emotion which this discourse from one they looked on as a father, and who was scarcely less moved himself than the children he addressed, produced upon these poor, blind listeners. Deeply touched as were their feelings, a calm, concentrated tone reigned over their countenances; and, however poignant might be their inward sensations, they appeared externally immovable as statues, and absorbed in interior contemplation.

Those orbs, however—extinguished though they were as to the light of day—were not insensible to tears, and these flowed abundantly, though no other sign, no other movement, betrayed the internal workings of their susceptible and softened feelings.

THE BLIND SISTERS OF ST. PAUL.

This truly interesting and valuable *Œuvre*, after working more or less imperfectly in a state of unknown obscurity during nearly twenty years, succeeded in establishing itself, with a settled organization and fixed rules, about five years ago. The house it now occupies is that formerly belonging to, and occupied by, Château-

briand, in the "Rue d'Enfer," where it flourishes most satisfactorily. Its results prove that, though the blind cannot *lead* the blind, at all events they may materially assist them.

The rule is simple, and involves nothing more than an open and free engagement, without austerities and without vows.

The time of those thus engaging themselves is to be divided between manual labour, progressive study, and prayer.

The Association receives, in the first place, young women who are blind, of all classes; and, without any exclusion, all who express a firm and sincere desire to consecrate their lives to the service of God and to the succour of the blind.

Its objects are,—

1st. To admit, as pensioners, submitted to the regulations of work and study, adult blind girls who have not an eligible position in society. These may afterwards, if they desire it and are considered capable of it, be admitted into the community.

2nd. To undertake the education of blind girls from the age of six years.

3rd. To give a Christian education to a certain number of young girls who can see, with a view to fitting them for companions and guides to blind people.

4th. To receive, and to attend upon, as free boarders, and at a very moderate rate, blind ladies, who will, by virtue of the various appliances here met with,

pass through life with less difficulty, and meet with attentions of a more intelligent order than in an ordinary boarding house.

5th. To undertake, successively and in proportion to its resources, all works having for their object the physical, moral, and intellectual benefit of the blind, whatever their age or condition.

This "œuvre," like others which have been signally blessed, began in a very small way, and its promoters little expected the pre-eminence it would one day enjoy. This is the case uniformly with works of holiness. We are too matter-of-fact to understand it; we, especially in England, cannot divest ourselves of the idea that we must have "a committee," "a plan," "a fixed income," and "a sure method of maintaining that income," and that indispensable, but in reality contemptible foundation, "a printed list of subscribers." This way of acting is essentially human; but a work upon which rests the blessing of God does not proceed thus. At first it is content to nestle itself in a little, obscure corner: a room, or even a loft, like the cradle of Bethlehem, nurses it in its infant days. Soon a few charitable persons hear of it; they lend it the support of their sympathy and their purse, and God, from above, showers upon it that blessing which gives it increase.

It was thus that this pious "œuvre" attained its present vigorous growth and utility. The humble Superior tells us that "when the first blind patients were entrusted to her, she had no fixed project. It was only afterwards, when she had acquired experience, and by the

aid of the grace of God, that other inspirations came into her mind. Good and holy thoughts are like blossoms on a fruit-tree: as soon as we see one flower burst its winter shell, we know that thousands of others will bud around it, and happy indeed are we when the harvest corresponds with the early promise."

This vision *has* been realised; protected from all danger in this holy asylum, the blind young girls work, learn, and pray. Their occupation is suited to their condition. Many of them succeed in executing elaborate masterpieces of needlework and embroidery, but knitting is their favourite employment, and the first piece of work that was executed within the walls was a pair of exquisitely fine cashmere stockings, destined to be offered to the Pope. The proceeds of their labour are intended to contribute to the support of the institution. We have seen bouquets of artificial flowers, beautifully finished, executed by these young girls. They are also fond of bead-work.

In summer they occupy themselves out of doors, and are wonderfully dexterous in weeding their kitchen garden, in picking strawberries, and in cultivating violets, of which they have the peculiar talent of forming tasteful bouquets for the altar. All know how to read; many of them sing with taste, and most of them delight in music, and are happy in the midst of their occupation; but who can describe the joy of their souls? It would seem as if God had made up to them by lightness of heart for all they have lost by want of sight. The happiness and contentment that appear on

their countenances would almost make one envy their position, especially after they have earned by good conduct the privilege of wearing the religious habit.

In the alleys of the garden, sporting among the trees we distinguished figures which, though draped in black, were swift-footed and graceful under their severe costume.

"Those are our sisters at recreation," said the superioress.

"What! the *blind* sisters?"

"Certainly."

"One would never believe it from their movements. Their movements are more rapid, and have as much precision and certainty as those of many people who *can* see; and how happy they seem! How strange they should make so light of an affliction which to any one else would be the greatest misfortune!"

"It is not even an *affliction* to them," said the chaplain. "On the contrary, strange as it may seem, I must tell you that on New Year's day, when I came to see them, I found these blind sisters holding an important conference."

"What is it all about, my children?' I said.

"Oh,' answered one of them, 'we were counting over the graces God has granted us during the past year, and, as you may suppose, father, we had not nearly come to the end.' Well, would you suppose that among these graces, and that not the least precious, they reckoned that which to you seems so terrible—their blindness!"

Among them are some to whom the glorious brilliancy of light has not always been a sealed book. These do not, however, in many cases regret it, for they discern with the vision of the soul splendours of a higher description. This was not always so, it is true, and some among them entered the house with very different dispositions from those they now manifest. In vain would you then have looked upon their lips for that touching and habitual smile, and upon their countenances for that air of calmness and contentment which now astonishes you. Bitter complaints used to issue not unfrequently from their tongues, but religion had not as yet shed upon their hearts that divine balm which can heal the most cruel wounds; but charity is never discouraged, and it has discovered the way to their hearts.

And now see, observe, and listen; yes, above all listen to what they will tell you. You will hear them declare that they bless their blindness, for it is through that, that our Lord has been pleased to bring them to a knowledge of the faith. It is through that, that they have found an asylum, a shelter, and a happiness they never expected. It is through that, in short, that they have become the glorious spouses of Jesus Christ.

Certain it is that they owe to their infirmity a life of calmness, of recollection, and of serene felicity, passed between occupation and prayer, and of the bliss of which the world knows nothing. It is a foretaste of celestial happiness—the life of angels upon earth.

Among the inmates supported here it is astonishing how many have become blind from accidents.

One is a little girl of eight years old, whose face is a mass of scars; she was frightfully burnt, and lost her sight in consequence.

Another had a pet bantam of which she was very fond; as might be expected, however, she was often in the habit of teasing it. One day the little animal, exasperated by her rough play, flew at her, fastened itself upon her face, and literally picked out her eyes!

The poor child evidently had an excellent heart; she bore no malice to her pet, for in the midst of her sufferings she declared it was all her fault, and cried bitterly when told that the culprit had been duly executed.

A third owes her blindness to the culpable stupidity of her nurse. At the age of eleven months, an eruption broke out on the child's head, and the nurse, apprehending the periodical visit of the parents, endeavoured to get rid of the objectionable appearance by a violent expedient suggested by the quack she consulted. Unhappily the experiment was only too successful! The leprosy disappeared, and, as the "wise man" had not answered for the consequences, the humour, repelled from the safety-valve to which nature had directed it, fell upon the eyes, and the infant became hopelessly blind.

Another case was that of a young work-woman; a stiletto she was using in a piece of stiff embroidery suddenly snapped in her hand; the point, as if aimed from a hostile weapon, struck her with force in the iris of the right eye, and entered it deeply. The violent

remedies resorted to in the attempted cure reacted upon the other eye, which after a little time failed also, and she ultimately lost the sight of both.

Another young girl became blind in consequence of a sudden fright, and one, more horrible to say, from the ungoverned passion of her step-mother, who threw a pair of open scissors at her, extinguishing both eyes by the same fatal blow.

Several young persons, among whom are some of remarkable beauty, have—sad to say—been compelled to take refuge here to escape from pursuits the cowardice and heartless brutality of which seem almost inconceivable. One, whose religious education had been totally neglected, and who, deprived of material light, was more concerned for her spiritual illumination, found her way to the Institution through difficulties which to one of less persevering determination, would have appeared insurmountable.

The Blind Sisters of St. Paul divide their time between prayer and labour; yes—strange as it may seem—labour; for not one inmate of the house is idle, and the education of the children and young persons entrusted to them is one of their occupations. They are taught—besides little trades proportioned to their capacity, such as knitting, netting, crochet—embroidery, the manufacture of list-slippers, needlework, artificial flowers, and shell-work—all those useful employments so essential in after-life; and with these, reading, writing, ciphering, a knowledge of history, and the simpler sciences. As, however, it will not altogether

do to leave the blind as leaders of the blind, another element, if not *necessary*, at all events has its expediency; it has therefore been wisely planned that a certain number of *sœurs voyantes* should be associated with the rest, trained for the special service of the blind. The charity and self-devotion of these girls are beyond a question, as nothing—apart from the happiness of thus serving God—can appear less attractive than the life it involves. Day and night they are at the call of their less favoured companions, serving them with the affection and the alacrity of a mother or a sister, and rendering them all services which from their infirmity they are unable to render to one another; for example, in the house are one or two children who, besides their blindness, have the misfortune to be idiots. On the “seeing sisters” naturally devolves the care of these unfortunate little beings; they have, too, their whims and their caprices, their impatiences and their exactions; and it is not only necessary that they should comprehend and obey, but that they should love their guardians and protectors. In this difficult and delicate task their success is wonderful. It is surprising to witness the affectionate gratitude with which the inmates, one and all, recognise and welcome the presence of the worthy mother superior, the excellent chaplain, and the indefatigable sisters.

A little creature about five years old, who came in during our visit, holding by the gown of the mother-superior, seemed as if inseparable from her. On leaving we would have placed a little silver coin in the child's

hand, telling her it was to buy a cake; the little thing drew away her hands, and putting them behind her back, exclaimed energetically :—

“Non, non; je ne veux pas, je ne puis pas. Demandez, d’abord, s’il vous plaît, à Maman Supérieure.”

Nothing could induce her to accept it without this permission, and even then the only use she knew for it was to put it into the box.

“J’ai tout ce qu’il me faut. Donnez-le pour la maison,” said she.

In connection with this institution is one situated on the “Boulevard Mont Parnasse.”

It receives men and lads from the age of fourteen. Each subscriber pays six francs a-year, and the blind inmates themselves pay 300 fr. a-year, with an entrance fee of 150 fr. to furnish their bed, clothing, &c. They are taught the trade of rushing chairs, and never lack work, as they make and mend for all the churches in Paris.

The nominal period for keeping them is four years, during which they are taught by a *contremaître*, himself blind, who is supported and paid by the Society. All the work they do is for the house, with the exception of a few centimes they receive on each job for themselves.

After the expiration of their four years they may either go and seek an employer, or remain as pensioners, and work on their own account. There are now several in the house thus situated, and they seem to feel all the advantages of the position.

The house is an "Ancienne Maison de Santé," and is well adapted for its present purpose. There are several dormitories, and there is room for forty inmates, though at present there are only one-and-twenty. The kitchen and refectory have a very clean and hospitable appearance, and there is a music and class-room, in the latter of which the blind inmates learn to read and to write after the embossed method.

Below is the *atelier* in which they work; during their labour they may be heard singing, laughing, and talking as merrily as if they had full use of their faculties.

The matron, or housekeeper, is a cheerful, active body, and seems like the mother of the whole family; she prepares and puts ready their clean clothes every Saturday night, and with the help of the *gens de service* dresses their meals and serves them up.

They have a little chapel where Mass is said every Sunday. They are members of the "Sainte Famille," and attend the *réunions* at "Nazareth" and "St. Sulpice."

We went in to see them at work, and it was difficult to believe they could not see; their work was perfectly accurate and neatly finished. One young fellow, a fine youth of about twenty, who had been blind eight years in consequence of typhus-fever, and seemed to be the wit of the company, was making the rest laugh at one of his sallies as we came in, and called to the Matron who accompanied us, to come and look at his work. It

appeared the lowest bar which formed the back of the chair was so close to the seat that it grazed his hand every time he passed the rushes through.

“Regardez un peu,” he said; “je ne sais qui est ce qui a fabriqué cette chaise, mais il m’ a fait faire bon nombre de péchés mortels ; j’ai eu, je crois, autant de mouvemens d’impatience comme il y a grains de sable dans la mer.”

All laughed, and the one nearest to the speaker answered,—

“Vous devez avoir la conscience bien noire.”

“Si je l’ai noire,” replied the first, “ce n’est pas faute de l’avoir lavée ; j’ai assez bu d’eau, aujourd’hui, pour ça.”

It seems that this good-humoured joking goes on all day, and they are never sad or out of spirits. Few of them were born blind, the greater number having become so from accidents and disorders of various kinds.

“ L’INSTITUTION DES JEUNES AVEUGLES ”

is a national, or rather municipal, institution, founded by one named Valentine Haüy, in 1784, for the benefit of children of both sexes from nine to thirteen years of age, admissible after election by vote, on the usual conditions, viz., the production of certificates of birth and of baptism, and written assurances from the house-surgeon to the effect that the child has no contagious disease, that he is not a idiot, and that he is totally blind.

He must also be provided with a certificate of good conduct and of indigence, from the Mayor.

The direction of the Institution is under the supervision of the Minister of the Interior, and it is governed by a Director assisted by a Consulting Committee of four members.

The children are taught, by peculiar methods, reading and writing, grammar, geography, history, ancient and modern languages, mathematics, vocal and instrumental music, and several trades, such as printing, binding, basket-making, inlaying, marquetry, netting and knitting.

There is another Association in Paris for the benefit of the blind, called "Société de Patronage et de Secours pour les Aveugles." Neither of these is under Religious, and, though admirable institutions, partake rather of the philanthropic than the charitable character.

THE STREET BLIND.

We have seen a sightless beggar perambulating the streets of London, bearing a placard which notifies that "he is blind and has no *other* occupation." This is the case with a number of blind in Paris. We never saw it stated in these words, and, indeed, the majority of them *have* "another occupation," such as it is; most frequently they treat their friends to bad music.

Among the numerous bridges in Paris there is not one at all frequented as a thoroughfare, which has not its own particular blind *solicitors*. The "Pont des

Arts" being the one we have had occasion the most frequently to cross, we used to observe three "Aveugles," who were in the habit of stationing themselves with unfailing regularity on its planks. One was a woman, the other two, men, and of totally different aspect, one being a middle-aged countryman, *en blouse*, the other a youth evidently of Parisian origin. In wet weather even, the woman was usually at her post from morning till night, but the others only appeared at certain hours of the day, at which, however, they might always be counted upon. The woman wore a large straw hat, as a preservative against the variations of the weather, and had on her lap a *serinette*, but we cannot say she made it "discourse most eloquent music;" it served, nevertheless, to make a noise, and might possibly serve to attract attention to the fact that a blind beggar sat by the way-side.

Her eyes *appeared* perfectly healthy, a circumstance she seemed to deplore, as she said no one would believe she was blind. She told us she was a widow without children, and got no assistance except a six-pound loaf, once a-week, from the "Bureau de Bienfaisance."

She was formerly a domestic servant, but lost her sight in consequence of a fit, about twenty years since: she was now sixty. The blind seem to have a great attraction for each other, and live very much among themselves. A blind man from the floor above hers, leads her to and from the place where she is stationed; his experience in finding his way being, she said, greater,

as he has been blind two years longer than she has! His dog, inspired doubtless by his master's charity, kindly and considerately serves both.

She said her gains varied from five to twenty sous per day. Some few sous were dropped into her box while we stood talking to her; we observed she always took them out immediately, and, as she did so, crossed herself with each before putting it in her pocket. She said she never left them in the box, as she so often got robbed; "there are so many adroit pickpockets in Paris," observed the poor woman. She complained greatly of the rise taking place in rents. She lived au 3^{me}., and was then paying 105 francs per annum, five francs more than last year, but now her rent was about to be subjected to a further rise of 25 francs, making it 130 francs for the ensuing year. They pay quarterly, and, as her furniture is her own, and liable to be seized if she were backward with her rent, she always endeavoured, she said, to pay punctually. Indeed, it is difficult for blind people to get lodgings at all, unless they have seeing people living with them, on account of the supposed danger from fire. This poor woman, however, indignantly denied the charge, and declared that accidents from this cause occur more rarely with them than with others. They, of course, never use any candle, though they cannot do without fires, whether for warmth or culinary purposes. She described the way in which they lay their fires and set light to their *fourneaux*; the whole performance they, of course, manage entirely by feeling. She said she always

came to the bridge even in the worst weather, if only for a part of the day, to establish her claim to the station she occupies there.

The two men we before spoke of, as frequenting the same bridge, are rival musicians, but, it would seem, of different calibre.

The older of the two, who wore a blouse and straw hat, was evidently a genius in his way. He played various instruments, and on the day in question held a guitar, on the back of which he had written, in a remarkably neat hand, a touching address to the public as follows:—"Pourquoi ne voulez-vous pas de ma musique? Je fais pourtant de mon mieux." This, he made us observe, he had written backwards, and it evidently referred to the preference given to his more fortunate rival. Another instrument he occasionally played he called a "meliphone," but even this failed to draw attention to his merits. His age seemed about sixty, and he told us he had been blind fifteen years; his misfortune was occasioned by a blow, while working as a mason at some Government works. In consequence of the accident, he was allowed a pension of 100 fr., which had since been doubled, making an income of 8*l.* a-year; this, with from one to three francs a day, which he admitted he made on the bridge, formed his entire means of support. He had a daughter living with him, who earned her livelihood by needlework. This daughter it was, who taught him to play after he was fifty years of age. He had been an inmate in several hospitals, but without any benefit to

his sight, which he said went entirely in one instant:—

“Je voyais, je reçus le coup, et puis c’était fini,” said he, with resigned simplicity; “depuis ce jour, je ne vois plus même le feu.”

His eyes appear perfect, though there is a vacancy and a sightlessness in his gaze. He asked us if we were French, and, on our telling him we were English, he said, “Then I will play ‘God save the Queen,’ and struck up the air, which he said had been quite the rage since her Majesty’s visit to Paris!

The other blind musician we thought much less prepossessing, and we found him decidedly less communicative. He is unquestionably an *enfant gâté*, and considers himself a great *artiste*. He certainly was clever, and executed elaborate pieces on his accordion with much taste and skill, but he was fully conscious of his ability, and the shower of sous which dropped into his little slit box, accompanied by that sound so grateful to a performer’s ear—a noisy round of applause—announced that the Parisian *flâneurs*, who were enchained by his melody, had no mean opinion of its merits. He manifested considerable address in taking advantage of the favouritism shown him, and only condescended to play at certain hours; which reserve contributed not a little to the prestige which already attended his performance. It is natural to human nature to desire whatever is scarce, and in the case of an article which possesses only a fancy-value, such a contrivance as that of our blind friend is calculated to enhance its price. Accordingly, as the time for

striking up used to approach, one might always see a numerous assembly circled round the little man, and, as one *gobemouche* in Paris usually attracts a great many more, there was always a pretty considerable "queue" by the time he began. He had established a little seat very neatly fixed, and serving not only to give more importance to his position, but to shelter him from the weather.

One day we contrived to find him alone in his glory, and entered, or rather tried to enter, into conversation with him; we managed to elicit from him that he had not been born blind, but that the visitation had come upon him at the age of three years, through the carelessness of his nurse, for all the tradespeople in Paris put their children out to nurse. We have known several instances of infants sent off into the country within a few hours of their birth—never, however, till they have been baptized. He is now about eighteen, lives at home with his parents, who placed him at a blind school till he was nineteen years old, and for the last eight years he had never missed a day on the bridge. He was able to find his way all over Paris without a guide, either human or canine, and always succeeded in meeting some charitable person to lead him over the crossings. He was dressed quite *en citoyen*, and his appearance was very respectable, but there was no getting him to say to what his average gains amounted. Whichever way we put the question, he always answered:—"Dame, il n'y a pas de somme fixe," or parried the inquiry by some equally evasive and unsatisfactory reply.

We observed that his performances seemed to have won him many admirers; he answered :—
“ C’est possible, cependant, quoiqu’ il y ait beaucoup qui écoutent, il ne faut pas croire que tout ça paie.”

He said he was very fond of music; it was his only amusement. We observed that he kept his eyes shut all the time he was talking.

The “Pont du Carousel” has its blind poor, like the “Pont des Arts.” One of these was a young man who has always been blind. He had established a sale of pencils, which he held in a little box slung round his neck. As soon as it became dark, he was in the habit of standing a lighted candle in his box, which, as it leaned against the side very insecurely, without a candlestick, and the flame was naked, did not look very safe, and naturally attracted attention. Doubtless this was the object, as persons would naturally look a second time to see if an accident were not impending from the proximity of the fire to his wares and his blouse. Another, on this bridge, played a *serinette*, and, when he went home for meals, would leave, not only his instrument, but his money-box. This act of confidence in the honesty, as well as the generosity, of the Paris public is not without its reward, as we have often seen sous dropped into the slit during his absence.

On the “Pont Royal” sat three more of the same afflicted class, two of whom were musicians, but stationed so near together that their united melodies—however harmonious they might have proved separately

—might be said to form anything but a “concord of sweet sounds.” One of these was a very old man, whose honest face, tanned by exposure to the summer sun, and sightless eyes—for there could be no mistake about the blindness here—might move the most determined platform-philanthropist to deviate for once from “my unchangeable determination never to give in the streets.” He lost his sight thirty years ago, when aged forty, as he said, from the effluvium of drains in which he was working, and, though he seemed resigned to his dark fate, he said he should never become reconciled, or even used to it. He, too, had been to several hospitals, but had derived no amelioration from the treatment. He lived with his wife and one daughter, another being married. His wife was in the habit of leading him to his place on the bridge, of bringing his dinner, and fetching him in the evening. His music was produced by a hand-organ; he said he was too old to learn to play any keyed instrument.

His home was a “grenier.” We asked where it was situated. He rose, and, pointing towards the “Palais de Justice,” he said, just as if he himself discerned the river, the streets, the trees, and the quays, glowing, as they were, in all the brilliancy of a July afternoon:—

“Tenez! Vous voyez là bas la flèche de le Sainte Chapelle? Eh bien!—c’est de ce côté là.”

He was a picturesque old man, with his sunburnt skin, his almost equally brown straw hat, and blue-striped Guernsey frock. He had frequented the bridge in the character of a blind musician for ten years.

The second was an "aveugle-né ;" he has been here eight years—plays the violin, having learned of a master for one year. "Mais, mon Dieu, c'est si peu de chose pour apprendre à jouer du violon." His wife was a seeing woman ; he has several children, none of whom were blind. He was receiving five francs and two six-pound loaves monthly, from the "Bureau de Bienfaisance." With this exception, he depended entirely on charity for his livelihood, "et à ça on ne gagne pas la vie," added he. His average gains were from thirty to thirty-five sous daily. He came to the bridge all weathers, and alone. He knew his way about ; for, though a native of Tours, he had always lived in Paris.

The third had a very cheerful countenance and tone of voice. He sold stationery, and was dressed like a Swiss ; he came from the South of France, and had lost his sight twenty years ago from small-pox. He was married, and had two children, but always walked about alone. He never came to the bridge on Sundays or *fêtes*, because, he said, the passers-by were so happy on holidays, and so full of the pleasure they were taking, that they had neither inclination nor leisure to think of those who were in distress. Sometimes he went to Mass on these days.

On the "Pont de la Concorde" we fell in with two more blind men ; of these, the first, an elderly man, wearing the unvarying broad-brimmed straw hat, with white jacket and trousers, played an organ. His eyes presented a sad spectacle ; he had only taken to the bridge six years, though he lost his sight eighteen years

since. His blindness came upon him in consequence of a disturbed state of mind and health which succeeded the loss of all his property by a failure in trade. He had a wife and two daughters, but came and went without guidance. His name was inscribed at the "Quinze Vingts," and he had been waiting for five years to get admitted, but he knew he was not likely to be nominated yet, as it required great interest. The "Bureau de Bienfaisance" allowed him five francs and two six-pound loaves per month. Although his instrument was but a hand-organ, he said music was his "*seule distraction !*"

He admitted he sometimes made a little money by begging, but would not say how much.

The other had been blind since the age of eight years, but appeared perfectly cheerful and good-humoured. He was communicative, and seemed pleased at being talked to. He had always been fond of music, and had learned to play both the flute and violin before he became blind; he maintained he had learned scientifically, and could play concerted pieces: on this occasion he was playing a flageolet. He said his sight had always been weak, and had left him gradually and without any accident. He had been married ten years, and was now eight-and-thirty. He could go about alone, and, although he had some trouble to break himself in, he had determined to persevere, because, said he, "*c'est déjà bien assez humiliant pour moi, qui y suis forcé, de venir comme ça me mettre sur le grand chemin, sans y faire venir mes filles.*"

He, too, obtained an allowance of five francs, and two six-pound loaves from the "Bureau de Bienfaisance." He went, he said, regularly to Mass on Sundays, but after that was over resorted to the bridge to play his tune, adding, as if he thought he needed justification, "vous savez bien que ça, ce n'est pas un travail des mains," and, contrary to one we had talked to before, *he* maintained Sunday was his *best* day. "Everyone," he said, "was pleased and happy, and, therefore, more in a humour for giving."

"A la saison morte," he said, he was often badly off, but he did not complain, and seemed to be one of those who are disposed to make the best of everything. In fine weather, he said, he found a great increase of alms, and also at times when there were more foreigners than usual in Paris, — "dans ces momens-là, les affaires marchent bien mieux."

He had a greater acquaintance among blind, than among seeing people. In answer to a question, he replied, he did not think the blind had more religion than others, generally speaking: "c'en est d'eux comme des autres,—il y a du bon et du mauvais."

He could write, and was able to read by means of raised letters. He read off at our request, by the touch, some raised figures stamped in iron on the lamp-post.

Close to the "Corps Legislatif," as the "House" is called,* we passed another, whose eyes presented a fear-

* We *have* heard it not inaptly termed "*Corps Figuratif*;" and in truth just now it is little else.

ful appearance. He was above middle age, and lost his sight about a twelvemonth ago from brain fever. He can go nowhere alone, and his wife brings him to the post he occupies. He knows nothing of any musical instruments, but likes music, and would buy an organ if he could afford it; *faute de mieux*, he sells pencils by way of an occupation.

If the majority, however, have the trials and privations of poverty to endure, in addition to their heavy visitation, we may infer that occasionally there are instances where the compassion of the charitable is sufficiently expansive to supply them with some of the little alleviations their condition requires. Were it more frequently the case, who would grudge even a little superfluity to those who need so much compensation.

On one of the bridges, we used to pass an old fellow whose tanned skin and scarred features gave silent but eloquent evidence of the hard life he had led. He had not even the resource of a musical instrument, and his poor crippled hands rested motionless on his knees; his sightless eyeballs told plainly that his darkness was total. Besides the faithful four-footed companion who sat by his side holding in his mouth a little basket, he was occasionally accompanied by his "old woman," but his sole occupation consisted in invoking, in a monotonous murmur, which only ceased to begin afresh on the same note:—"Bonnes gens de Dieu, charitables, ayez pitié d'un pauvre aveugle qui ne voit plus ni ciel ni terre; je prierai le bon Dieu pour vous."

One day we were crossing the bridge, and having stood still to look over the parapet at a man fishing below, our attention was attracted by an animated conversation going on between the old couple. "Qu'est-ce que tu vas nous donner ce soir pour souper?" said the man in a nasal tone, moving his head towards his better half without changing the direction of his face. "Du gigot," was the answer. "Encore du gigot! C'est donc toujours du gigot; que le diable t'emporte avec ton Satané gigot!" An approaching step put an end to the colloquy, which was instantly taken up with the droning ritournelle, "Bonnes gens de Dieu, charitables, ayez pitié d'un pauvre aveugle, qui n'y voit goutte," &c.

From observations we have made from time to time on the lower orders inhabiting the provinces, no less than from the experience of those who have had more opportunities than ourselves of studying the question, there is no doubt but that the poor are miserably deteriorated by inhabiting large cities, and therefore, above all, by a residence in London or Paris. We will instance one or two cases relating to the *blind* poor which have come within our notice, in support of this assertion. There was an old blind man well known in the town of Lisieux, by the name of "Le Père Colas." His very dress had its own peculiar *cachet*, while the originality, the simplicity, and the *bonhomie* of his disposition rendered him an object of interest and sympathy to all. He wore a broad-brimmed felt hat, a coarse loose coat with large pockets within and without, leather breeches,

and turn-down boots. On his back he carried a wallet of considerable dimensions; but that which distinguished him—particularly to an English eye—was a rough crucifix which hung from his neck. He had, we remember, a great love for little children, who, in their turn, were very fond of him and used to watch for him as his days came round for passing their houses; he would pat them on the head, and, having nothing else to offer them, would, as a token of good-will, permit them to kiss his “*petit Bon Dieu*.” This permission came at length to be considered a privilege, and was eagerly sought after. The best-behaved children being those alone whom he noticed, an idea began to prevail among the juvenile population, that they were good and happy *because* of the contact with the venerated object, and it therefore became a great point not to let Père Colas pass without, if possible, kissing the mysterious crucifix, and those who had not deserved this distinction would resort to every possible *ruse*, whether by approaching him stealthily as he walked along, or by watching their opportunity, when he was talking to others, to snatch at the desired object, and thus effect the feat, after which they would run away in triumph.

If, however, the good old man was regarded with respect and affection by some of the little folks, he was, at the same time, dreaded as the terror of others, and if a hint were given him that anything had gone wrong with one of them, he would open the door of the house, and, putting in his head, would say in a gruff voice, got

up for the occasion, "N'y-a-t-il point quelqu'un de méchant par là? S'il y en a, donnez-les moi, que je les emporte." This was enough, and often, a little one in disgrace would run and hide himself till the old man had gone his way. As may be supposed, Père Colas did not live on his *rentes*. The alms of the charitable were his chief support, but the old man was always glad to earn his living in any way he could, and so high was his reputation for probity that he was entrusted by several persons with sums of money which he was employed to carry, on regular days, to an adjoining town, about six leagues distant; neither was he ever known to fail in punctuality, in exactitude, or in regularity, and, despite his loss of sight, never met with an accident by the way. When the poor old fellow's humble career came to an end, he was universally mourned, and a whole generation, now grown up, still love to talk of old Père Colas as one of the most pleasing recollections of their early days.

In the streets of the same town might be seen, some few years since, a man in the prime of life, tall, strongly built, and well-proportioned, with a fine countenance, regular features, a handsome beard, and almost a refined expression. His attire, though poor, was always neat and clean. Sickness had visited his family, and other misfortunes had overtaken him, among which total blindness was not the least, and these had reduced him from a state of ease and comparative independence to one of penury and want. Nevertheless, he must needs obtain a livelihood for himself and his family, and, how-

ever cruel was the extremity, he saw himself under the necessity, after a life of honest and active employment, of seeking his bread from the hand of public charity. He, however, submitted without a murmur to his fate, Fortunately for him he was born a musician, and he now took to his instrument, not only as a consolation in his troubles, but as a means of livelihood. He would stroll through the streets of his native village, and drawing from his violin, instead of the lively and attractive airs which had been his recreation in the days of his prosperity, mournful and melancholy melodies, most frequently such canticles and chants as had reference to his position, sought from the commiseration of those he met, scanty contributions to his daily bread. Among the other gifts with which Nature had endowed him, he possessed a magnificent voice, and when—first always uncovering his head—he began to sing some of those simple sacred airs which he felt so deeply, there was something inexpressibly touching in the sight of his masculine and vigorous frame, rendered helpless by his sad loss, combined with the sound of a singularly beautiful voice, managed with native taste and expression. The listener was instinctively compelled to accord all his pity and sympathy to the lamentable results of so great a misfortune, and could not but lament that so much strength, promise, and energy should be condemned to inactivity.

Dupont, for that was his name, visited the chief town of the Department every year, walking the distance of twelve leagues or thereabouts. There also his

fine voice, his respectful acknowledgment of kindness received, and his general character, so different from that of the professional mendicant, had won him many sympathizing friends.

The Prefect of the Department was among those who had noticed him, and the little incident we are about to relate will show how well disposed he was towards him.

Dupont had a son who had been drawn for the conscription. At the usual period the Council of Revision arrived at Lisieux, to proceed to its examination of the candidates, to inquire if any claimed to be exempted, and to investigate the grounds of alleged disabilities. The son of Dupont presented himself in his turn before the tribunal, at the same time petitioning to be exempted on the ground of his father's blindness.

The Prefect, who presided at the Council, asked him if his father were not that honest fellow whose orderly conduct and noble voice had attracted so much attention, both in his native place and in the chief town of the Department. The young conscript answered in the affirmative, and after a short consultation was declared free, and liberated from military service, out of a merciful consideration for his father's bereavement. The Prefect further interested himself so actively in behalf of the afflicted family that a small annual sum was secured to Dupont for the remainder of his days.

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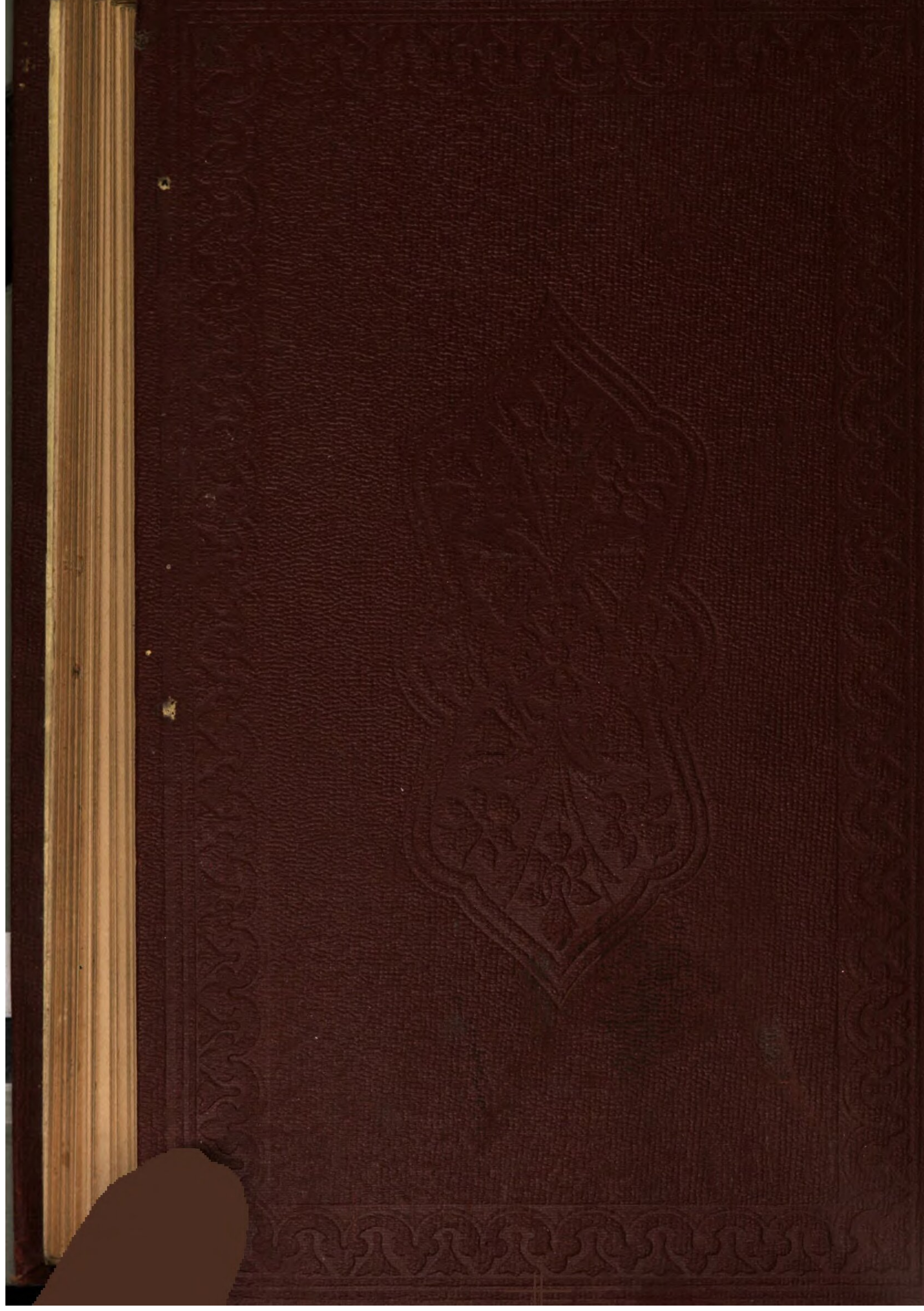
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